The Saturday Evening
POST
August 30, 1958 – 15¢

Maurice Chevalier
By Pete Martin

AUG 2 6 '58

CANADA'S PRIME MINISTER

E

NORMAN ROCKWELL

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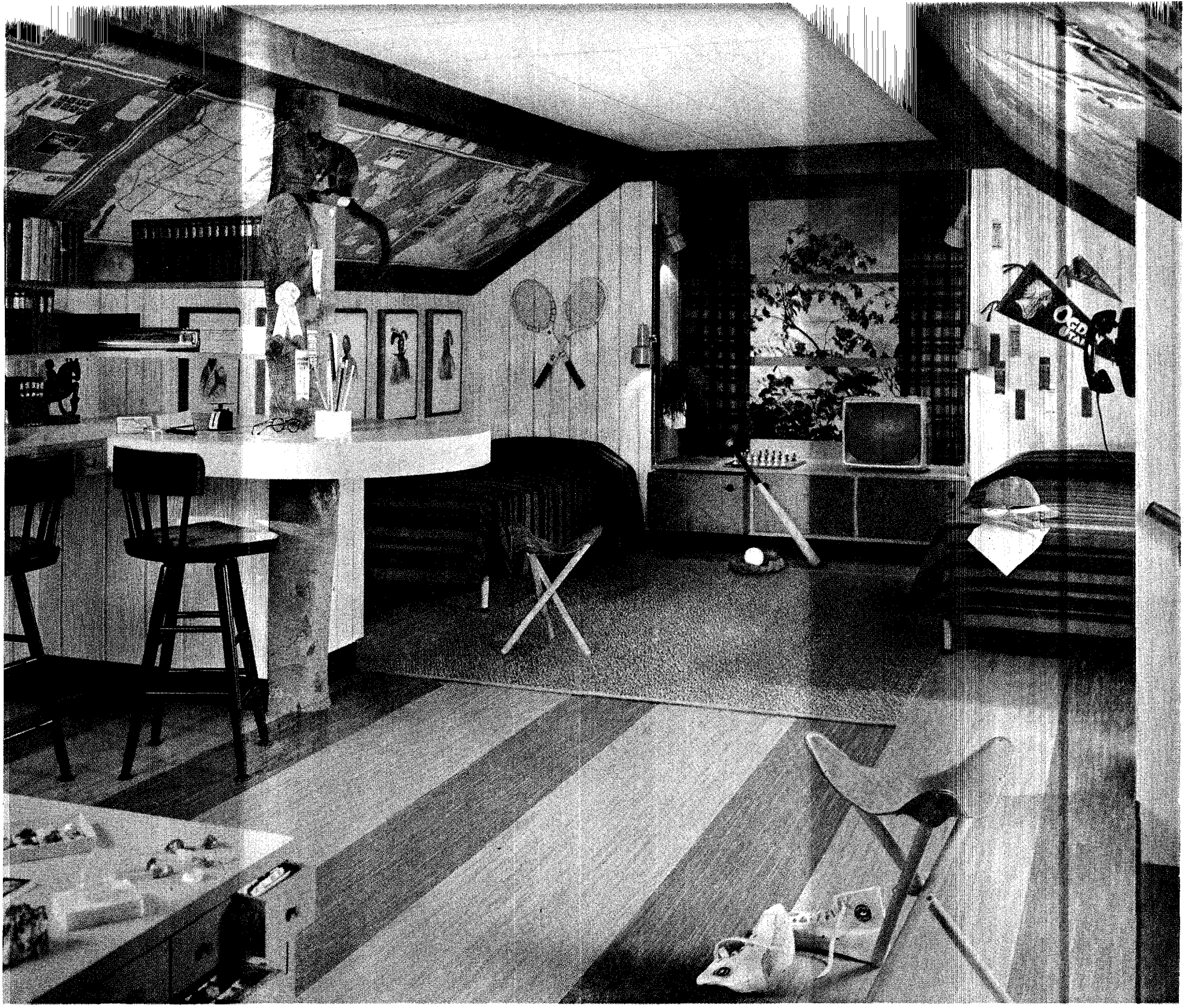

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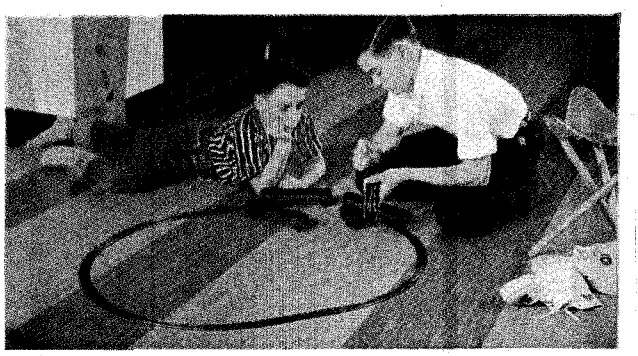
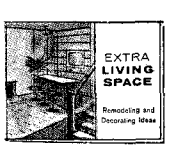


The boys really enjoy their new room. And the floor can take all the rough wear they'll give it. Spilled cola—or train oil—wipes up without a trace. The whole house seems much more tidy now that the boys are spending most of their time upstairs.

SEND 10¢ FOR NEW 20-PAGE BOOK, "Extra Living Space." Sketch plan of this Boys' Attic, list of furnishings, do-it-yourself instructions available free. Write Armstrong Cork Co., 5808A Madison St., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 88A-J, Box 919, Montreal, P.Q.



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There in the dark, your wife begins to cry

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THE COVER

Oh, to be a boy again—or for that matter a girl—and relive the joy of going to a ball game through a knothole. Most knotholes are gradually made by Mother Nature in her unhurried way, but if she is too slow, a boy can help her along, removing the knot with his trusty jackknife or by giving it a good swat with a stone. As you no doubt recall, this should be done secretly, preferably at night; otherwise the caretaker of the ball grounds may chase the boy with a stick and then nail a piece of tin over the new hole, a darned mean thing to do. Sometimes a knothole is made with a brush; there is a photo on page 80 of Norman Rockwell making this one. Viewers of this game will note that they get as clear a picture as they do on their TV sets. In color too.

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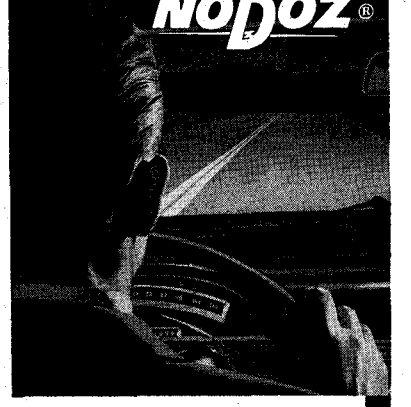

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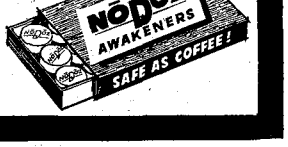

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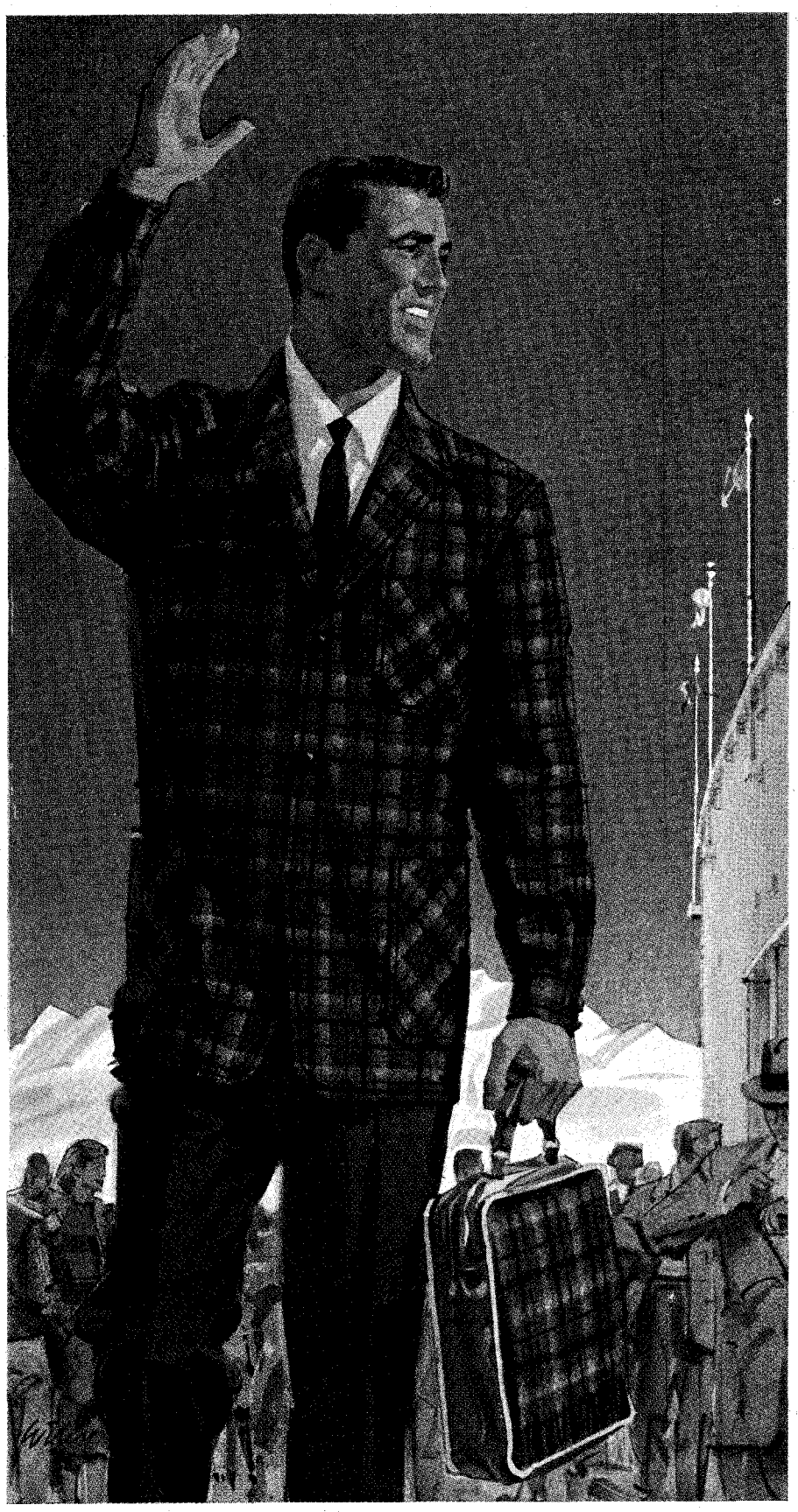

College men know their Pendletons

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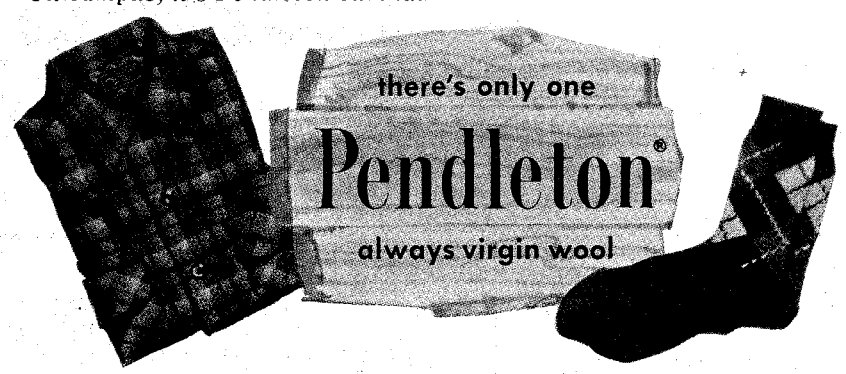

For additional information write Dept. P19, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland 4, Oregon

Letters

"Carbon-Copy Culture"

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for distributing such a refreshing and provocative piece of mental gymnastics as Randall Jarrell's THE APPALLING TASTE OF THE AGE [Adventures of the Mind 8, July 26]. I wonder how many readers, glimpsing a reflection of themselves in his word mirror of our times, mentally cast down their eyes and felt a twang of shame. I wonder, too, how many more saw themselves and thought, "So what?" This, I am convinced, is the most frightening aspect of the whole picture of our age—the lack of *caring*.

One of the most disturbing characteristics of this era in our history is the insensitivity of so-called intelligent human beings to the gross insults to their dignity being handed them one hundred times a day. . . . Instant Literature is only one wedge in the whole poisoned pie.

MRS. R. L. EGGERT
Chatham, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Adventures of the Mind 8 is Insult to the Mind 1! . . . .

What is Mr. Jarrell trying to say? Apparently he finds nothing good in our mid-20th century civilization. Our art, drama, poetry, architecture (I write this in my "rabbit warren") all receive his censure. We have fallen to this deplorable level from some vague pinnacle of man's social development. . . .

Perhaps Mr. Jarrell would find real happiness dressed in loincloth, brandishing a piece of obsidian and driving his white Mercedes.

E. LEONARD BORG
Naugatuck, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Randall Jarrell has my whole-hearted endorsement. . . .

It is a frightening fact that more and more people are content with "authorized abridgments" and "good condensations." Great works should either be read [in toto] or left alone. Schools should either teach children to think or admit failure.

MAUREEN VAN HORN
Pittsfield, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

Randall Jarrell's article was just about faultless—but as a small courtesy he might have mentioned that while it's true that the S.E.P. has abominable fiction, it also publishes excellent articles, such as the one by Mr. Jarrell.

HENRY MORGAN
New York, N.Y.

● *Comedian Morgan, you console us.*
—ED.

Dear Sirs:

Randall Jarrell's comments on watered-down literature are well-founded. However, his implication that the Revised Standard Version Bible is a "simplified" version of the King James Bible is not valid. Perhaps the advertisement he quotes in his article misled him. . . .

The RSV Bible is based on manuscripts more ancient than those which were available to the translators of the King James Version of 1611. . . .

It is . . . the most accurate translation to date, and those of us who are not equipped to read Hebrew, Aramaic and Greek are grateful for the scholarship of others.

MRS. RICHARD C. CONDON
Metuchen, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I was moved to offer the following condensation:

Red Hood

Red met beast.
Beast was least.
Red sped.

MRS. KARL SCHRAMM
Goodman, Mo.

● *Jarrell upbraided the publisher of a "more simple" version of Little Red Riding Hood, and facetiously suggested, "Why not call the child Red, and strip the story down to Red meets Wolf, Red escapes? At this rate one could tell a child all of Grimm's Tales between dinner and bedtime." —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Seldom have I read such a point-blank fusillade on the carbon-copyness of our culture—in a magazine dedicated to that culture's preservation. . . .

I trust no offense will be taken.

HARLAN ELLISON
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I think "the appalling taste of the age" is shown by your publishing the typical sophomoric nonsense of Randall Jarrell.

JAMES M. BERRY
Greensboro, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

De gustibus non est disputandum.

JOHN GLAVIN, JR.
Philadelphia, Pa.

With Apologies to the La Fonda Hotel

● *In the July 26 Letters, reader Doane Eaton admonished Post editor Pete Martin for using the expression, "the* hoi polloi," *which is like saying, "the the* polloi." *—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

To add to purist Doane Eaton's *hoi polloi* pain, I suggest a visit to Santa Fe, N. M., where visitors tell you they are living at "the La Fonda Hotel," which translates, "the the hotel hotel."

NELDA N. HORTON
Pomona, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I wonder, incidentally, if Mr. Eaton is one of those who speak of "the La Plata River."

LEWIS W. BEALER
Nassau, Bahamas

(Continued on Page 6)

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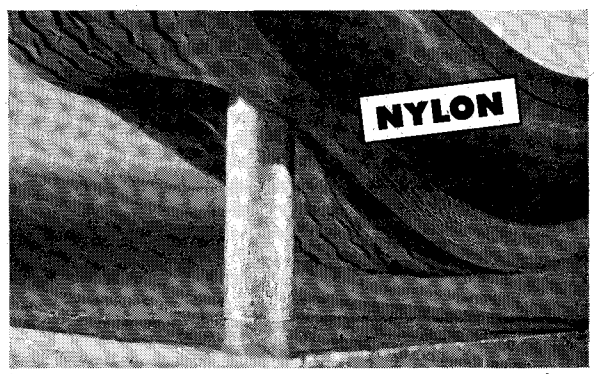
B.F.Goodrich

Smileage!



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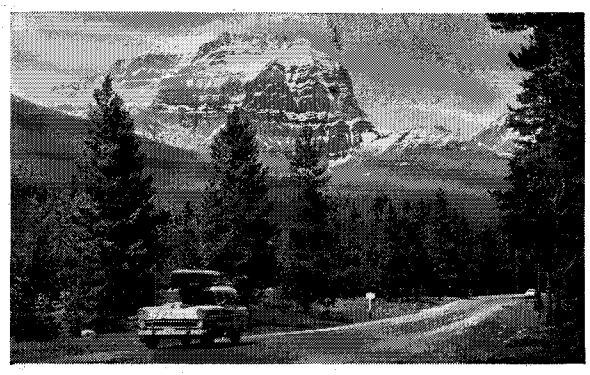

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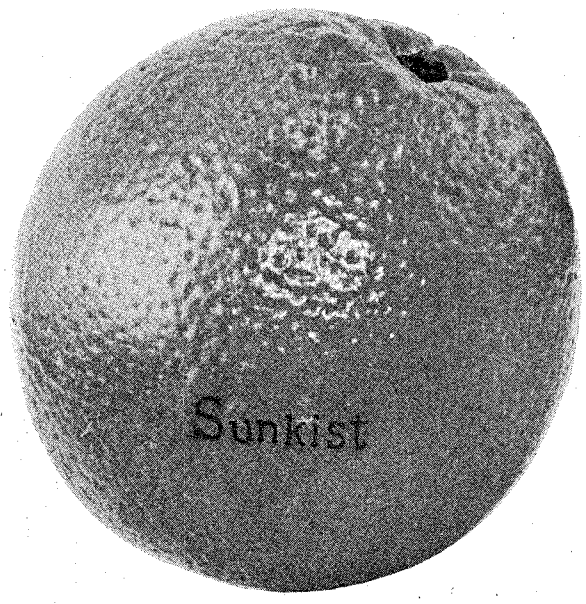
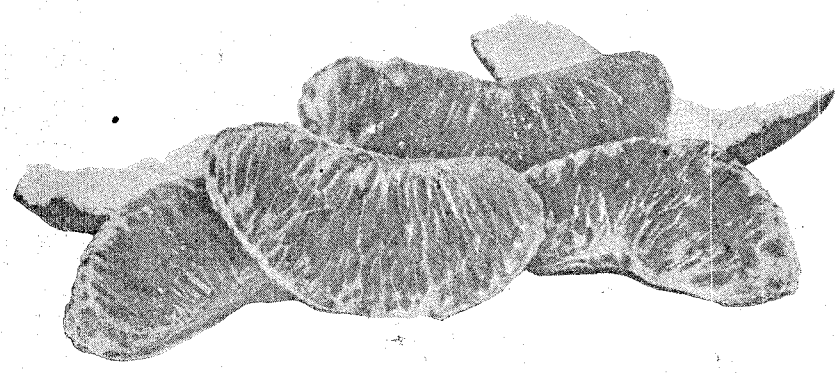
The "meat" of a fresh orange is the main source of many of its health values. In fact...



Fresh Sunkist Oranges give your family 10 times more of the important bio-flavonoids and protopectins than frozen orange juice.



And you get all the vitamin C plus more than 50 other health factors.

Eat whole fresh oranges...
drink whole fresh orange juice

Sunkist Oranges®

The Sunkist trade-mark stamped on the fruit is your guarantee of the finest from California-Arizona.

Letters

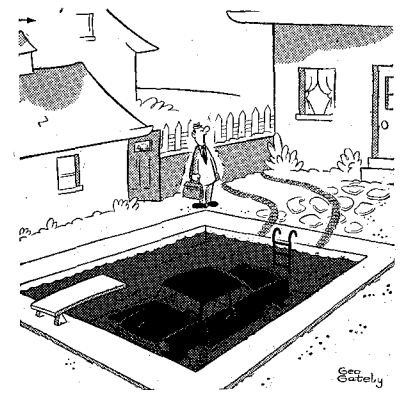
(Continued from Page 4)

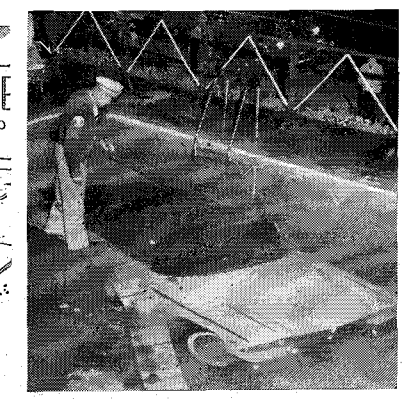
IT COULD HAPPEN—AND IT DID!

Dear Sirs:

Those things do happen—swimming automobiles, that is, such as shown in George Gately's July 19 cartoon [below left].

The lady driving this one [below, right] misjudged a bit, drove right into a motel swimming pool. Photographer Bill





"Ethel!"

Beeler caught this picture a few minutes after officers dived into the pool, slit the top of the convertible and removed her from behind the wheel.

She was a little damp, but otherwise unharmed.

THOMAS KEEVIL, *Editor*
Globe-Herald and Pilot
Costa Mesa, Calif.

Beethoven vs. Indiana

Dear Sirs:

I read your editorial THEY WOULDN'T LET BEETHOVEN TEACH MUSIC IN INDIANA (July 19) with a strong sense of irritation at your oversimplification of an important issue in American education. . . .

Bureaucratic certification requirements are usually not a closed-shop contrivance by teachers' colleges so much as a way of protecting public-school children from teachers who are totally incompetent . . . . The question your editor . . . fails to raise is . . . whether one Dr. Miessner is valuable enough to be worth tolerating an infinite number of hacks. It is really the dilemma of the ideal versus the expedient, and state legislatures are notorious in plumping for the expedient.

MRS. JUDSON T. SHAPLIN
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Suppose the tables were turned and only experience and ability were required.

BERT M. CARLSON
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial . . . suggests an interesting sequence of editorials if your policy should be expanded to the attack on requirements in professions other than teaching. May I suggest:

For medicine: "They Wouldn't Let Hippocrates Practice Medicine in New York."

For law: "They Wouldn't Admit Justinian to the California Bar."

For politics: "They Wouldn't Let Cromwell Serve as Senator from Arkansas."

And for the clergy: "They Wouldn't Let Moses Perform Marriages in New Jersey."

FRANK L. STEEVES, *Ed. D.*
Wayne, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

It is possible that Beethoven could not teach music. Beethoven, unquestionably, was a most skilled musician and he *possibly* could have been a good music teacher; but mere musicianship, you should know, is not a guarantee of quality music teaching to pre-college pupils.

On the other hand, if it is as you have said, that the Connersville, Indiana, schools have found Dr. Otto Miessner a competent music teacher for pupils in the elementary and/or high school grades, I can agree with you that the Teacher Licensing Commission is in an untenable position.

A. C. SENOUR
Superintendent of Schools
East Chicago, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial was a pleasant surprise and is much appreciated. I doubt that the nation-wide publicity given this affair will help me. But if it helps to correct a narrow-minded policy governing the licensing of teachers, I'll be glad it happened.

W. OTTO MIESSNER
Connersville, Ind.

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Reading across pages, then down:

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Every Window of Every Cadillac is Safety Plate Glass • Gown by Henri Bendel

FORWARD FROM FIFTY

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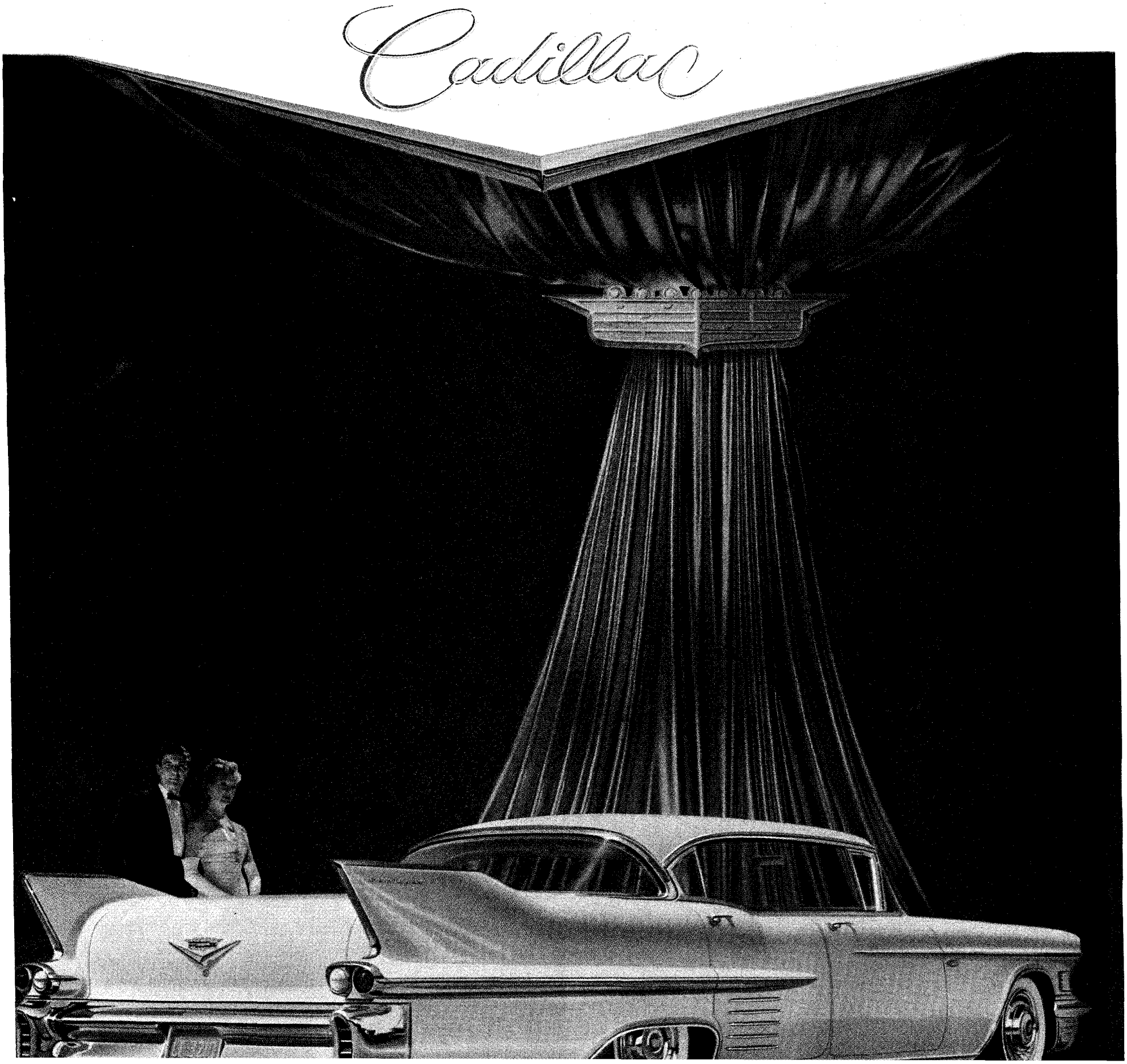

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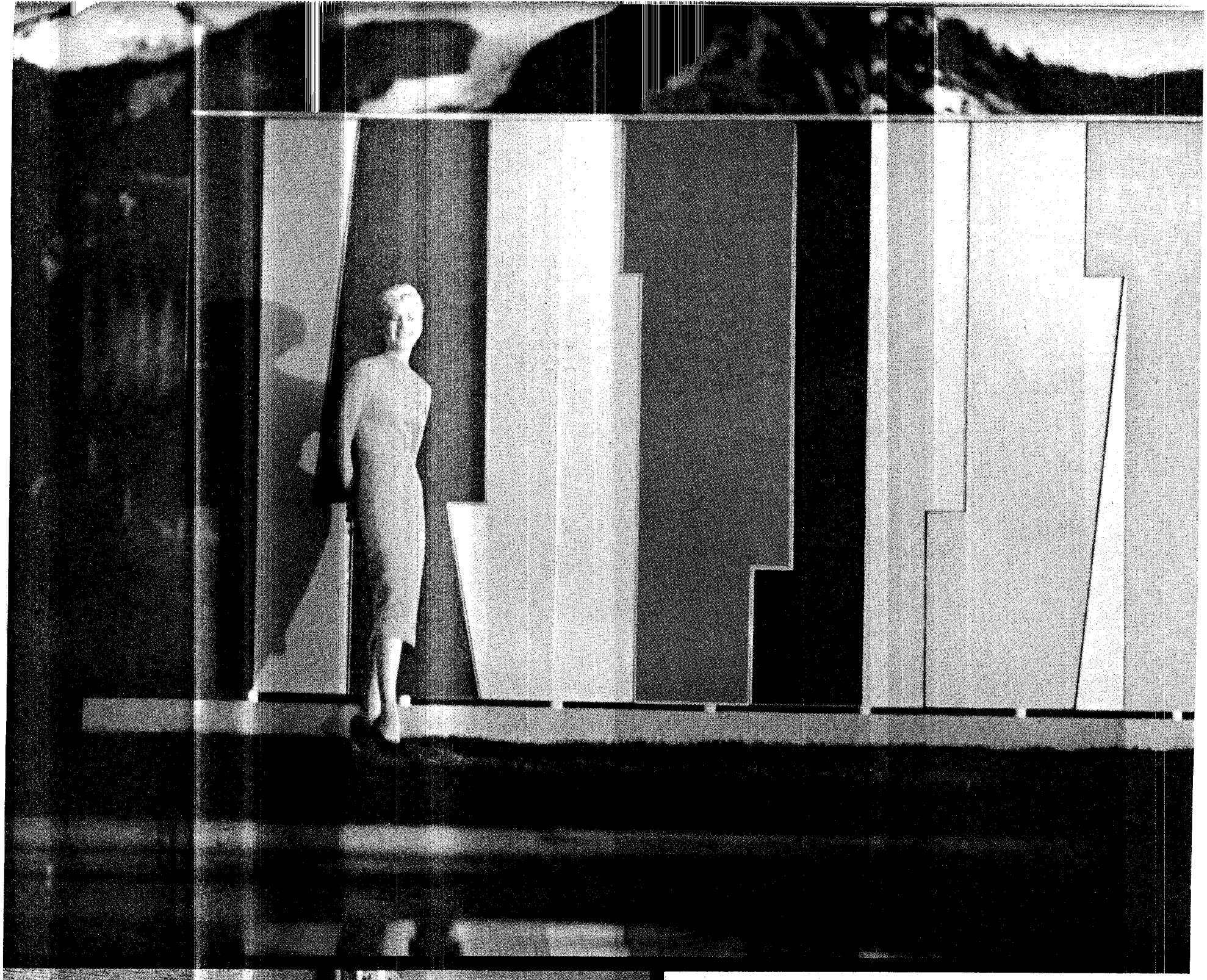

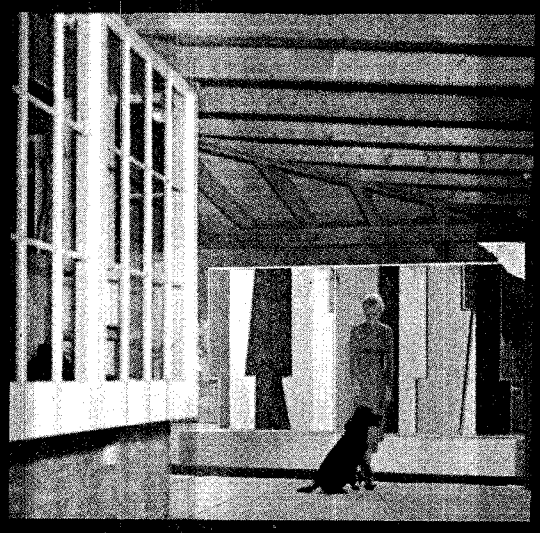

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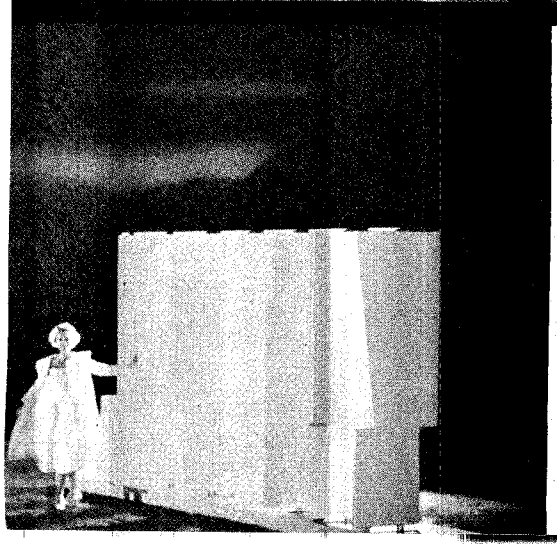

Aluminum Kaleidoscreen designed for the Alcoa collection by Herbert Bayer. Photographed in Aspen, Colorado, by Ferenc Berko.

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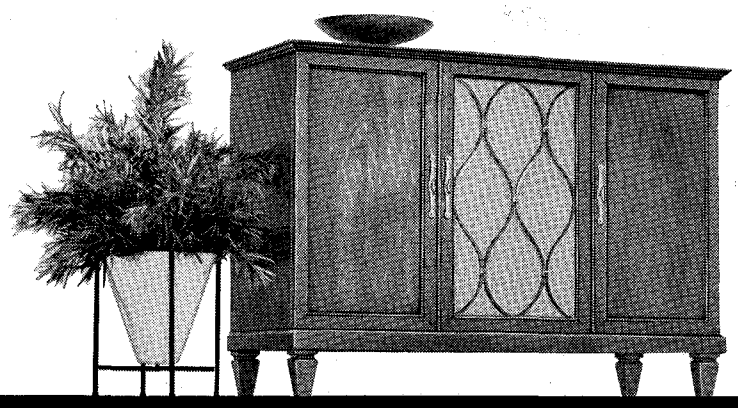
THE ANDANTE—Full Stereophonic High Fidelity with FM-AM radio—has two 12-inch speakers with 13-ounce magnets, two exponential horns. Dual amplifier has 40 watts of undistorted power output. Diamond stylus for LP and stereophonic records; manufactured sapphire stylus for 78 r.p.m. records. In mahogany veneers and hardwood solids, Italian Provincial styling, Model SF 2575, $750.*



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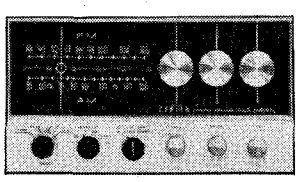
Crossover networks, usually found only in the highest priced custom-assembled component systems, separate and channel frequencies into their proper speaker systems, assure true tonal balance of "highs" and "lows."

Stereo Studio Sound Control Panel—a Zenith exclusive—gives you precision control of tonal response, virtually the same control as that of a recording studio sound engineer. Has Zenith's Presence Control circuit which brings out and separates the human voice and solo instruments from the background music; Stereo Balance Control which adjusts separate speaker systems to correct balance for best stereophonic sound.



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Zenith Full Stereophonic High-Fidelity Instruments—in magnificent classic, traditional or modern fine-furniture cabinets—are self-contained units. Zenith Stereophonic-equipped High Fidelity Instruments have companion speaker cabinets which you may add now or later for full stereophonic sound. Zenith Stereophonic-equipped Instruments are priced as low as $199.95*. Stop in at your Zenith Dealer's now—hear sound as live as the minute it was recorded.

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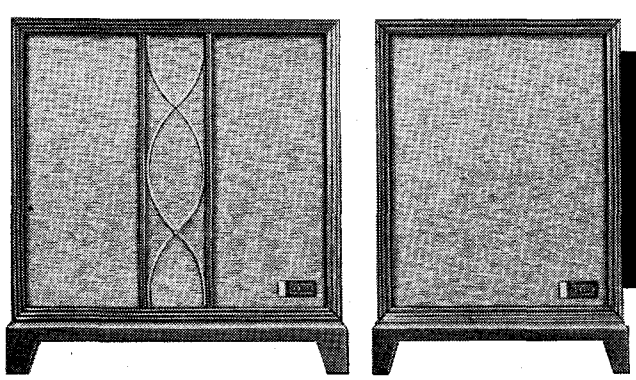
THE CANTATA—Stereophonic-equipped High Fidelity (at left)—has two 12-inch heavy magnet speakers, plus one 5-inch and one 3½-inch high fidelity cone-type tweeter. 20 watts of undistorted power output. Model SF 125, in mahogany or walnut colors, $239.95*; in blond oak color, $249.95*. Companion Remote Speaker System (at right) may be added now or later for full stereophonic sound, Model SRS 10, $125*.



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Editorials

We Accept Arab Nationalists, But Not Soviet Stooges

Since the Anglo-American landings in the Middle East, American popular discussion has tended to boil down to generalities. Among them are these:

1. We should have kept our hands off Britain, France and Israel when they undertook to do away with Nasser and retake the Suez Canal in 1956. President Eisenhower's intervention then was a blunder.

2. We cannot in the long run prevent the triumph of Arab nationalism, which represents the struggle of a primitive people to rid itself of feudal and colonial shackles.

3. Force or threats of force solve nothing. The presence of American and British marines in the Middle East can only make matters worse.

Good arguments can be made for and against all these assertions. However, there is not much merit to the effort to compare our sending of marines to Lebanon at the request of its president, with the aggressive invasion of Egypt, with its air attacks on civilians and ill-conceived objectives. Undoubtedly we have stakes in the Middle East and moved in to protect them at the risk, as the President said, of "serious consequences." But neither in the intent nor in the legal justification can Lebanon and Suez be fairly compared.

True, as almost everyone from Britain's Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd to former President Truman agrees, you can't fight Arab nationalism forever, any more than you can fight City Hall. The people of the Middle East are entitled to a fling at modernization. But that doesn't mean that we can't resist the excesses of Arab nationalism when, under demagogic leadership, it permits itself to become the tool of the Soviet Union.

This brings us to the third premise: "Force settles nothing." True, the record of force in the world is spotty, but it can hardly be said to have settled nothing. One could profitably get the testimony of the associates of Hitler, the peoples of the Soviet satellites, or our own Daughters of the Confederacy on that point. Force may create more problems than it settles, but it certainly settles a lot. It is too early to be dogmatic, but it does look as if the landing of Allied troops in the Middle East was responsible for a certain cooling off of previously blatant statesmen. The new leaders of Iraq want it understood that the hostility of the West is the last thing they had in mind. Khrushchev plumped for a summit conference, and even Nasser is reported to have urged the Kremlin not to push things too far. Given the imperfect results of our action, what might have been the consequences of No Force? The loss of the whole Middle East to the Soviet bloc, the isolation of pro-western Turkey, the collapse of western morale altogether—these were possibilities.

Pedestrian Training Pays Off in Fewer Deaths by Motor Car

If the American Automobile Association had not published its brochure, Planned Pedestrian Program, we might not have realized that the number of accidents involving people on foot has drastically declined in the past few years, while deaths in nonpedestrian accidents have increased. Even so, 7950 deaths and 225,000 injuries came to pedestrians during 1956.

Pedestrians killed in motor-vehicle accidents are divided between old people, who may not appreciate the higher speeds of motor vehicles since they gave up driving, and children who dash into the street after balls or one another, completely oblivious of their surroundings. In rainy weather pedestrians charge across streets with their heads lowered, visibility concealed by an umbrella at the ready. The fear of death vanishes before the dread of getting wet.

Also a large proportion of dead pedestrians were persons who never drove a car. Such a person is "not aware of the car's minimum stopping distances at varying speeds. Nor does he realize that a driver is not likely to see pedestrians clearly at night." Another factor which few recognize is the drunken pedestrian. The AAA reports that in Cleveland "22 per cent of the pedestrians killed in traffic had blood-alcohol concentrations as high as 0.20 per cent or over, compared with 16 per cent of the drivers and 10 per cent of the passengers."

Perhaps the most damaging judgment of pedestrians in this brochure is the statement that when a group of pedestrians see a fellow walker knocked down, possibly by a hit-and-run driver, "they usually make no move to support the pedestrian's case or to voice any effective complaint. Witnesses to a pedestrian accident tend to slip away. . . . If they stay at the scene, they say that they did not actually see the accident."

Despite all that has been done and remains to be done to alert pedestrians to the hazards they face when attempting to buck the rapidly moving metal on modern highways, the man behind the wheel could contribute considerably more to the safety of pedestrians simply by taking his normal manners with him when he climbs into his automobile. Few motorists would shoulder an elderly woman to one side when encountering her on a sidewalk, but it is a frequent sight to see a driver startle a senior citizen with a blast from his horn for the crime of crossing an intersection only as fast as his arthritis will let him. Drivers pass at high speed groups of children playing by the roadside and are astounded when a small boy or girl dashes in front of the car. There would be fewer such tragedies if the drivers assumed in advance that children act the way children act, and were prepared to avoid these "surprises."

Just as motorists tend to resent speed limits, so pedestrians resent curbs on "jaywalkers." But, as this thorough study by the AAA makes plain, reductions in accident deaths don't just happen. They come about through education like that suggested in the AAA brochure, intelligent regulation and, when necessary, a summons or a fine.

Let's Try Not to be Hysterical About Scientific Education

Russian intellectual capabilities, particularly in the sciences, have startled Americans, as if these achievements were all the product of Communism. Actually Russian scientists have made significant contributions to the advance of the sciences for well over a century. The names of Dokuchaiev and Glinka are synonymous with the development of soil science. Pavlov, a winner (1904) of the Nobel prize in medicine, and Semenov, winner (1956) in chemistry, added luster to a galaxy of Russian scientists.

Oddly enough, our awakening to what more of our people should have known has plunged us into a sort of hysteria giving rise to all manner of strange suggestions. Among them is a "crash" program to yield more scientists in order that we might "catch up" with the Soviets. Surely experience must have taught us that brilliant minds are not manufactured. Anyone who has taught young persons knows that students do not acquire genius in the classroom any more than do great poets, musicians or artists.

Of course, we must encourage greater national interest in scientific progress and attempt to arouse more young persons to pursue scientific careers. The creative scientist needs the aid of run-of-mine workers. But there is no reason to lose our sense of proportion in drawing up a design for our total national progress. To commit ourselves to concentration in the study of the sciences in the hope of achieving military superiority while neglecting other facets of our education would be an error.

As usually happens, the first suggestion by many persons seeking a solution to a problem of this kind is greater expenditure of money. We do not minimize the value of money, but in our zeal for quick remedies we should not overlook fundamentals. We should recognize that achievement is not always purchasable or measurable in dollars and concomitant material comforts. Many years ago, Roentgen, discoverer of X rays, showing a visitor about his laboratory, remarked, "Do not look for abundant modern equipment here as you in America have. What money will buy, your scientists possess." But Roentgen's paucity in equipment did not prevent his fertile mind from making one of the basic discoveries of all time.

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The Prime Minister. His virtuosity as a vote getter has proved him to be "one of the great modern masters of political legerdemain."

Canada's Amazing Prime Minister

How John George Diefenbaker, pioneer's son and lawyer for the defense, came out of the Saskatchewan prairie to become the phenomenon of Canadian politics.

By MILTON MACKAYE

This was a summer in Canada when everyone came to call. Millions of American tourists, of course, were welcome but not unexpected guests. What made the summer memorable—and wearing—was the steady procession of high-placed official guests from assorted parts of the world. By mid-August a multigun salute was a commonplace. In Ottawa, Canada's green and lovely capital, cabinet ministers were lucky if they found a free day to send their striped pants out to be pressed.

Prince Bernhard, consort of the Queen of the Netherlands, checked in first. Then the rush began: Paul-Henri Spaak, Secretary General of NATO; President Heuss, of West Germany; Prime Minister Macmillan, of Britain; Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, Prime Minister of Ghana. President Eisenhower went up in July for a friendly three-day visit. The high point for Canadians, however, was the month-long visit of Princess Margaret. An independent Canada is still intensely loyal to its Queen—Princess Margaret's sister—and warmly loyal to the British Commonwealth, so long as British economics and trade doctrines mesh comfortably with Canada's independent policy.

Canada is pleasant to visit, but it seems reasonable to believe that some of the important visitors did not come to Ottawa to look at the graceful Gatineau Hills or the frothy rapids of the Ottawa River. They came to look at and talk to the new Prime Minister. The Liberal Party controlled Parliament from 1935 to 1957. The Conservatives won a mathematical victory in 1957 and an overpowering victory last spring.

John George Diefenbaker, the first Prime Minister raised in the prairie provinces, will guide Canada's destinies for the next four or five years. It may be almost that long before the once-entrenched Liberal Party reorganizes successfully and comes out of its swoon.

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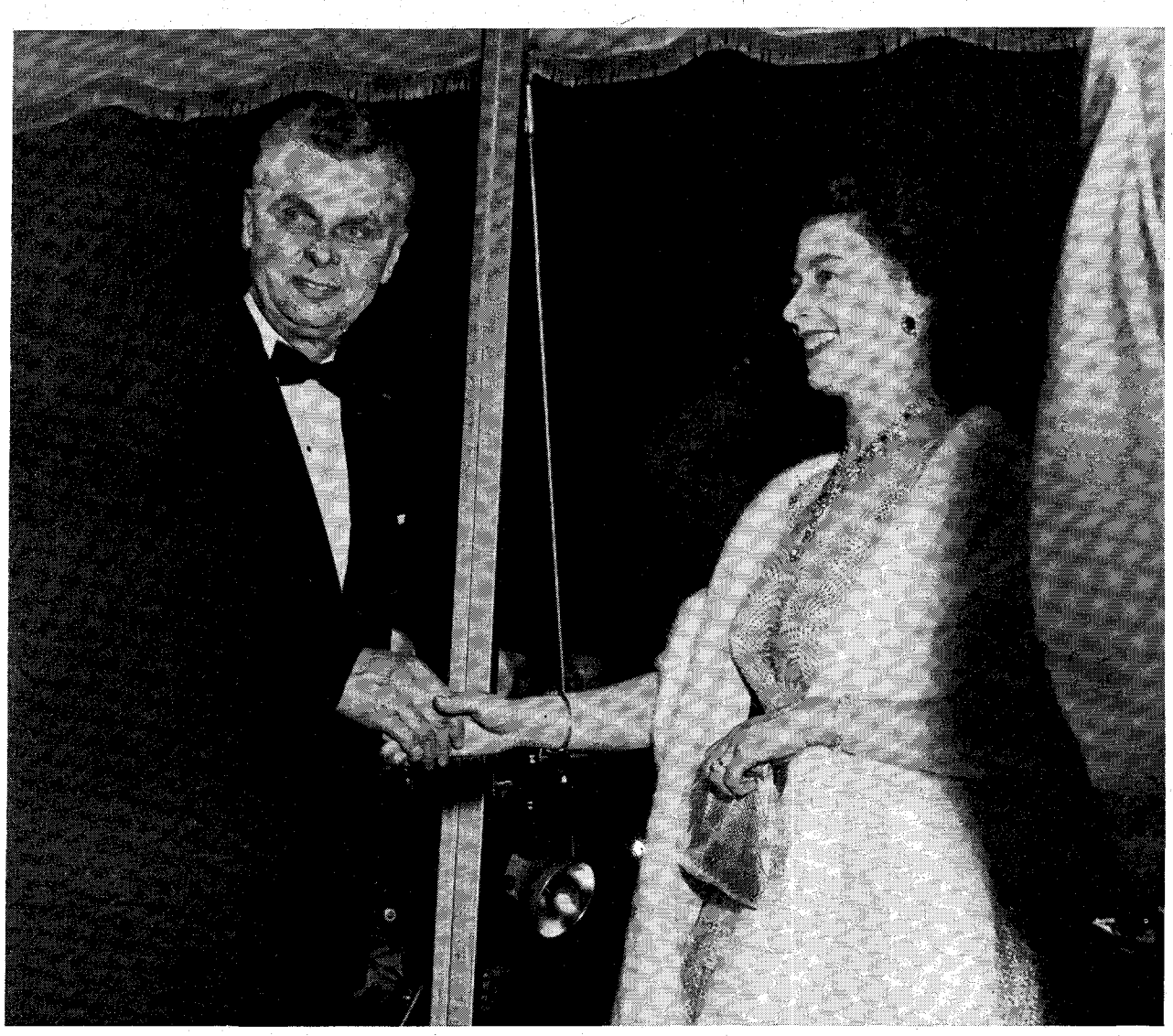
U.S. Presidential visit to Canada last month: Two first ladies, Mrs. Diefenbaker (right) and Mrs. Eisenhower, meet. Ike and Diefenbaker have been described as "glamour boys" who are heads of similar "personality cults."

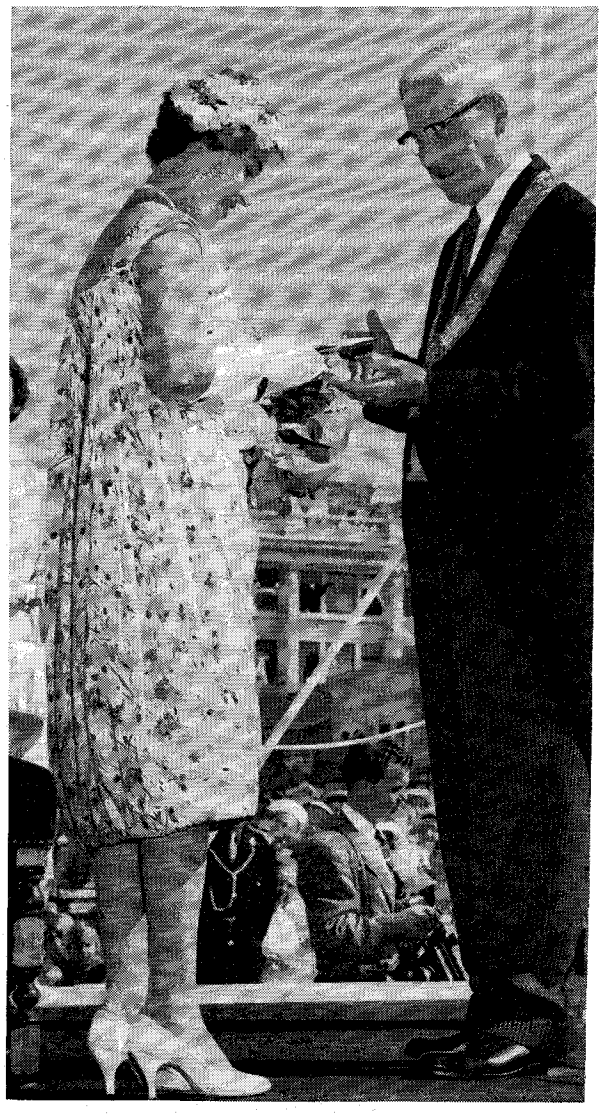
John Diefenbaker is a comparatively new arrival on the world scene. He is almost sixty-three, looks ten years younger, and achieved political power after many years of political frustration. He is strikingly handsome, weighs a lean 175, and is just under six feet in height. He has a tense, bony face, his lips are frequently pursed over prominent teeth, his deep-set blue eyes are wary. His center crest of curly gray hair amusingly resembles—as David Low, the British cartoonist, has noted—the topknot of a parakeet.

Diefenbaker's background is one to capture American, as well as Canadian, imagination. His speech, his mannerisms are those of the westerner. Born in Ontario, he emigrated with his family to Saskatchewan at the age of eight. They first located in the Fort Carlton area, twelve miles from the nearest town. Two years later Diefenbaker's schoolteacher father went on a homestead. There the Prime Minister saw his father tie a red bandanna to a wagon wheel and, counting the turns of the wheel, measure off 160 acres of farm land. There he saw the plow break virgin sod, knew the terror of his first prairie fire, was lost all night in a blizzard.

It was a lonely life. Diefenbaker and his younger brother, Elmer, had few playmates, but in the long, white winters there were always his father's books to read. The Prime Minister could read before he was five. He early decided he wanted to be a lawyer and, in his own words, "never deviated from that course." His gentle, scholarly father and his strong and dominant mother supported him in his ambition. When he was of high-school age,



October, 1957: Elizabeth II comes to Ottawa. Canadians are still intensely loyal to the British (and increasingly chilly toward the United States). However, most of Canada's trade dollars still flow south of the border.



July 14: Princess Margaret, starting a month's tour of the Dominion, is greeted by Victoria's Mayor Scurrah.

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they sold the homestead and moved to Saskatoon, site of the then-new University of Saskatchewan.

A good many years later Diefenbaker was to become the best-known defense lawyer in Canada; his specialty was criminal law and jury-pleading. In the twenty-two murder cases he tried, only two of his clients went to the gallows. Able to command the richest of fees, he frequently took without charge the cases of immigrant Canadians (including the relocated Japanese of World War II), whose civil rights were impaired or threatened.

But if Diefenbaker never deviated from his determination to be a successful lawyer, there was still another childhood ambition he never let go—the desire to hold important public office. A serious youngster, he steeped himself in biographies (Lincoln and Gladstone were his father's heroes and his), studied parliamentary debates and became himself such a rough-and-tumble debater at the University of Saskatchewan that the student magazine, perhaps ironically, predicted he would one day lead the opposition in the Canadian House of Commons.

And one day he did—many years later. So far as the government was then concerned, Saskatchewan was away out west, and populous and prosperous Ontario and Quebec provinces in effect ruled Canada. But childhood memories are long memories. John Diefenbaker could not forget that W. L. Mackenzie King, who spent what seemed like a lifetime—to his opponents—as Canada's Prime Minister, had been a student at his father's school in Berlin (now Kitchener), Ontario. Student and schoolmaster remained friends until the elder Diefenbaker's death. Nor could he forget a visit to Saskatoon by that great gentleman and Prime Minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

This is a story he frequently tells to the high-school students who in Ottawa, as in Washington, visit the (Continued on Page 42)

At 62, he is a "tense, controlled, ambitious man who has every intention of becoming a world figure and one of Canada's great Prime Ministers." The portrait is of Sir John Macdonald, the first Canadian Prime Minister.

Liberal Party leader Lester Pearson (left, below, with ex-Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent) is witty, urbane, and a Nobel Prize winner but he couldn't match Diefenbaker in the 1958 elections.

Diefenbaker was a lieutenant in World War I, but he refuses to wear his service ribbons on ground that he never was a combat soldier.

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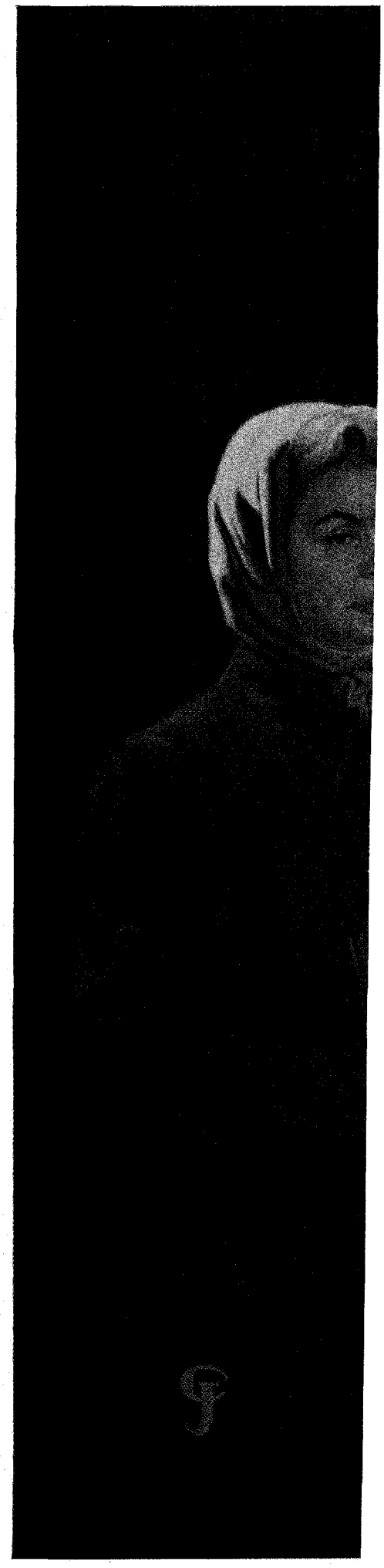
The Temptation of Father Montoire



The story of a priest who attempted to perform a miracle—and what happened when he unexpectedly succeeded . . .

By PIERRE BOULLE *Author of The Bridge on the River Kwai.*

The priest slowly climbed the steps, praying God to grant him true eloquence—the eloquence that reaches souls. In the pulpit he marshaled his thoughts for a moment, made the sign of the cross and began his sermon.

Father Montoire owed his reputation as a preacher to the persuasive warmth of his language as well as the vigor and subtlety of his reasoning. With equal felicity he appealed to the simple faith of the humble and to the intelligence of cultured men. He was well informed; he could talk to intellectuals; one could point to "life-long" materialists who ultimately had been won over by his arguments. But he also knew how to make doctrine plain to the uneducated. He had analyzed the most complex modern theories and found that they all tended to substantiate religious truth. He appealed to the masses of the faithful and, in simple, stirring words, infected them with the ardor of his faith. His sermons always attracted a large attendance.

"Brethren," said the priest, "today I want to speak of miracles, those rare manifestations of the infinite power of a God Who sometimes deigns to reveal Himself to our coarse senses. I want to speak of the so-called conflict between religion and science, between faith and reason. There has never been a greater error than opposing one against the other. Science—real science—which never contradicts religion, has recently offered excellent grounds for believing in miracles."

He paused, looking down at the pews nearest to the pulpit. There he saw Doctor Faivre, a physician and an old college friend. They had remained friends, although the doctor was an outspoken unbeliever. They often had long arguments. Faivre, a broad-minded man, admitted the priest's skill, but never retreated from his own skepticism.

Faivre had come to hear his friend out of curiosity, as he sometimes did, and was listening to him with great interest. Their eyes met. Father Montoire was delighted to see him there, and raising his voice, continued, "The great natural laws, my brethren! Once men in their pride thought they had identified and codified, absolutely and completely, the phenomena that impinge on our imperfect senses. They believed the universe could be reduced to a set of mechanical rules. Stubborn minds refused to admit the possibility of a single exception to the order they were beginning to perceive. They were drunk with their discovery. Those who still acknowledged a God insulted Him by limiting His power. (Continued on Page 65)

Illustrated by Carroll Jones

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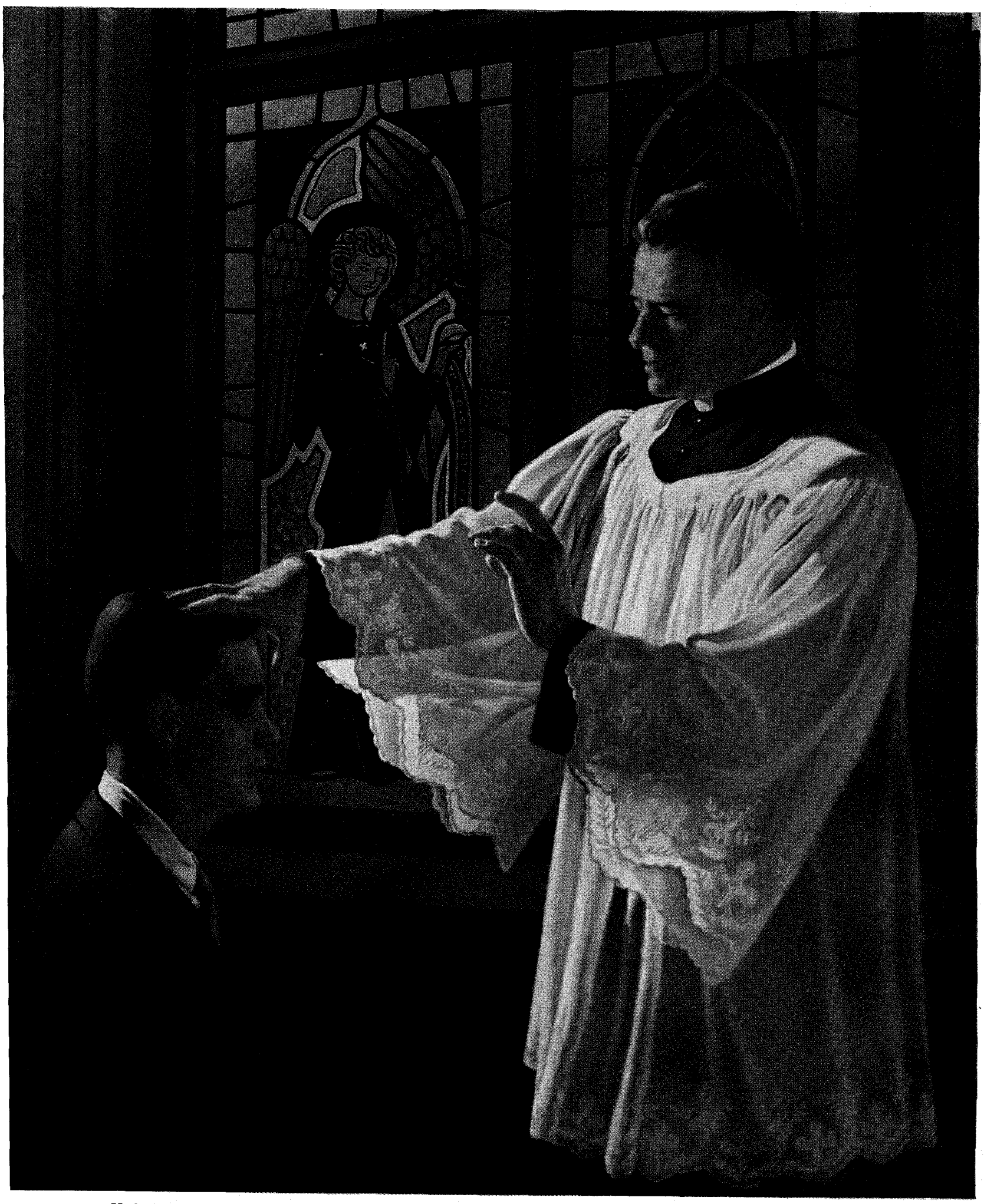

He hesitated before touching the blind man's eyelids. Then, in a loud voice, he commanded, "See thou the light!"

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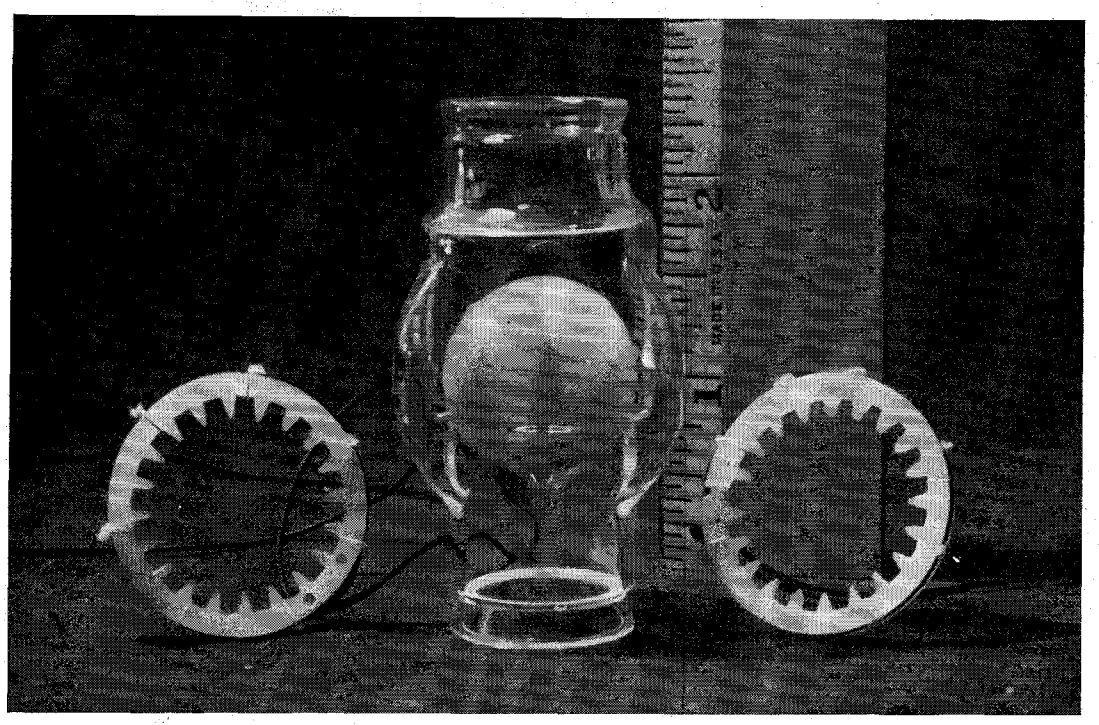
Spare Parts for Defective Hearts

With this artificial valve, surgeons can now help thousands whose lives are restricted by "aortic insufficiency"—leakage in the body's most vital artery.



At center is the plastic valve devised by Dr. Charles A. Hufnagel. Inside it is the silicone ball which controls blood flow. The nylon fixation rings on either side seal the ends of the patient's artery to the valve openings.

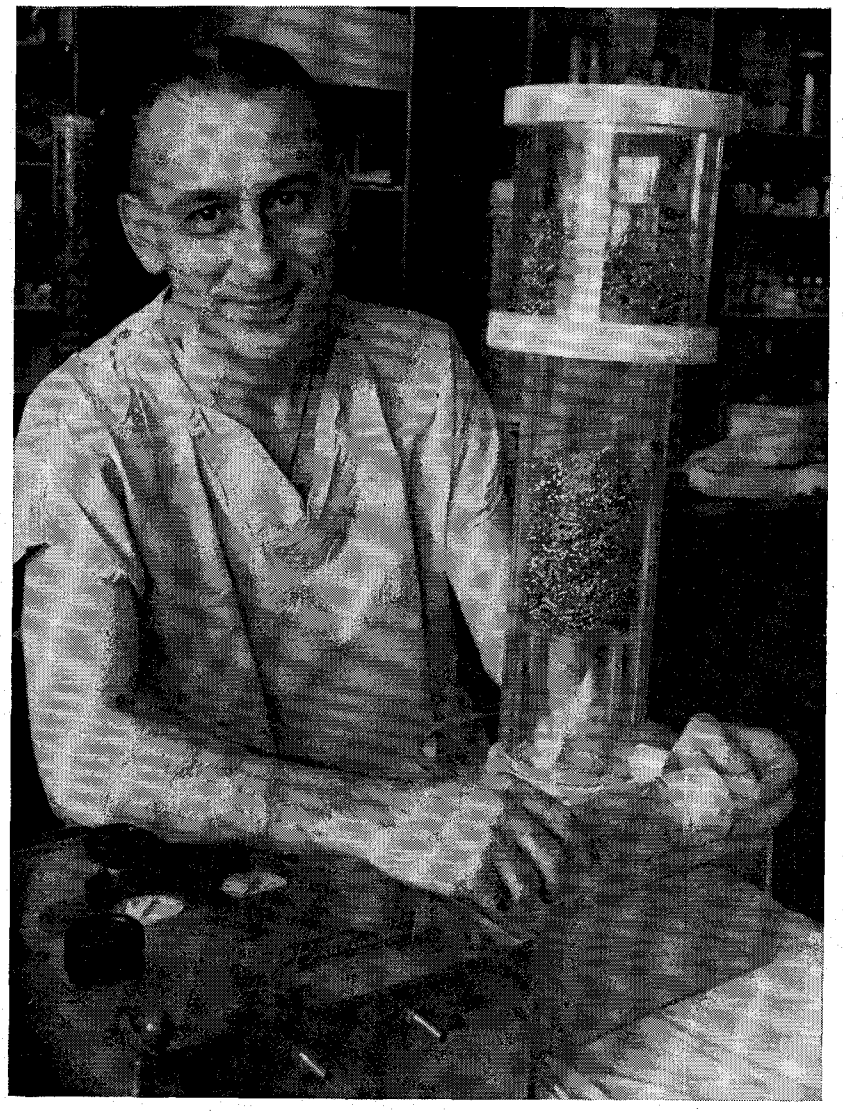
By BEN PEARSE

Photographs by Frank Ross

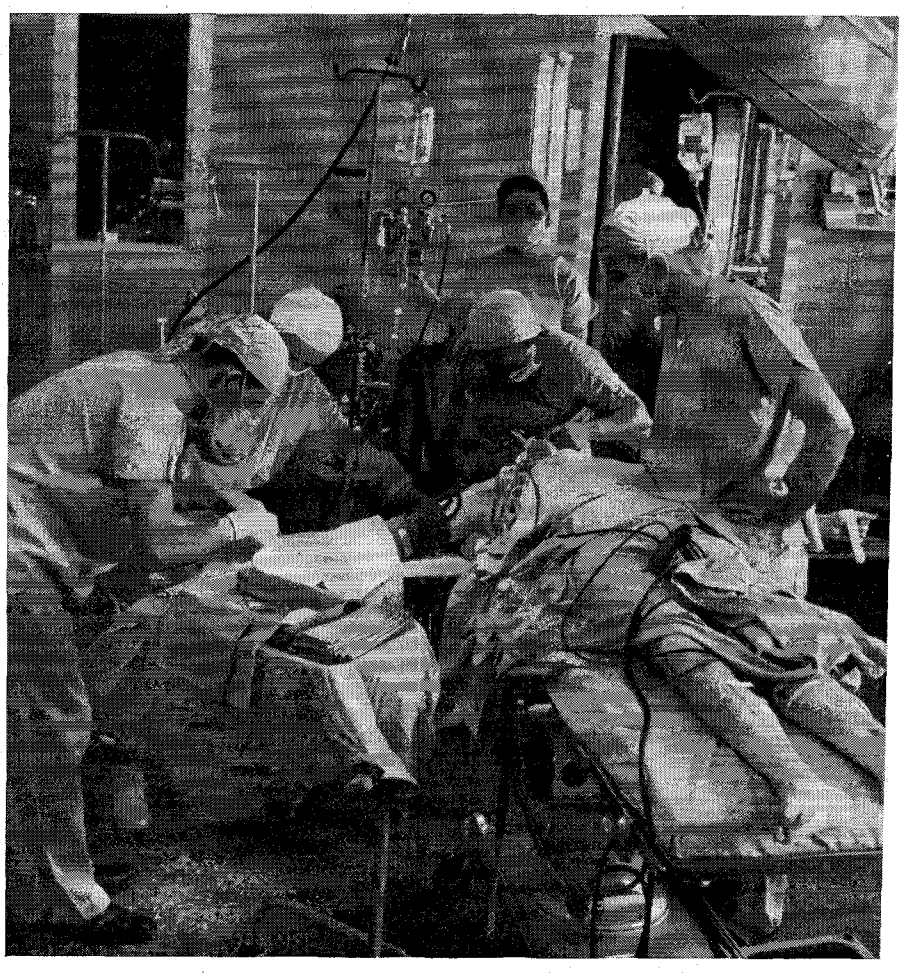
Frank S. Costa is one of thousands of clerks in the post office that covers four square blocks in midtown New York. He bangs away at a typewriter, wrestles voluminous files and whips around on office tasks eight hours a day. Night and morning he bucks the rush-hour subway crowds commuting to and from his home in the Bronx. To watch him, you'd never suspect one of his heart valves is artificial.

Two years ago, Frank Costa was about to lose his job because pounding a typewriter actually winded him. Ordinary office routine set his heart to throbbing as though he were performing heavy manual labor. When I asked him about the operation that had saved his job and possibly his life, he told me, "You'd never think a little plastic gadget no bigger than a man's thumb and shorter could make all that difference."

The ailment that threatened to make an invalid of Mr. Costa at thirty-nine is known medically as aortic insufficiency. In lay terms, that means a leaky heart valve. The aorta, the body's largest blood vessel, receives the freshly



"We'll be able to implant artificial organs—someday," predicts Dr. Hufnagel, inventor of the aortic valve. Here he is with a model of his heart-lung machine.



In the operating room at Washington's Georgetown University Hospital, Dr. Hufnagel (right) and his team prepare a patient, already anesthetized, for heart-valve surgery.

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oxygenated blood from the heart and distributes it through smaller vessels throughout the body. In the normal person, a valve at the base of the aorta, where it leads off from the left ventricle, closes after each contraction or beat, holding the blood in the circulatory system while the ventricle is filling again for another beat. But when the fragile valve leaves are thickened or misshapen by disease, they can't close completely. Some blood leaks back into the ventricle after each beat.

The direct result is an inadequate supply of blood, and the life-giving oxygen it carries, to all the body tissues. One indirect result is that the heart muscle has to work harder and faster to make up for the slippage of the leaky valve. Another is that the ventricle becomes enlarged to accommodate the backflow from the aorta in addition to the normal flow from the left auricle and the lungs. There are other complications, but overwork and enlargement are usually enough in time to tire the heart to the point of quitting.

Sometimes the condition goes undetected for many years. When the leak is small, the victim may not even notice any effect beyond a feeling of fatigue or shortness of breath after moderate exertion. Frank Costa remembers an illness while he was in high school. If it was rheumatic fever—the disease is often difficult to diagnose—he suffered no apparent ill effects. Many victims do not. He worked in a shipyard during World War II and got an appointment as a letter carrier in 1947. He walked his route for seven years before the leaky valve seemed suddenly to get worse. When walking became difficult, he was transferred to clerical duty, but that helped only temporarily. "It's hard to believe," Mr. Costa told me, "but I used to get out of breath just pushing a pencil."

One of the specialists he consulted, Dr. Robert Lloyd Segal, told him about a new operation being performed in Washington, D.C., by Dr. Charles A. Hufnagel, professor of surgery at Georgetown University Hospital. The operation was known by the formidable title, "Surgical correction of aortic insufficiency by implantation of a plastic prosthesis." What that boils down to is inserting an artificial valve in the aorta to prevent the blood, or most of it, from flowing the wrong way back into the heart. Doctor Hufnagel had performed the operation on a human patient for the first time in September, 1952, after many experimental operations on animals. The results were successful and since then he had performed many more to install what had come to be known as the "Hufnagel valve."

Doctor Segal showed Mr. Costa a picture of one, a transparent plastic tube about an inch in diameter and an inch and one half long. It had a bulge in the middle to accommodate the plastic ball inside that allowed the blood to flow only in one direction. A segment of the aorta is removed, Doctor Segal explained, and replaced by the plastic tube in much the same way that you mend a garden hose. The ends of the aorta are clamped onto the tube with nylon rings, so that they won't slip off under pressure of the pulse beat.

The man-made valve, Doctor Segal told his patient, would not entirely correct the backflow. For various reasons, the valve is inserted not at the site of the defective valve, but several inches (Continued on Page 45)

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The Susceptible Blonde

What harm could there be in doing the town with a nice man like Mr. Underwood?

By EILEEN JENSEN

Minna tossed another piece of bread to the pelicans flapping around the pier. Too bad Aunt Sue Della had to slip a disk just when they got to St. Petersburg. Now she was lying in the hospital in traction instead of lolling on the beach. Pa would be fit to be tied when he heard about it. Aunt Sudy had talked till she was blue in the face before pa let Minna come.

"Florida's too far," pa fussed. "I don't want her foolin' around them suntan lifeguards."

Aunt Sudy stood right up to him. "Seventeen, going on eighteen—big for her age, too—and she's never been out of the county! It's time she found out how the other half lives."

"Kentucky's good enough for me," pa said.

"She'll be back in two weeks," Aunt Sudy pointed out. "I need her to drive."

"You wanna go, Min?"

"I don't mind." She felt like a bee in clover.

"You reckon you can drive that far?"

"She's run that tractor since she was knee high," Aunt Sudy snapped. "Anybody who can keep that broken-down truck of yours on the road can go cross-country with me."

Minna squinted at her wristwatch in the glaring Florida sunshine. Almost time for the parade. Aunt Sue Della had counted so on going across the bridge to Tampa to see that Gasparilla doings. She would be right disappointed to miss all them guns and pirates and things. *I'll drive on over*, Minna decided, *and watch it myself*.

She went back to the battered blue coupé—stifling from being parked in the sun on the pier—and rolled down the windows. She studied the map they had marked last night before Aunt Sue Della bent over and couldn't straighten up. The road was plain—right past the motel where their suitcases were—and across the bridge. You couldn't miss it.

Minna drove over thataway. She passed the motel, being careful of her speed because she remembered that state-police post in the next block. Aunt Sudy would be plumb put out if Minna got herself arrested. In Tampa she couldn't get near the harbor where the pirate ship was—too many cars—so she parked back a ways and started to walk toward the bright pennants flying in the distance. She could hear a cannon booming over there somewhere.

Her feet were burning by the time she came to a triangle where a crowd was gathered and some chairs were roped off in the middle of the street. It looked like as good a place as any. She kicked off her shoes and dropped down on the warm grass in the narrow shade of a palm tree. She fanned herself and gazed around at the other half. They were busy spreading blankets and newspapers on the grass, putting out picnic lunches, tuning portable radios, unfolding chairs, setting up umbrellas, opening vacuum bottles. You could see they were fixing to set a while.

"The parade was late," Minna reported to Aunt Sudy.

"All parades are late."

"When it did come by, everybody jumped up and I stood on tiptoe and craned my neck, but I couldn't see a thing, so I bought me this pirate flag and come on back." She waved the black-and-white banner, tucking it into the pulley over Aunt Sue Della's bed. "Pa can put it on the jeep."

"You eat a hot dinner tonight, you hear?"

(Continued on Page 70)

Illustrated by R. G. Harris

A pale little man with a black mustache dropped down beside her and smiled. "You got a match?"

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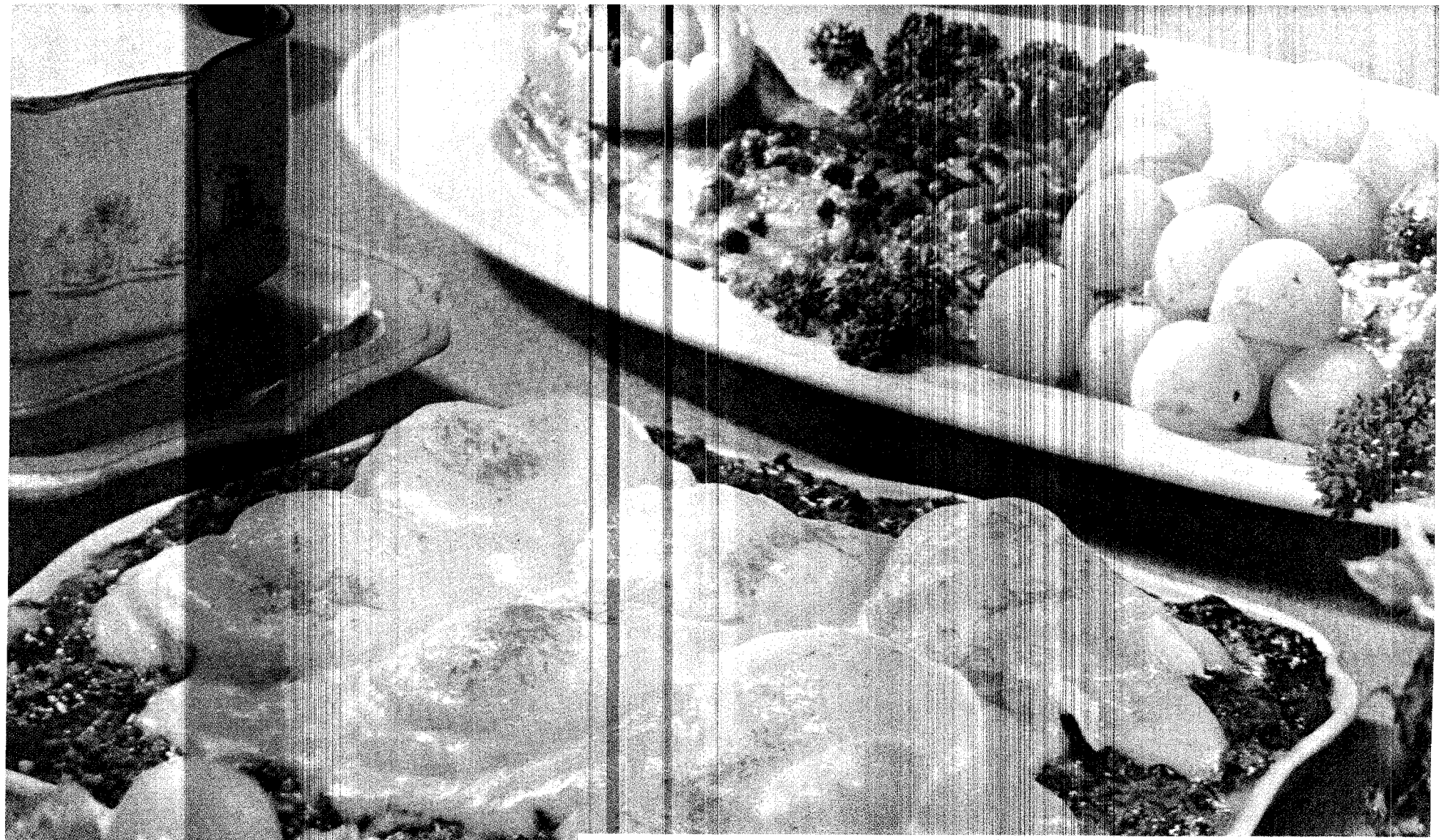

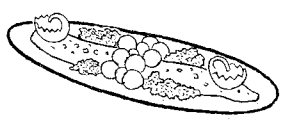

Pompano Toulouse

Sauté together ½ bunch of finely chopped shallots and two chopped green peppers. Add 1 tablespoon of flour and blend in a cup and a half of white wine. Add 1 small can chopped pimentos, 1 tablespoon of capers, including juice, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, and 2 chopped cloves of garlic. Sauté 2 fillets of pompano, cover with sauce and serve. Serves two.

Eggs Sardou

On a base of creamed spinach, place 2 artichoke bottoms. Fill these with poached eggs and cover all with hollandaise sauce.

What's for Breakfast?

This New Orleans restaurant specializes in sumptuous morning meals—served until midnight—with 19th-century bounty. Here are some of its recipes.

By JAMES A. MAXWELL

Photograph by George Lazarnick

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Café Brulot

10 oz. brandy
10 to 12 cloves
Peel of 2 oranges
2 oz. curaçao
4″ stick cinnamon
Peel of 2 lemons
10 lumps sugar
1 quart black coffee

Make small slices of the lemon and orange peels. Add cloves and cinnamon stick to the bowl and stir them, then add the curaçao, followed by the 10 oz. of brandy. Now the mixture is ready to be flamed, so light the bowl and then pour in the quart of coffee slowly. Serve while hot. Makes 10 demitasse-size servings.

Bananas Foster

Cut 2 bananas into 4 lengthwise strips each. Brown 4 tablespoons of butter with ¾ cup brown sugar and ¾ teaspoon cinnamon. When the sugar has melted and the mixture begins to thicken, place bananas in the pan and cook until soft. Just before serving, add 1 oz. rum and ½ oz. crème de banana. Ignite and serve while hot, either plain or over vanilla ice cream.

"Running a top restaurant in New Orleans must be among the most personally satisfying jobs in the world," a native of that city said to me recently as we were finishing dinner at Brennan's, one of the famous establishments in the French Quarter.

Ella Brennan Martin, the manager of the place, who had joined us for coffee, smiled gloomily. "I wish I could get some decent-sized oysters," she said. "Right now they're no bigger than quarters."

"Take Ella, for example," my companion said. "Not only does her business enjoy international fame, but she's a heroine in her home town. She could, if she chose, speak disparagingly of the Mardi Gras, hate Dixieland jazz or even vote Republican, and the local population would still look upon her as an outstanding citizen. The best restaurants in this city aren't just places to eat, they're cultural institutions." (Continued on Page 68)

These nine people—seven Brennans and two head chefs—supervise the affairs of the famous family-owned restaurant.

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Marriage Crisis

Red was too restless to hold a steady job. Now he found he couldn't hold his wife, because she was restless too.

By WILLIAMS FORREST

On Tuesday when Red came home at four o'clock, Milly had known right away what the deal was, even though he sometimes got off early when the work was out. But this time she'd been sitting in the living room feeding the kid.

She looked up and said, "You been to the Unemployment Office?"

He was stunned. "What?"

"You know what I mean. Did you sign up?"

He nodded. The kid was being stuffed; he usually liked to watch it when he had the chance. Formula and then jarred stuff, and the kid seeming to get bigger and bigger under his very eyes. A real man in the making. But this time it didn't interest him. He was mystified by the knowing that women had.

Milly wiped the baby's chin. Red went into the kitchen and came back with a can of brew. "We had it out, Larkin and me."

"Sure," she said. "And now you're a gentleman of leisure again."

"A guy's no bum if he takes his compensation."

"Sure. If he's legitimate. But you—you didn't make Larkin fire you, did you?"

"Are you kidding?"

Her head came up sharply. The baby reacted to something electric and uncomfortable in the atmosphere. Milly automatically shouldered him and burped his distress away, saying, "I know all the signs. I know every time you want to retire. The whole neighborhood knows. Instead of bouncing out of here in the morning, you go out as if it's the last thirteen steps. And when you come home, it's as if you needed a transfusion to be able to eat dinner." (Continued on Page 56)

"Us working girls are going out."

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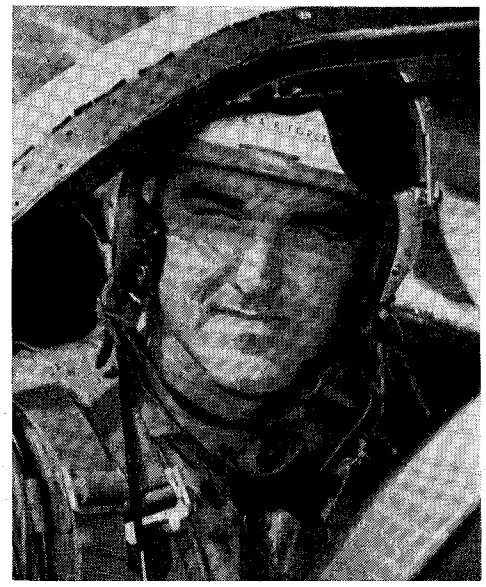
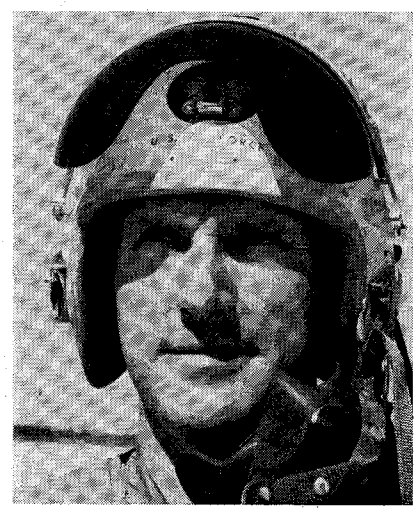
An H-bomber crew in Spain scrambles for its plane. It can be in the air, headed for Russia, 7½ minutes after the alarm sounds.



Boss man: Lt. Col. Ernest Ticknor is pilot and commander of SAC Select Crew No. 91.

Triple threat: Major Grover Malone is bombardier, navigator and radarman.



Copilot: Captain Forrest Engle, the newest member of the three-man crew.

How We Would Strike Back

By PHILIP GUSTAFSON

At tightly guarded Strategic Air Command bases in Spain, tense crews wait for the alarm that will send them racing to their H-bombers, to strike back at any aggressor. This is their story, by a man who lived among them.

ZARAGOZA AIR FORCE BASE.

As we sit here in the middle of Spain's upland desert, we have been written off as expendable. Everything we do day and night is based on the assumption that the Russians have us covered with an intermediate ballistic missile loaded with a hydrogen warhead. Should that missile be fired, it would get here in something like twenty minutes. In that case, it is accepted that this pretty new base of modern, low-lying brick buildings would disappear from the earth.

Strategically, our survival is not a matter of major importance. But it is important that we launch a retaliatory attack before we are destroyed. That is why sleek jet bombers stand down there near the end of the runway, ready to take off for Russia as soon as danger threatens. All are readied and fueled to strike back. And once a day their crews are sent dashing to their cockpits by a rasping, screeching, hellish alarm horn.

In such a race, minutes have a value they never had before. Each day, we cut off seconds that could mean your survival and mine. As things stand this week, we've sweated it down to half the official goal—fifteen minutes from the gong. We can now get under way for Russia in a hectic seven and a half minutes.

Such is Operation Reflex, as the Strategic Air Command's new retaliatory concept is called—from the way your leg reacts when the doctor hammers your knee. This base is the newest example (Continued on Page 53)

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Maurice Chevalier today: "I've had all that passion can give me, beautifully and marvelously. . . . I've had my share of everything but I've never overdone it."

I Call on MAURICE CHEVALIER

By PETE MARTIN

The phenomenal Frenchman who, at seventy, has become a star all over again, tells some of the secrets that made him one of the all-time great entertainers.

At fourteen, Chevalier had already given up acrobatics for a singing career.

Chevalier won the Croix de Guerre in World War I, learned English while in prison camp.

From left: French boxer Georges Carpentier, silent-film star Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Chevalier in 1926.

Mistinguett. "I loved her madly," Chevalier declares.

SIX DECADES OF BEING UTTERLY FRENCH

A typical Chevalier Apache number in Love Me Tonight, 1932.

Maurice the irresistible: With Claudette Colbert in The Smiling Lieutenant, a box-office smash of 1931.

On Ed Sullivan's TV show last May, Chevalier and Sophie Tucker sentimentalized in a duet.

Chevalier plays Leslie Caron's uncle in the current movie success Gigi.

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Suddenly, voom! One day it hit me, and I asked myself, *Why are you lolling in your desk chair, in Philadelphia, missing one of the great entertainers of all time? Maurice Chevalier has been playing the Waldorf-Astoria's Empire Room for four weeks. He's only an hour and thirty minutes away by train, and you ought to be sitting down with him and finding out what he thinks of love, life, show business and people.*

But by the time I was ready to have at it, Chevalier had left New York for California, to make preparations for a two-week engagement at the Greek Theater in Los Angeles, and to discuss plans for two new movies. I set out in pursuit.

Checking up on him in Beverly Hills, I was told, "He's in Spokane or Victoria or Vancouver or Seattle or someplace up there. He's playing one-night stands. Then he's coming back here to appear at the Greek Theater. After that he's going to fly to Paris over the Pole. So if you want to see him, Bud, you'd better get on your horse and get up to Seattle."

That was on a Friday. The following Sunday I sat in the living room of the seventy-year-old Chevalier's hotel suite in Seattle, listening to his distinctive, undisguisable voice. I had been looking at the owner of that voice on movie screens since 1929. Lately I had been watching him on the TV screen too. During most of that time the man back of the voice had been gay, debonair, roguish, knowing—but not invariably. Last May eighteenth he had done a bit with Sophie Tucker on Ed Sullivan's show. He had been warm and touching and serious then. The Chevalier who was talking to me now was the Chevalier I had seen with Sophie. At the same time, occasional flashes of wit lighted his words and the room.

Seated on a divan, Chevalier said, "I will answer you very honestly on every subject about which you want to ask." He had been sitting bolt upright on the edge of his divan. Now he shifted back and let his shoulders rest against the cushions. "Is my English clear, yes?" he asked.

"Very," I told him. "I've heard that you once said, 'I'm not afraid to play old men,' and you went on to say, 'To me, it is sad when an actor is afraid of growing old.' I thought we could talk about that a little."

"I meant exactly what I said," he told me. "I was lucky enough to realize it when the time came that it was no longer good for me to play the part of the lover in a film. I have always been a variety artist—an entertainer—and as such, my first job is to be natural; so it was not a great strain for me to be as natural at seventy as I was at twenty. Presently there came a time when I was asked to play a lover, and suddenly it came to me that it was best for me to play uncles or fathers or grandfathers instead. My hunch (Continued on Page 51)

Above, 1934: Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier in The Merry Widow, at the peak of his first movie career.

Below, 1957: The team of MacDonald and Chevalier reunited at a Hollywood party given on Chevalier's 69th birthday.

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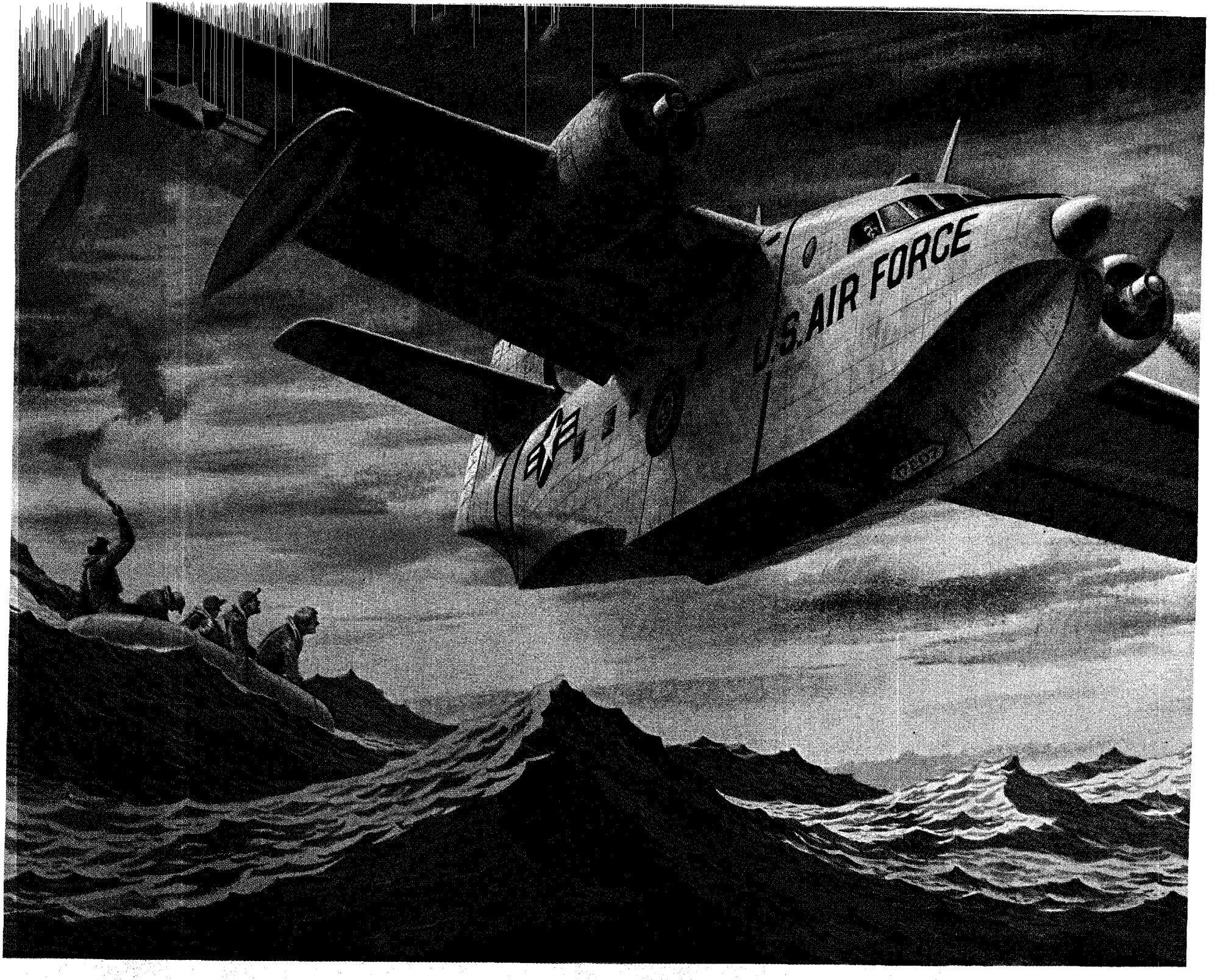

HURRICANE RESCUE

By ROBERT CRAIG

A pickup at sea could be fatal even for experts—and this crew was green and frankly frightened.

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

Captain Stebbins knew now what would probably happen. Tomorrow at least one survivor—maybe all seven—would be looking up at him from a raft on a wind-crazy sea. They would be desperate, sick, maybe dying. What would he do? He tried not to think. He didn't want to worry the problem until he knew every detail of it. Along with the other officers he only blinked his sleep-hungry eyes and waited for the colonel to dismiss them.

"That's all, gentlemen," the squadron commander said, "except that I want to see Major Kronkite and Captain Stebbins alone."

As the copilots and navigators began filing from the room, Steb called to Lieutenant Louderbock. He did not want Louderbock talking to the crew. The youngster was the last man to brief anybody, much less a green crew, on their first rough-water pickup. "Jim," he called.

Louderbock turned toward him. The young copilot had a constant expression of resentment on his face, and now, even after the colonel's briefing, it was still there.

"You and Osborne wait outside for me," Steb told him.

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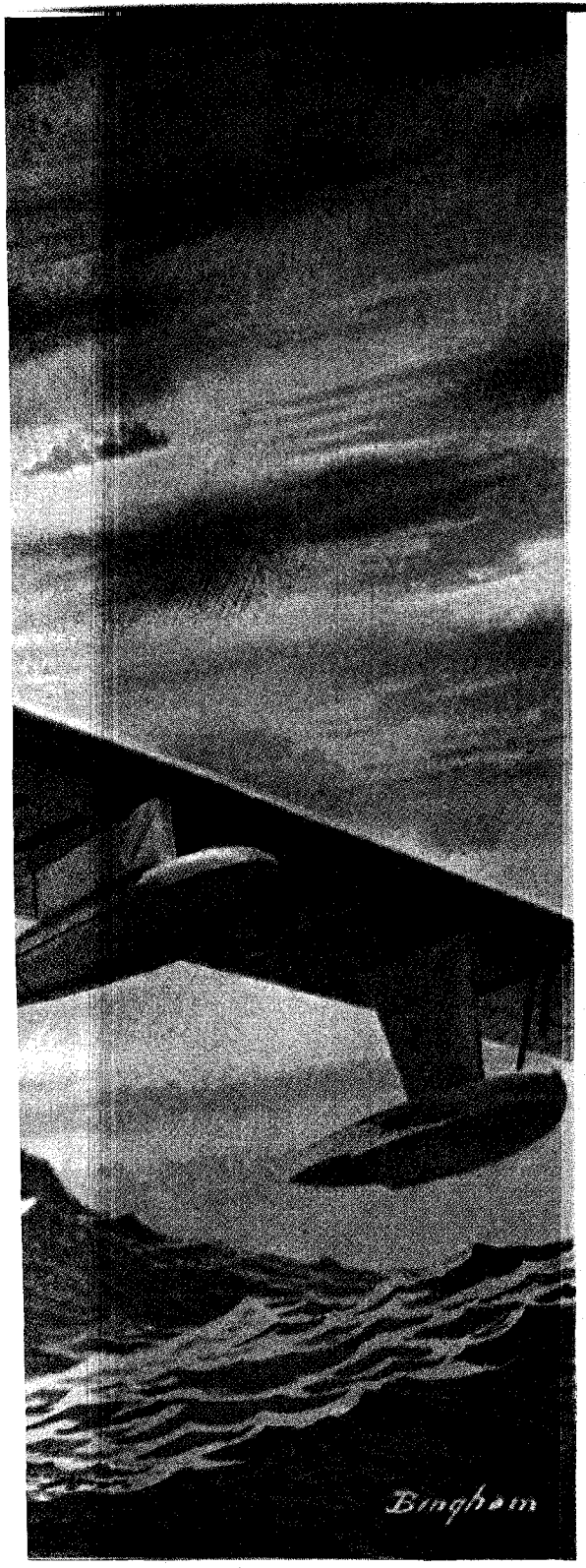

Louderbock nodded as if what his captain had said was unimportant, and followed the other copilot and two navigators out of the room.

When they were alone, the two senior pilots and the squadron commander pulled their chairs together, but none of them said anything. Major Kronkite, a dapper man with a wax-pointed mustache, dug out his meerschaum pipe and filled it methodically. While Steb lighted a cigarette, the Old Man just rubbed his face with his hands.

Lt. Col. William Dolan was a hard-cut officer with a square jaw and a bald head; an aggressive man, the kind who took defeat bitterly and personally.

"Wasted four days looking in the wrong place," he said through his fingers, "and now we'll find them when it's too late!"

A Globemaster had gone down in the Atlantic southeast of Bermuda, and two crews from the Air Rescue Squadron at Eglin had been called on to help in the search. That was six days ago. Kronky and Steb had laced back and forth across the search area for four days. It was Lieutenant Colonel Dolan who had first decided they'd been given a bad fix by the crew of the Globemaster. He had figured the winds, currents and probable drift, and changed the base of the search from Kindley Air Force Base in Bermuda to Ramey A.F.B. in Puerto Rico. Now, on the night of their arrival, a distress signal had been picked up more than three hundred miles northeast of them, and it looked as if the colonel's hunch was dead right.

"Steb, you have five rough-water pickups to your credit." Steb could hear the colonel's envy even through his hands. "Kronky and I have two each. That makes you the most qualified man. But you have a habit of sticking your neck out." He stopped rubbing his face and looked directly at Steb. "Everybody knows it's harder to fly off—to leave those men to the hurricane than to try for a pickup—but that's better than losing your aircraft and crew too!"

"We'll be with you, dad," Kronky said to Steb, pulling his meerschaum out of his teeth. "We'll check conditions with you. We'll give you any help we can."

"Whether you decide to rescue or not," the colonel finished, "we'll back you up."

"Thanks," Steb said, "but I'm not expecting any trouble."

"Famous last words," Kronkite said and put his pipe back in his mouth.

"Do you know how big that sea is out there, boy?" Dolan demanded. "Do you know it's going to be bigger tomorrow?"

"It probably will be," Steb admitted. He tried to make a laugh, only it didn't sound like one at all, and he stood up and dropped his cigarette into the butt can.

"One more thing, dad," the major said. "That crew of yours—I don't like 'em. They're juicy green and mean. You better take my boys."

"Wouldn't your crew love that!" Steb was still trying to be light, but that crew of his did worry him. "My crew can hack it. They'll have to!"

"That crew of yours!" The colonel's words made a growling sound. "If I didn't know you better I'd think you were slipping." He stood up, his eyes narrowing, his face hardening. "You can tell 'em something for me," he finished. "If they don't snap to, I can get 'em a job with Sewage Disposal!"

The SA-sixteen, officially named the Albatross, was parked on the ramp outside the hangar, and the work lights from inside sprinkled silver over her metal body. She could land on a runway with her wheels down. Wheels up she could land on water. If the water was glass smooth, she could settle in so softly her pilot couldn't tell when she'd touched. A little over sixty feet long, with a wing spread of eighty feet, she weighed into the thirty-thousand-pound class.

As Steb walked around her high tail with First Lieutenant Louderbock and Second Lieutenant Osborne, the two airmen in his crew scrambled to their feet.

"At ease," he told them. "All the ground rules have been rewritten tonight. Let's all understand how this game is going to be played from here on."

As he began talking to them he studied them for their weaknesses, and there were plenty of them. They all wore yellow baseball caps and single-piece flying suits. They were all young, and each of them was tough in his own way. They had the same training that any Air Rescue crew ever has, and yet they were not a crew at all.

To the eye of an experienced commander they were just four fellows dressed in the same clothes. It seemed they could not pass into that spiritual climate where men stopped saying "I" and began saying "We." There was not one who would sacrifice himself to the common good. To be personally dedicated to one another and to the job was, to these men, only a "corny" idea. (Continued on Page 71)

"Hurricane Esther is due in that area in twenty-four hours," Steb said. "I figure we have until noon tomorrow to search, locate, pick up and get out."

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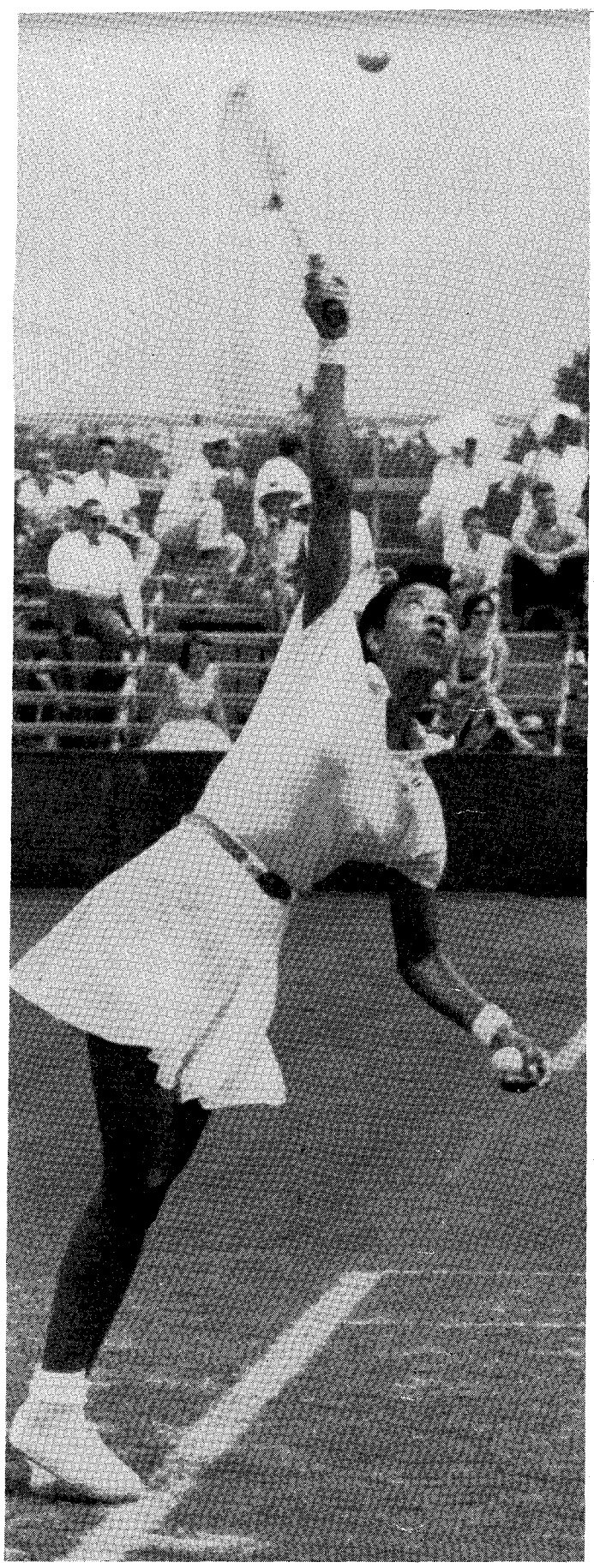
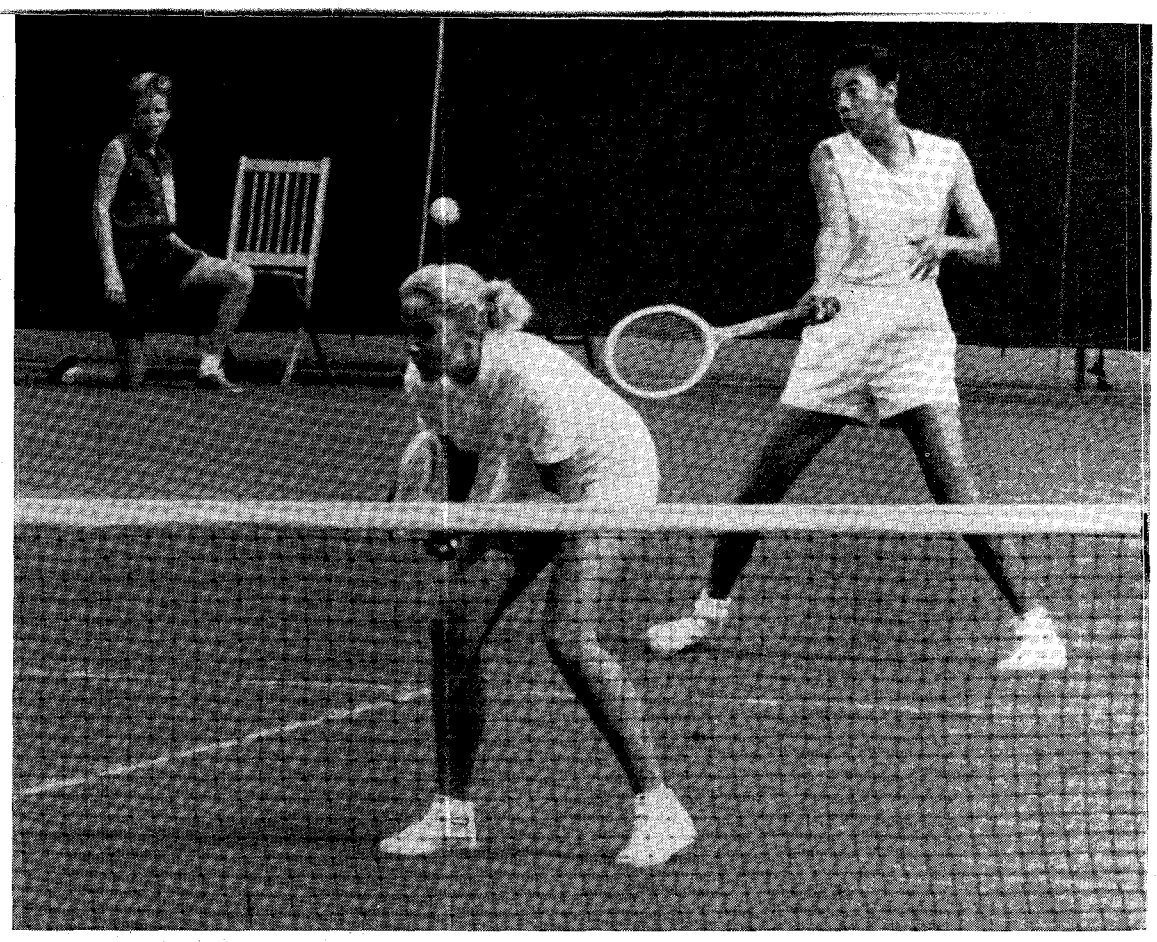


Althea Gibson's long reach and mighty serve have made her the world's champion woman tennis player.



Last month Althea teamed up with Karol Fageros to win the ladies' doubles championship at the 1958 Pennsylvania tournament. They became friends on the eventful 1956 Southeast Asian tour described in this installment.

"As pretty as a movie star," says Althea of Karol Fageros (below, in Burma, during the Asian tour).

I Wanted to be Somebody

Part Two

I Nearly Gave Up Tennis

Althea became fed up with an amateur's penurious life, and decided on another career. Besides, after a triumphal world tennis tour, she lost at Wimbledon and Forest Hills . . .

By ALTHEA GIBSON

In the summer of 1948 I won the women's singles in the national tournament put on by the American Tennis Association. This was my second win in a row; I was the best woman player in Negro tennis. I thought I'd never be given a chance to play against the white girls at Forest Hills, but officials of the A.T.A. were more optimistic.

One thing that was working for us was the simple fact that tennis people, by and large, are decent people, mannerly people. They knew that Jackie Robinson had been playing baseball for the Brooklyn Dodgers for two seasons, that other Negro players were coming into the game, and that a great social change was in the making. They listened politely while Bertram Baker and his A.T.A. associates talked about what they wanted to do, and said they would see what could be worked out.

My first break came when the A.T.A. was notified that if I sent in an entry form for the Eastern Indoor Championships, to be played in New York, I would be accepted. I played pretty well before Betty Rosenquest put me out in the quarter-finals, 8–6, 6–0, and I was satisfied. At least I hadn't been disgraced. I felt even better when I was asked if I would like to play in the National Indoor Championships. It was exactly the kind of progress the A.T.A. people had been hoping for. So, they fixed it for me to stay another week out of high school in

(Continued on Page 76)

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THE MAN WHO BOUGHT PEOPLE

By JAMES MERRIAM MOORE

He believed every man had his price—until he tried to buy a whole town.

Half a September day I drove seaward until moor and marsh succeeded wood and farm; until white light in the sky ahead showed the coast was near, and the road ran down through dunes to the causeway joining it with Satuit Point. Once more I heard the sound that used to begin and end childhood summers: the lonely crying of gulls sailing above the causeway to drop and break shellfish on the pavement, then dive to retrieve the kernel of their food. Scurries of white sand still blew across the blacktop, singing under my tires. But Satuit itself would not be the same. The man Brand whom I came to see meant to change it.

Hallett Hill blocked the far end of the causeway, shutting from sight the Point, its pastures and the white houses stranded like a wave-wash crescent of shells around the harbor shore; Satuit, New England's Seldom-Seen, and perhaps the last place where it was men's pride to farm only the sea.

My business was on the Hill; at the "Captain's house" built by Aunt Izora Hallett's blue-water forebear. The roof balustrade still was as straight and uncompromising as the deck of an old-fashioned merchant brig before the days of clippers with suaver sheerlines, but now that house, once plain white, was painted dimity gray with snowy shutters, trim, and quoins; the drive was raked bluestone, not two wheel tracks of ground-gripping weed and crushed shell; and there were gateposts at the entrance. Aunt Izora would never have done such.

Mounting the drive above a kilt of cedars stunted by constant wind that is companion to capes and islands, I began to glimpse the harbor, the wharf and some moored catboats. One vessel, though, was incongruous: a black, bluff galiot, built for Baltic sands and storms—the model Goering, of the *Luftwaffe*, used for his fabulous small yacht.

The drive ended in a circle of rhododendrons before the door, and, as I stopped, a boy came out—a nice-looking boy about (Continued on Page 59)

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A Day in Monte Carlo

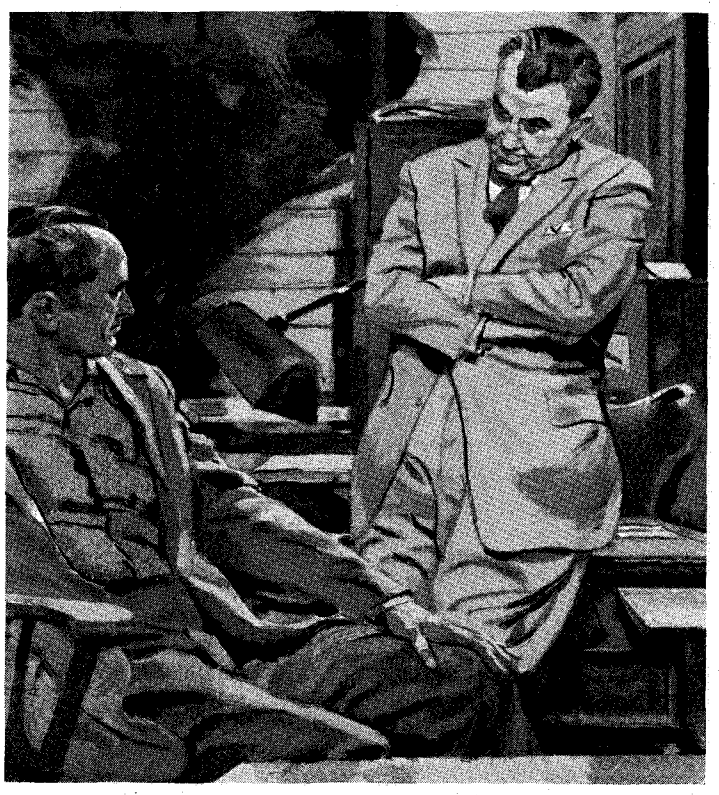
A criminal was at work in the gambling rooms, and he struck before Mark's very eyes.

By MARTHA ALBRAND

Mark Travers was caught between his love for Fleur Constant and his hatred of Timgad, the Algerian rebel chieftain who had engineered the murder of Mark's best friend, Philippe Langlé. For Mark had found evidence that Fleur's brother, Guy, was Timgad.

Corinne Javal, who had promised to give Mark information about Timgad, was killed in an "accident." Raffaeli, a friend of Corinne's, directed Mark to Colonel Baudon. The old colonel's help led Mark straight to proof of Guy's guilt.

When Mark confided his suspicion to Fleur, she turned against him, but, hoping to prove her brother innocent, offered to help Mark find him. She made Mark promise to talk to Guy before reporting him to French Sûreté Inspector Perrier, who was also in Monte Carlo to find Timgad. As Mark and Fleur looked for Guy in a Monte Carlo casino, they ran into Raffaeli—and the mysterious Arab who had been at the scene of Corinne Javal's death.



"Come on, now. Tell us what you know about Monsieur Constant," said Perrier.

V

The man Fleur had pointed out before they had gone in to dinner, and whom Mark had recognized as one of the spectators who had surrounded Corinne in her wrecked car, was still there when they came out of the restaurant. He was standing on the same spot where he had stood an hour before, leaning against the wall, but his legs well away, both hands dug into the pockets of his dinner jacket.

While Fleur went to powder her nose, Mark stepped casually over to lean beside him. Again he could smell the sweet, sickening scent of the man's hair lotion, as he had that morning, when he had pushed his way through the onlookers to get a clear view of Corinne, slumped over the side of her car. The man's presence here was no coincidence.

He had indeed chosen a strategic spot from which to watch what was going on. Most of the elaborate dining room could be observed in one of the huge mirrors along the wall. Mark could see the stage, on which a small orchestra was playing; the greater part of the dance floor, the tables around it, and the second row of tables on a tier, among them the one they had just left.

Straight ahead lay the terrace and, beyond it, the platform anchored in the sea, on which a highly imaginative and colorful water show was taking place. To the right Mark could see the doors that led to the gambling rooms and the staircase swinging down into the entrance hall. He shook a cigarette out of his pack, groped in his pockets, then turned to the man. "May I ask you for a light?"

Without saying anything, without an acknowledging smile or nod, the man pulled a lighter from his pocket, snapped it open, held it for Mark, then put it back. Bad hands, thought Mark. The hands of a thief.

"Thanks a lot."

Again the man said nothing. When Mark saw Fleur coming, he moved toward her. "I asked one of the employees if they knew who he was," she told Mark, "but he said he had never seen him before." She took her compact from her bag. "Don't turn around now, but he is following us."

"I wouldn't have suspected you of knowing tricks like that."

"If you had a grandmother like mine, watching every step you took, you would."

Occupied with their own thoughts, they had hardly talked during dinner. He had wanted to dance with her after they had dutifully clinked glasses, but Fleur had refused. "I don't feel like it." And, rather surprised that he had asked her in the first place, Mark had not pursued the matter. Again they had to wait for an occasion which allowed them to enter the gambling rooms without being stopped to show their cards, and when they found themselves inside, the man was behind them. "I can't stand this much longer," Fleur whispered. "In a moment I'll turn around and ask him if he wants to have a drink with us."

"I wonder if he is trailing us," said Mark. "He's much too obvious. He may just have taken a fancy to you." But he said it to calm her. There was no doubt in his mind that the man, who had been present at Corinne's death, had something to do with the threat to his life. "Let's forget him," he told Fleur, "and see if your brother is back."

They went from table to table, but Guy Constant was nowhere to be seen.

From one of the baccarat tables, on which the stakes were highest, Raffaeli waved to them. "Come and bring me luck, Mademoiselle."

They leaned against the rope that kept spectators from crowding the players. "I've lost a fortune," Raffaeli told them, chewing on an enormous cigar. He took an old-fashioned watch from his pocket and laid it before him on the table. "In exactly half an hour, I shall stop. It will then be eleven o'clock, which gives me time to get home and to bed without having to hurry. I believe in sleep before midnight."

"It's ten-thirty already?"

Raffaeli nodded. "Time flies, doesn't it, Monsieur Travers? *Banco!*"

Time flies. What did he mean? Was he referring to the note? "Unless you stop interfering . . . you will not survive." But Raffaeli, seeing him here with Fleur, had seemed satisfied that Mark had stopped searching for Timgad. Yet Raffaeli knew Constant. Was there a connection between the two?

"I must return Perrier's call," Mark said to Fleur, then his eyes happened to fall on a neighboring table where roulette was being played. Directly opposite, an array of open notebooks and little papers in front of him, sat

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He pushed his way through the crowd. Slumped over the table lay the colonel.

Colonel Baudon. He was busily writing down the numbers on the stiff oblong cards the Casino furnished for the convenience of gamblers. Apparently he was down to his last few chips, for his left hand nervously fingered a pile small enough to fit into the palm of his hand.

Mark pulled a hundred-dollar note from his wallet, went over to exchange it for chips, then tried to force his way through the crowd beleaguering the table. But it took too long, so he went back to the other side, which was emptier, and asked the croupier to shove the chips over.

At first the colonel didn't even look up. He simply shook his head when the chips reached him. "Not mine." Then, when the rake moved away without taking the chips along, he lifted his head. The surprise on his face changed, as he recognized Mark, into a smile of such gratitude that Mark felt more embarrassed than glad about what he had done.

"There's our friend again," Fleur said.

Directly behind the colonel's chair stood the man who had been following them until a little while ago—until, thought Mark, the moment Raffaeli had stopped them. Only a moment ago he had not been there.

What was he doing behind Baudon's chair? Was he, after all, not watching him, but Baudon? Instead of moving away to make his call to Perrier, Mark decided to stay.

Virgil Baudon was turning the pages in his notebook rapidly, when a figure sprang suddenly into view. It did not seem to go with the rest. He held the book up closer, adjusting his glasses. A five-letter figure.

What was a five-letter figure doing in his book, in which he wrote down only the figures of the wheel? Zero, one, two, four and five. Like a telephone number. And, below it, an address. And then he remembered. Remembered as if it were happening now—Corinne coming up to their bench between the cacti, calmer outwardly than he had ever seen her, yet filled with such tension that for a long time she hadn't said anything at all, until it had burst from her lips.

"I don't know. I don't know. I'm so close to it. If I don't find out tonight, I never shall. Yes, yes. Timgad. And if I find out, I'll call Travers. The young American I told you about. Don't you ever remember anything? But you must remember this: if anything goes wrong, you must contact him. He'll be at the Beach Hotel. And you must give him this address and telephone number. It's where one of them lives. He might be able to go on from there. Here, give me your little book. Yes, your precious little book. I'll write them down, then you don't have to remember them."

And he had forgotten. He had forgotten to call Travers, even when he hadn't heard from Corinne all day, even when the news had come over the radio that she had suffered a fatal accident.

Slowly Virgil Baudon picked up one chip after the other and put them in his pocket. He couldn't gamble now or he might forget again. First he had to give the young American this important information.

He moved his chair, tried to get up, and felt something in his back, something small and hard, and heard a voice whisper close to his ear, "I would advise you to remain seated and continue to play. You might win, you know. It may be your last chance."

For a couple of minutes the colonel sat very still, and in those few minutes he remembered the years when (Continued on Page 62)

Illustrated by Ken Riley

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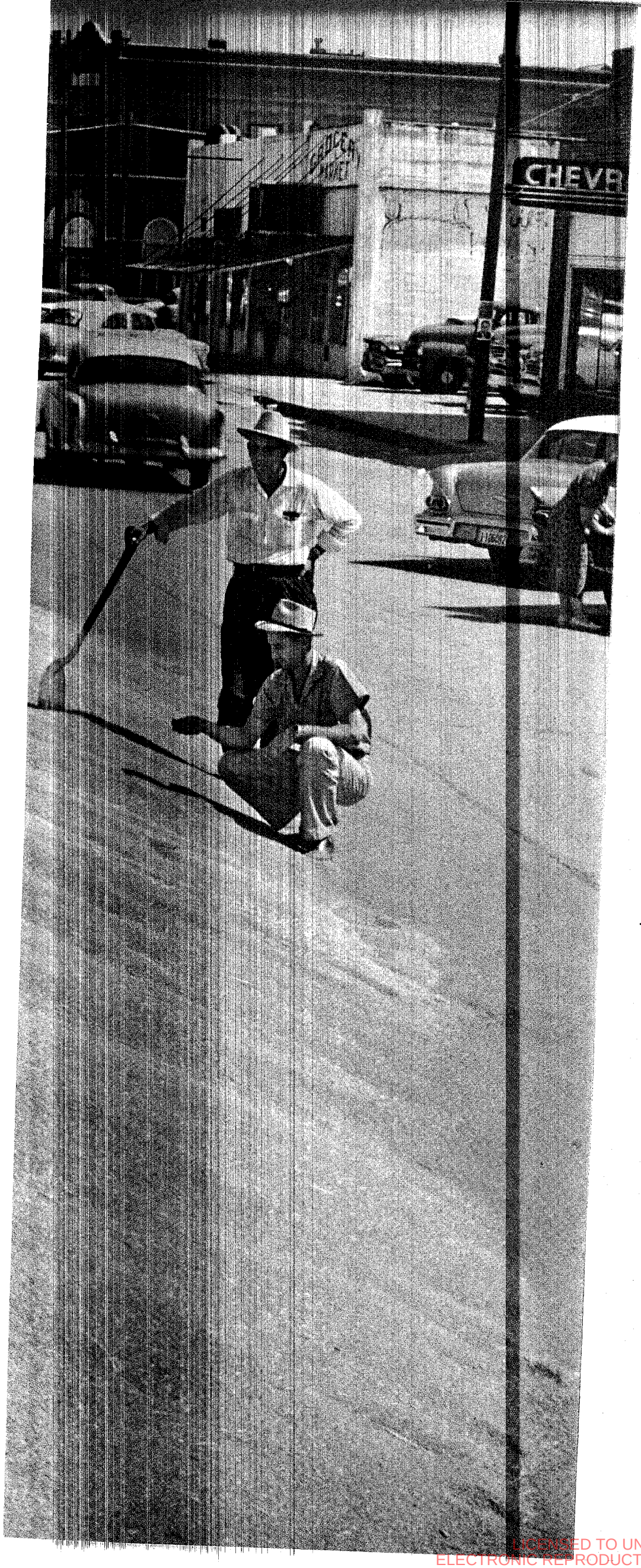

The Face of AMERICA

Wheat in the Street

Each summer the golden scythe of harvest
sweeps more than a thousand miles
across the ripe fields of wheat
that checkerboard the Great Plains,
writing a new ending to one of nature's
most suspenseful thrillers. For growers
such as Roy Niebruegge, heaping his
freshly threshed grain on the main street
of Snyder, Oklahoma, this year's story
had its happiest ending—a yield
so bountiful that it filled granaries
to overflowing. The citizens of this wheat-
belt town were happy, indeed,
to lend their pavement last June for
temporary storage of 50,000 bushels of
the bumper crop which assures them another
year of prosperity. Oklahoma's
record-breaking production of 113,000,000
bushels would fill hundreds of miles
of streets. And, as the army of combines
now cut their way through later-ripening
grain of the northern plains, the
story is the same: The wheat that supplies
our daily bread has won its yearly race
against drought, rust, grasshoppers,
hailstorms and other possible disasters.
The only question is: Where shall
we put it all? ● Photograph by Bob Taylor

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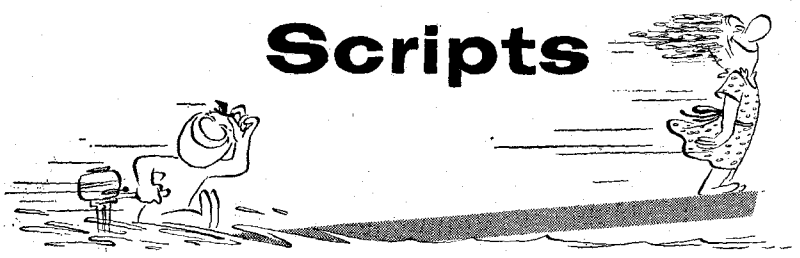
Post Scripts



Schedule of Events in Our Local "Spruce Up the Town" Campaign

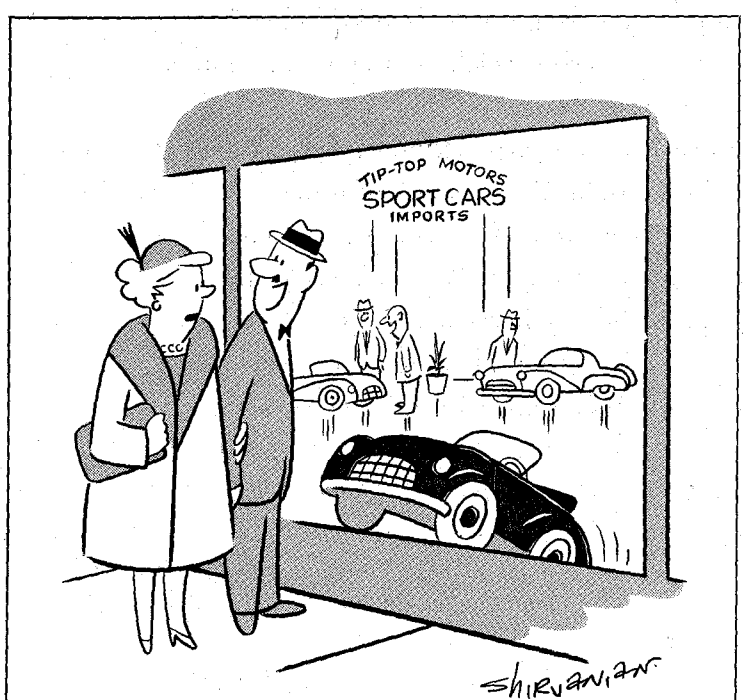
ORGANIZATIONAL DINNER — Fine turnout. About a hundred of us sat down, but after Swiss steak, mashed potatoes and cherry pie à la mode, we had trouble getting back up. I'm on the Paint the Town Committee, I think.

COMMITTEE DINNER — Gee, another wonderful feed! Choice of honey-cured ham or cube steak. I couldn't make up my mind, so I took both. Good thing I showed up, too, because I found out I was actually on the Litterbug Committee and shouldn't have been there at all.

KICKOFF DINNER — Away we go! Every plate spoken for, as well as that m'm'm'm-m'm'm'm chicken. The kickoff speeches were real rousers, after which we drifted into the bar to iron out the final details.

THE CAMPAIGN — Don't ask me what happened. After the kickoff whistle I went home with an upset stomach and was out of action during Action Week. Something I ate, the doctor said.

A. R. SWINNERTON



"Look, it likes me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Sackoanalysis

My heart I probe, my brain I rack,
In search of words to praise your sack.
One timeworn comment comes to mind,
But now it only sounds unkind.
For what could I be thinking of
To say it fits you like a glove?
So here's the old cliché rewritten—
Darling, it fits just like a mitten.

HARRY NICKLES

I'll Remember Paris—*Toujours*

A few days ago I picked up one of those books of handy French phrases with a view to polishing up my French before going to Europe, and all I've got to say is if that's the kind of information I'll be needing over there, I'm not going. The author opens his book by saying that a few years ago it was suggested that he revise an earlier work to include some phrases needed by the tourist in moving around present-day France, and the further along in the book I got, the better Cape Cod began to look.

To start at the beginning, my aunt's pen is still *sur la table,* and that's reassuring. The book of my brother and the crayon of my sister are in place, and both *la porte* and *la fenêtre* need to be opened. But then things start to turn ugly. Phrases to know upon arrival are: "This is not my baggage" (*Ce ne sont pas mes bagages*); "I cannot find my baggage" (*Je ne peux pas trouver mes bagages*); and "Take me to the American Consul" (*Conduisez-moi au consul américain*). I think a fellow who would start hollering for the consul at this stage of the game was probably not ready for the trip in the first place, and my belief was strengthened when I got along a bit and saw what he was really in for. For example, in the section entitled Travel by Taxi or Other Hired Conveyance, the visitor should learn to say: "Take the shortest road" (*Prenez le chemin le plus court*); "That's not the price we agreed upon" (*Ce n'est pas le prix convenu*).

I'd say you shouldn't look for too much in the way of good weather, either, after reading the section entitled Weather. The most useful phrases, we are told, are "It's too cold to go" (*Il fait trop froid pour aller*); "It's pouring" (*Il pleut à verse*); "It's snowing" (*Il neige*); "It's hailing" (*Il grêle*); "It's thundering" (*Il tonne*). I looked for "It's clearing up," but that seems to be a phrase the author didn't find necessary to include.

Under General Expressions Often Used are: "For heaven's sake!" (*Par exemple!*); "Cut it out!" (*En voilà assez!*); "What nerve!" (*Quel tropet!*); "He's a louse!" (*C'est un salaud!*); "What an awful dump!" (*Quelle sale boîte!*); "Go to the devil!" (*Allez au diable!*); and "Ouch!" (*Aïe!*). You can't beat a place like this for a vacation.

Well, with that solid preparation behind you, the author figures you're ready for some real trouble, and the next chapter is entitled Emergencies. It turns out he isn't kidding. "Help!" (*Au secours!*) leads the list, followed by "Call the police!" (*Appelez la police*); "I've been robbed!" (*On m'a volé*); "Stop that man!" (*Arrêtez cet homme!*); "Poison!" (*Poison!*).

The author also thinks it would be well to learn "What is happening?" (*Qu'est-ce que se passe?*) Don't you know? Why, friend, you're having the time of your life in Paris.

CASKIE STINNETT

Demoted

I was the captain of my fate.
Reducing diets? Nerts!
I left the spinach on my plate
And ordered two desserts . . .
(Sings one ex-captain of her fate
While letting out her skirts!)

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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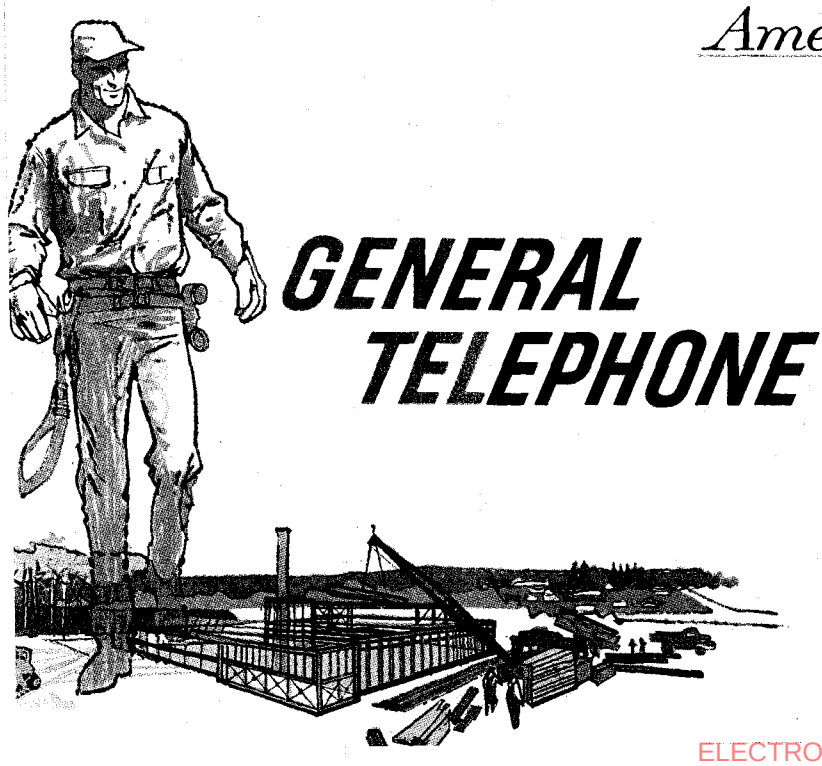
Delivering the "goods" to America's new address

America's fastest-growing telephone system



GENERAL TELEPHONE

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In suburban and rural America, populations are swelling at five times the big city rate. Industry is expanding at three times the national rate.

And that's where Gen Tel is installing new phones at the rate of over 15,000 each month.

That's where we're meeting the future with investments which—in new construction alone—will run almost $200 million in 1958.

Result: we are the nation's second largest telephone system.

America is on the move. And Gen Tel is moving with it—moving up!

General Telephone Corporation, 260 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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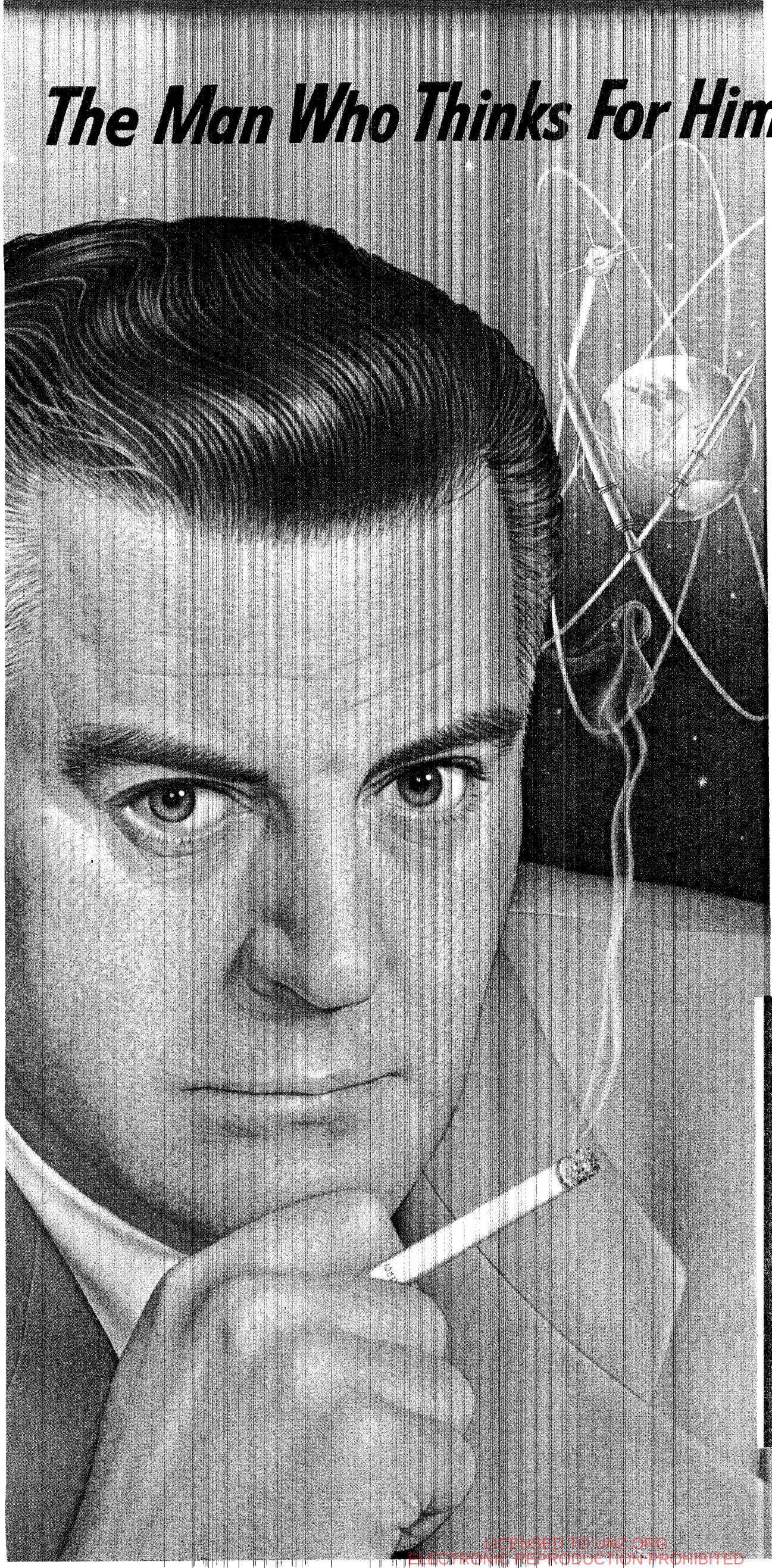
The Man Who Thinks For Himself Knows...



ONLY VICEROY HAS A THINKING MAN'S FILTER... A SMOKING MAN'S TASTE!

This man thinks for himself.
Knows the difference
between fact and fancy.
Trusts judgment, not opinion.

Such a man usually smokes VICEROY.
His reason? Best in the world.
He knows for a fact that only
VICEROY has *a thinking man's filter*
and a smoking man's taste.

Familiar pack or crush-proof box.

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I MARRIED MURDER

I escaped death once. The murderer didn't plan for me to get away again.

By EDWIN LANHAM

"For God's sake, man, you can't go to the police! They'd send Stella to the electric chair!" my old friend and lawyer, George Duncan, warned me.

My wife's younger sister, Mousie, was murdered the night she threatened to accuse my wife, Stella, of murdering her former husband. The police thought I killed Mousie to keep her quiet. George encouraged me at first to believe that a robber had killed Mousie. I wanted to believe him, but I had to agree with the police that a robber wouldn't disguise her death as a drowning.

Incredible as it seemed, I finally decided that George must have killed Mousie. I found out that what he told me of his whereabouts prior to the murder wasn't all true. When I threatened to tell the police that I suspected him he confessed that the reason he lied was to keep me from knowing that Stella was really the guilty one.

My theory about George's guilt had been constructed out of desperation, I knew, yet its collapse shook the foundations of my reason. I could not believe that Stella was capable of murder.

CONCLUSION

"I can't believe it, George," I said. "I simply won't believe it. I've been married to Stella for more than two months. I know her, and I won't believe it."

"We're all capable of desperate acts, Mike," he said in a low, compassionate voice. "I feel as you do, that it's difficult to believe, but the situation was desperate and Stella is a woman of great strength. I don't mean physical strength. I mean strength as an individual of the species, alone in the world as every individual essentially is, responsible only to his own conscience. The individual of the species will fight to protect itself, and for Stella it was self-preservation. It was a question of losing everything—losing you, losing even her life. It's believable, all right. Just now you thought I was capable of it, didn't you? I think I would be. I think you would be."

"But wait," I said. "You yourself said that you could get her off. You said that if Mousie got on the witness stand you could tear her to pieces."

"True, but I was talking on the assumption that Stella was innocent," he said. "Perhaps I could have won an acquittal, but you can't fight down panic with logic, Mike. Panic is glandular. Panic is the reaction of the individual again—the instinct for self-preservation."

"No, I don't believe it," I said. "When could she have killed Mousie, and where? You said it was half past four when Mousie told you she was going out to Menasset to see Stella, but it was hours later, after dark, that Stella went out, so where was Mousie all that time?"

"Where was Stella all afternoon, Mike?"

"Home."

"You know that for a fact?"

I shook my head reluctantly. "No, I went to the office about half past four and worked for a couple of hours."

"And meanwhile Mousie may have telephoned," he said gently. "Stella could have met her somewhere."

"And killed her in broad daylight?" I demanded. "And dumped her into Oyster Creek in broad daylight, in view of the yacht club?"

"Let's not talk about it," he said. "How about a drink? I think you need one."

"No, I want to talk about it," I said.

"Then you'll have to face facts, Mike," he said. "Since you insist, all right. She could have met Mousie. She could have picked Mousie up in her car and at some lonely place on those ten wooded acres you have out there, while they were arguing ——" He shrugged.

I looked up. "And then what?"

"The trunk of her car, Mike," he said.

"You mean you think she drove the car home?" I demanded. "You mean to say that all through dinner —— You mean she waited her chance and drove over to Oyster Creek as soon as she could get away after nightfall? No, that can't be. That's impossible. Stella couldn't have sat and chatted at dinner and gone out to watch the cruise come in. She's not a monster."

"I know how you feel, Mike," he said. "I'm devoted to Stella too. But I'm a lawyer. I've had a little more experience with violent emotions than you have and I know that a human being is capable under stress of amazing, shocking things. When you crack off that thin layer of civilization, man, we're primitive, we're self-directed, and our first instinct is to look out for ourselves."

"That's only a small part of the truth, George," I said. "More than primitive instincts or civilizing superficialities go into making a woman like Stella. There's tenderness, love, gentleness—soul. No," I said, and shook my head decisively, "it's impossible."

"I pray you're right, Mike," he said, "and if you are, who killed Mousie and why? That's what we have to work on."

"It had to be a robber," I said. "A robber could have picked her up on the road, as you suggested Stella did."

"True," he said, "but not likely, Mike."

"Or she could have been dumped out of a boat," I said.

"Yes, but how did she get in a boat?"

"George, help me," I said. "Forget you're a lawyer. Don't knock everything down. For heaven's sake, man, help me!"

He put his hand on my shoulder and his fingers tightened sympathetically. "I'm sorry, Mike," he said.

"Stella was out in the afternoon," I said. "Suppose Mousie came and there was no one home."

"Wasn't Bernice there?"

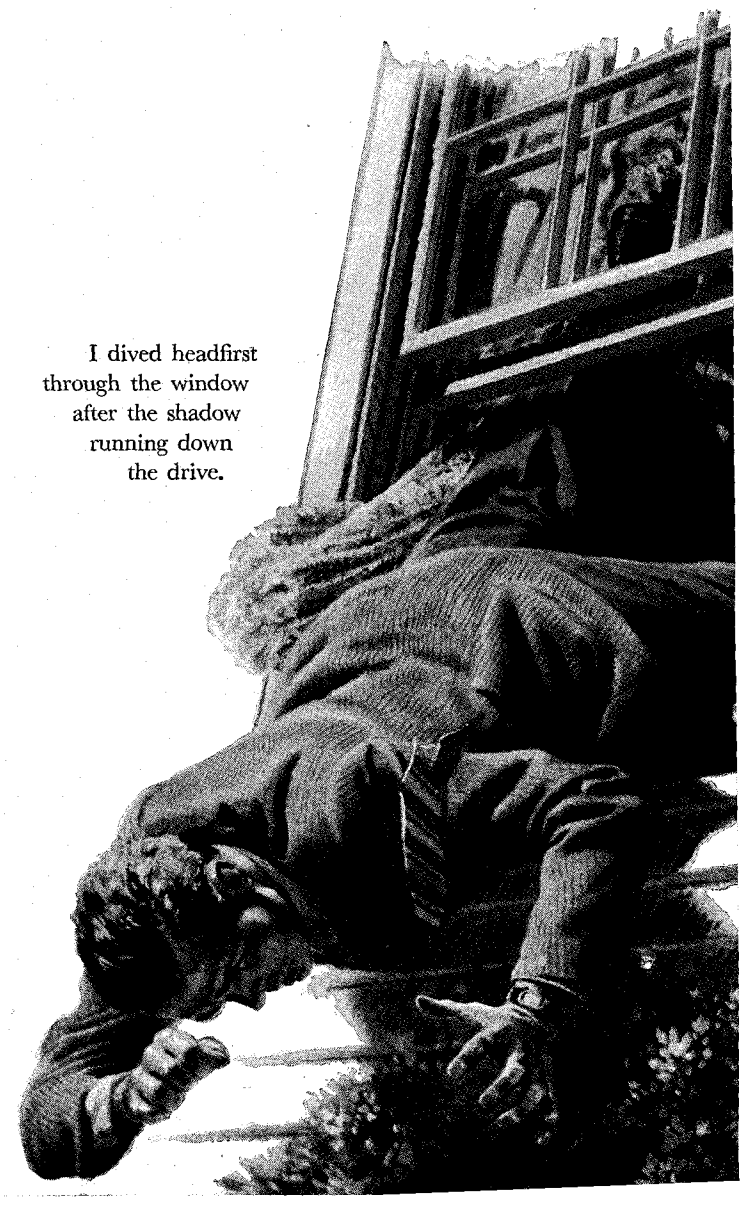
"Bernice has her own car. She often does the marketing in it."

"O.K.," he said. "Let's assume she went there and Bernice wasn't around."

"So she walked over to the sea wall," I said, "down to the landing stage, and a boat picked her up there."

"Do you have any idea who would be in that boat?"

(Continued on Page 47)



I dived headfirst through the window after the shadow running down the drive.

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The Brookwood 6-passenger station wagon with Body by Fisher. Every window of every Chevrolet is Safety Plate Glass.

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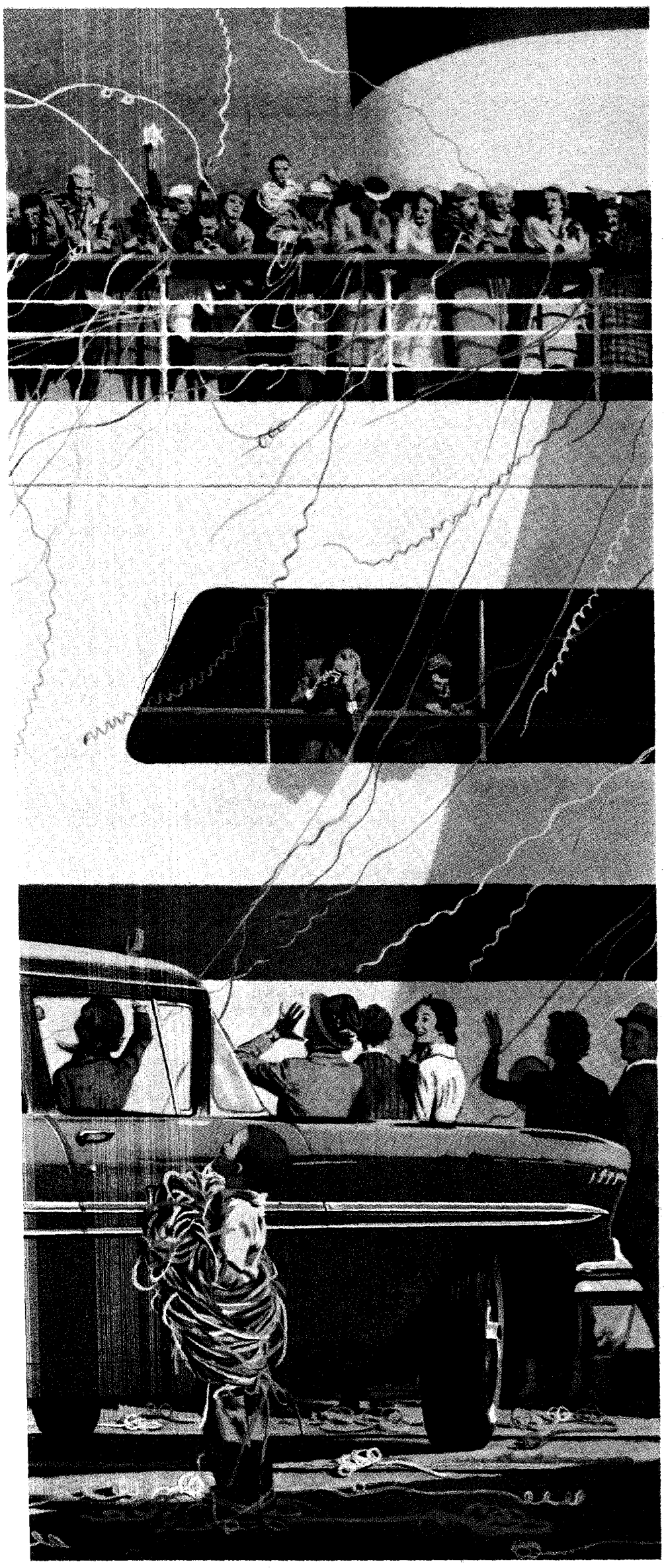


CHEVY'S SHIPSHAPE AND SHOWS IT!

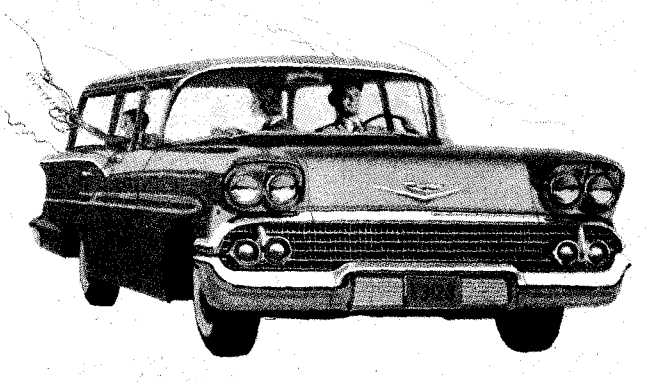
One look at those trim lines and you know this one's a born traveler. And how it travels . . . with gull-wing grace that does you proud, and a special V8 eagerness. Take the wheel and let **CHEVROLET** *put you in the mood for motion!*

Nothing else that travels on terra firma can give you quite the carefree, get-away-from-it-all feeling you'll find in one of these new Chevies.

Just a glance at that low-thrusting silhouette is enough to whet most anyone's wanderlust. And once you've settled behind the wheel for some serious driving—once you've tested Chevrolet's nimble response, its solid way of cornering, its poised, unruffled ride—you'll agree nothing this side of flying or floating does such marvelous things with miles.

There are, of course, plenty of sound reasons for the special feeling this car inspires. Beneath that all-new Body by Fisher is an all-new Safety-Girder frame—X-built for extra rigidity. There's also a choice of two new suspension systems—Full Coil suspension as standard or a real air ride* if you wish. And—to give the kind of go that'll really make you glow—there's the radically new Turbo-Thrust V8* with Wedge-Fire design.

Your dealer's waiting now to show you why there's nothing like it at anything like the price. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan. **Optional at extra cost.*



CHEVROLET

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Canada's Amazing Prime Minister

(Continued from Page 15)

nation's capital by the busload. Teen-age Diefenbaker was then augmenting a not-too-healthy family income by selling newspapers outside the Saskatoon railroad station. On a particularly bright western morning, Sir Wilfrid—on a political tour—emerged from his private railroad car, saw the adolescent news vendor and engaged him in a discussion about the issues of the day. They sat down on a baggage truck. The Prime Minister talked about the responsibilities of citizenship and assured John that, like any other bright boy, he might aspire to head the government. Then Sir Wilfrid paid a dollar for his newspaper and walked away.

Diefenbaker's virtual annihilation of the Liberal Party proved that Sir Wilfrid was right. It also proved that Diefenbaker is one of the great modern masters of political legerdemain. A Conservative Party which five years ago was breathing only feebly is now overwhelmingly in control with 208 parliamentary seats. This is the largest majority in Canadian history. Before the 1957 election the Liberals held 167 seats; now they warm forty-nine. The Cooperative Commonwealth Federation (Socialist) delegation was reduced from twenty-five members to eight. And Social Credit, the funny-money party which controls the provincial governments of Alberta and British Columbia, retained no seats at all.

Recently I conducted a reporter's postmortem on the 1958 election and consulted with both victors and vanquished. What happened? One straightforward Liberal leader said simply: "We were in power too long and went to seed." Said another: "We ran a humdrum government; the people wanted drama." Said a C.C.F. leader: "You Americans should know something about the personality cult. Just substitute Diefenbaker's name for Eisenhower—your own glamour boy—and you have the answer."

In the western provinces there was a particularly interesting phenomenon. An examination of the returns shows that the Liberals and C.C.F. in their best strongholds mustered as many votes as they had previously. Sometimes more. Yet they went down to defeat. Obviously thousands of young, new voters, and older people who had never bothered to vote before, turned up at the polling places to go on record for Diefenbaker. The only way they could do so, under Canada's parliamentary system, was to elect their local Conservative candidate. Young and inexperienced he might be, but his picture shared the political posters with the picture of his chieftain. As a result, more than half the men who make up Diefenbaker's majority are under forty.

There were others whose shifts in loyalty must have been a severe wrench. In the depression years, and after, the west was the seat of agrarian radicalism, and Conservative was a nasty word. Farmers were convinced the party was controlled by sinister (or dudish) Toronto bankers and businessmen; Bay Street meant to them what Wall Street once meant to Kansas. But Diefenbaker, son of their own soil, was something else again; he had been confusing and confounding party lines for years. A story of one of his early campaigns in Saskatchewan illustrates the point.

Diefenbaker was lining up delegates for a nominating convention in one district. He called on a long-time party lieutenant, who told him morosely, "There'll be nobody there but me, my wife, my sister and her husband. We're the only Conservatives hereabouts."

"But that's not satisfactory at all," said the candidate. "I'll have to get someone who can produce. Who's the leading Liberal in the neighborhood?" He turned out to be a farmer who lived just down the road. The candidate found him working in a field, shook his hand and said, "I'm John Diefenbaker and I'd like you to organize this poll for me. Will you do it?" The farmer said he would, and he did.

The key to the overwhelming victory of 1958 was the narrow, numerical victory of 1957. That contest Diefenbaker won almost singlehanded. The Conservatives had little money to spend; the men with moneybags believed the newspapers and cyrstal-gazers who said the party had no chance. The Gallup poll predicted a Liberal sweep. But Diefenbaker borrowed a gaudy page from the American political book, and went to the public. By train and plane, he traveled 30,000 miles in six weeks. He spoke in big cities and at creek ends, in city halls and schoolhouses, at picnics and barbecues. In previous campaigns he had lived on peanuts and chocolate bars (remnants could always be found in his pockets); this time he gained eight pounds on a steady diet of chicken sandwiches.

The two party leaders provided an interesting contrast. Louis St. Laurent, Prime Minister since 1948, was a reserved, white-haired lawyer from French Quebec. Like many of his predecessors, St. Laurent disdained emotional oratory and anything resembling whistle-stop campaigning. A product of Quebec's seigneurial tradition and a man of distinction, he was dignified, he was well-informed, but he was not exciting. He presented his case to the electorate, one of his Liberal confreres told me, "like the chairman of the board of a large corporation making his annual report to the stockholders."

Diefenbaker, who exudes personal magnetism on the platform, gave the voters cascades of oratory. With his hands-on-hips courtroom attitude, he belabored his opponents as Billy Graham belabors the devil, and with the same evangelistic fervor. As it does in the House of Commons now, a stabbing forefinger drove points home. In retrospect the issues seem rather small potatoes. Canada was enjoying unprecedented prosperity. Diefenbaker started his campaign with the charge that the Liberals had become too powerful and arrogant. And, as a matter of record, they had on occasion been highhanded, particularly when they shut off debate in Parliament to force through an $80,000,000 loan to American oilmen for construction of a trans-Canada pipeline. But only Diefenbaker could have convinced an electorate that normal office-holding insolence was, in effect, denying them the rights of Magna Charta.

As the campaign marched forward, his audiences became larger and larger—and more enthusiastic. What John Diefenbaker promised was pretty much what the Liberals had been promising all along, but he promised with more immediacy. The Liberals were, of course, the creators of Canada's rather diffident welfare state, but, frightened by the threat of national inflation, they had become cautious—even niggardly. Diefenbaker not only promised; he promised to keep his promises.

When the votes were totted up, the Conservatives had 110 seats, the Liberals 105, minority parties and independents forty-eight. Canada, in the words of Raymond Daniell, Ottawa correspondent of the New York Times, had voted for the Diefenbaker Party. The Conservatives did not have a majority, but St. Laurent decided to resign. Diefenbaker was back in Prince Albert, his home town, when the telephone call from Ottawa came through. He is a gregarious man and a search party was dispatched. He was discovered in a barbershop on Main Street, chaffing newspaper reporters, old friends and a full-blooded Indian who occupied the next reclining chair.

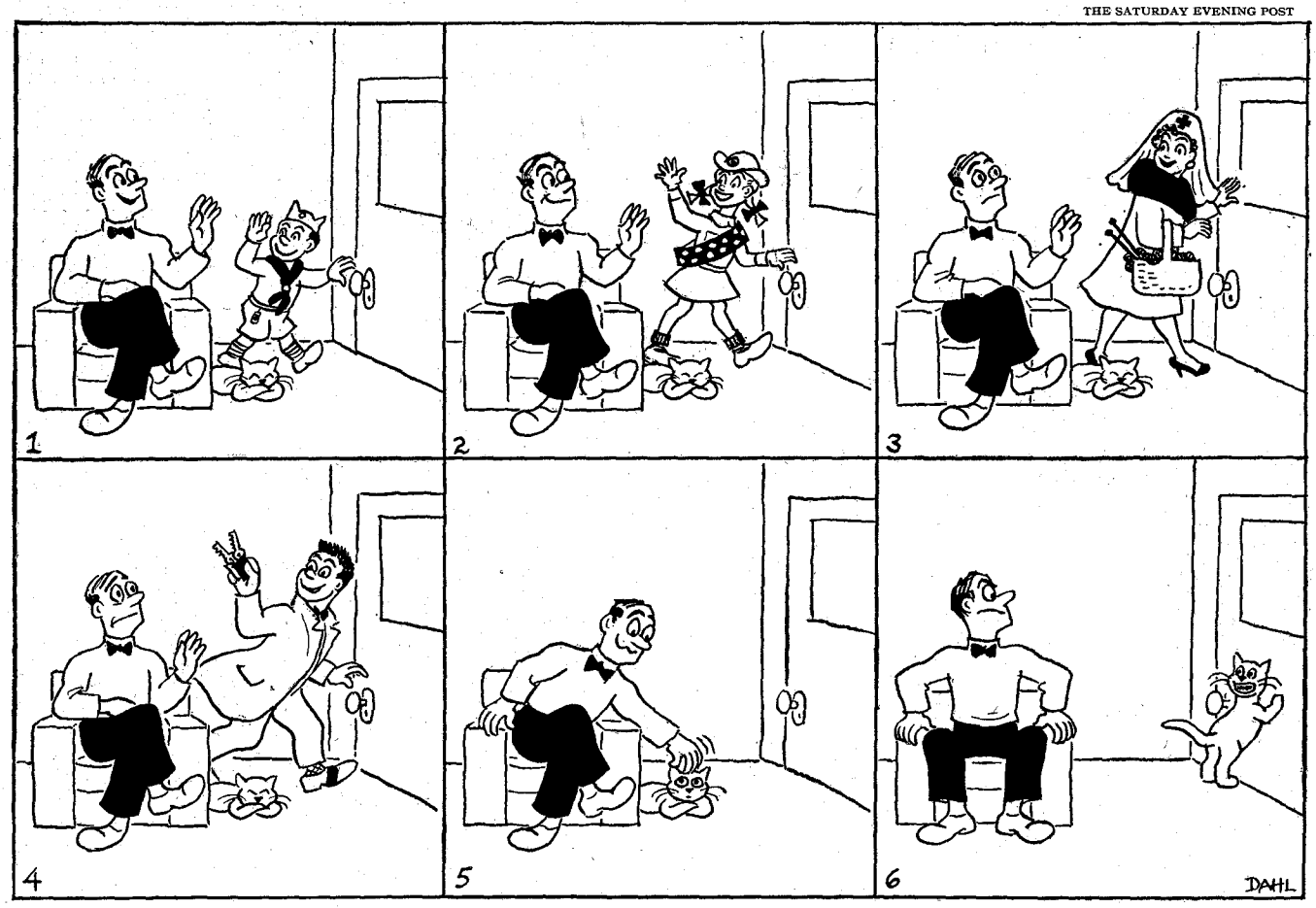
Self-government emerged in Canada almost a century ago as the result of a series of compromises by two conflicting cultures best exemplified by Roman Catholic, French-speaking Quebec and Protestant, English-speaking Ontario. U.S. history books call Henry Clay, who tried to avoid the Civil War, the Great Compromiser. Sir John A. Macdonald, Canada's unwearying first prime minister, probably has a better claim to the title; Canada had no Civil War. Here were people who not only spoke different languages but also had different legal codes, different traditions, even different concepts of political morality. Yet somehow they made a state. Early governments were, in essence, coalition governments; cabinet jobs were parceled out to achieve racial and sectional balance. The same strict code of sharing applied to patronage and, at times, to plunder.

Biracialism is still important in the Canadian system. But it did create an oligarchy of political leaders of British-French origin. And the nation is a changing nation. The taxi driver who transported me from the airport arrived in Ottawa a few years ago from West Germany. The tailor who repaired a tear in my britches was a refugee Hungarian. The new president of the Young Conservatives, Douglas Jung, is of Chinese origin. Michael Starr, Minister of Labor, is the son of Ukrainian parents. There are Canadians of German, Dutch, Italian, Scandinavian and Lebanese national strains in the House of Commons. More than 6,500,000 immigrants have come to Canada since 1900. Between the years 1950 and 1957 alone some 1,300,000 Europeans were transplanted from old world to new.

Canada's population is now about 17,000,000 and breaks down among British, French and other ethnic groups in a ratio of 4-3-2. In his early days the Prime Minister believed his German name—his paternal great-grandfather came from Germany in 1818—handicapped him for political preferment. He bitterly resented the regulation which required Canadians to register according to paternal national origin: "B" for British, "F" for French, "G" for German, and so on. Even as a college student he denounced what he called "hyphenated citizenship," and he has never changed his position. "If the

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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King of England registered in Canada," he once said, with reference to the royal family's Hanoverian beginnings, "he would have the letter 'G' after his name." The regulation has been recently changed. Incidentally, the first bill introduced by Diefenbaker when he was a parliamentary fledgling eighteen years ago provided for the creation of Canadian citizenship for Canadians. They were then British citizens. Eventually he converted Mackenzie King to his point of view, but the bill did not become law until the end of World War II.

Diefenbaker's name, in actuality, gave him an identification with minorities that became a valuable political asset. Churchwise, also, he was a maverick. He was not affiliated with the traditionally dominant sects—Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist. He was and is a Baptist like his eighty-five-year-old Scottish mother (her maiden name was Bannerman), who still lives in Saskatoon. His party brashly asserted that it "appealed to men and women of all walks of life, all ages, and all racial and religious backgrounds," and in two elections was not proved wrong. Political experts believe Diefenbaker got 90 per cent of the votes of the ethnic groups who regard themselves, for whatever reason, as Canada's outsiders-looking-in.

When the Prime Minister went to the country for the second time last spring, he had made partial payment on his promises and achieved a record to run on. He increased old-age pensions and family-relief allotments, stabilized prices on some farm products, raised federal subsidies to the economically depressed Maritime Provinces—New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island. These were Liberal Party strongholds and are no longer. And, with the onset of the recession, he took prompt steps to combat unemployment.

Perhaps his most effective move was in the field of construction. Canada has the highest per-capita home ownership in the world, and home building had slowed up. During a six-month period the Prime Minister caused $300,000,000 in federal funds to be released to the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, a government agency. This in turn guaranteed (up to 90 per cent) loans made by banks for home building. Dwelling construction rose to an all-time high, jobs were created, trouble leveled off.

The American public may be surprised that Canada should hold national elections less than a year apart. Normally, members of Parliament are elected for a five-year period, but should the party in power be defeated at any time on a "vote of confidence," the Governor-General (who represents the Queen) prorogues, or dismisses, the House. A general election follows. Diefenbaker pursued a different and unusual course. Asserting that he could not put over his full legislative program because he did not have a majority, he appealed to Governor-General Massey to prorogue the House so he could take his program to the country. He cited a precedent set by a previous prime minister, and his request for the second election was granted.

Leadership of the Liberals devolved upon Lester B. Pearson, famous Nobel Peace Prize winner. "Mike" Pearson is one of the most engaging of men, and in good measure responsible for the important role played by Canada in the international field. A onetime history professor, he was minister of foreign affairs (corresponding to our Secretary of State) for nine years, helped to create NATO, probably would have been the first secretary-general of the United Nations except for the Russian veto threat.

In and out of Parliament, Pearson is witty, urbane, able and informed. But on the public platform he was no match for the courtroom forensics of the man from Saskatchewan. Pearson was the diplomatist and ironist. Diefenbaker was the Biblical prophet roaring in the wilderness. "There was nothing much new in his program for Canada's development," said an Ottawa editor, "but Diefenbaker made it sound new. Much of it had been blueprinted by the report of the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects, a nonpartisan group created under the Liberals. But the Prime Minister was a Peter the Hermit preaching a crusade. He gave the people what he called the 'vision of Canada's future.' He built a fire under their lukewarm nationalism. In short, he gave them a faith to espouse."

One of the things Diefenbaker promised was that he would build a railroad to Great Slave Lake in the Northwest Territories and a network of highways so the known mineral wealth there could be tapped. Mike Pearson, on one of those political *gaffes* which sometimes make history, suggested sardonically that the Prime Minister intended to build highways "from igloo to igloo." This gave Diefenbaker a happy opportunity. The great Sir John Macdonald, in his time, had united Canada from ocean to ocean by subsidizing the construction of the Canadian Pacific railroad—and in the face of persistent opposition. In what terms, Diefenbaker asked, had Sir John's critics belittled his vision of a united Canada? "They said he was building a railroad 'from wigwam to wigwam.'" It was historically true—and great stuff for the troops.

Ample funds were available for the second campaign—the world loves a

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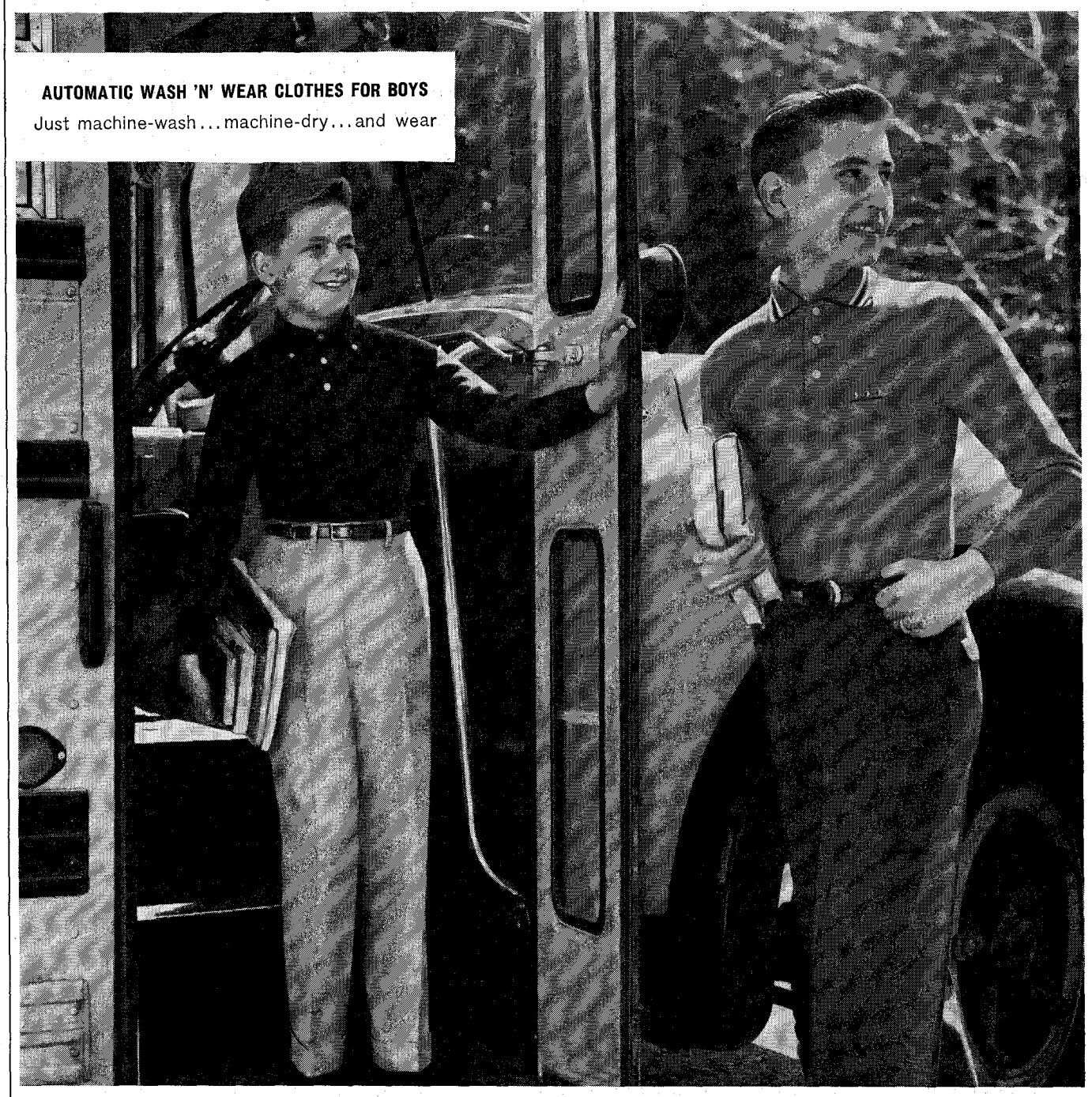

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winner—and great emphasis was placed on television. At first the Prime Minister was uncomfortable, but, always the consummate actor, he soon mastered the new medium. He worked closely with cameramen, directors, sound men and writers, sought their technical advice and abided by it. He developed a relaxed, intimate style quite different from his platform exhortatory manner, but equally effective. It is interesting that the districts where he ran least well were in sections of northern Ontario not reached by TV.

Allister Grosart was Diefenbaker's campaign manager. Sandy-haired, bulky, articulate, Grosart is a former Toronto journalist and advertising-agency man who insists that Diefenbaker is always his own campaign manager. Nevertheless, Grosart is regarded as the man closest to the Prime Minister; certainly he was the architect of the glittering Madison Avenue-type shindig successfully put on last spring. He is now the salaried director of the Conservative Party.

Diefenbaker's "free-wheeling" in earlier years provided the basis for his present power. Stiff-collared eastern colleagues called him a Populist, a Radical, a Socialist. Prime Minister Mackenzie King with accuracy described him as a natural Liberal unaccountably strayed among Tories. Indeed, his unpopularity with eastern Conservatives made him popular with westerners of all political labels.

In 1916, after getting his B.A. and M.A. from the University of Saskatchewan, Diefenbaker went overseas as a World War I lieutenant. He has always refused to wear the service ribbons proffered by the Canadian Legion, perhaps because he did not see combat service. Invalided home as the result of a back injury received in training, he entered law school in Saskatoon and was graduated a year later. In 1919 he hung out his shingle in the nearby town of Wakaw. Wakaw was tiny, but, in Diefenbaker's own words, uncommonly litigious. A flood of fraud cases followed the collapse of a farm co-operative. Diefenbaker had sixty-two jury trials in his first year of practice. He won half of them and a reputation.

The Prime Minister in a relaxed mood is a talented mimic and good storyteller. One he tells on himself concerns his first trial in Wakaw. The verdict came in on his twenty-fourth birthday. His client was accused of attempted murder. The result was an unlikely acquittal which astonished even the young lawyer. A few days later Diefenbaker met the foreman on the street and asked him how the jury had reached its decision. "We talked it over," said the foreman, "and somebody said, 'After all, it's the kid's first case.' Then somebody else said, 'And it's his birthday.' That settled it—we all voted for acquittal."

After three or four prosperous years Diefenbaker moved to Prince Albert, then a town of about 13,000, and entered politics. Prince Albert was strongly Liberal, but the lawyer was dead game. He was beaten twice for Parliament, beaten for mayor, beaten twice for the Saskatchewan legislature. Meantime, however, he was making friends by using his courtroom skill in the interest of racial minorities and the "little man." Here is one example. A group of farmers sold alfalfa to a big grain trader who had been their agent. They lost money, and he made a handsome profit. When they decided to sue, seven different lawyers told them they had no case. Diefenbaker took their brief and recovered a substantial sum.

Twenty-odd years ago Saskatchewan passed a law which forbade nuns to wear the costume of their order when teaching in public schools, and stipulated that English be the sole language for instruction. Later, the law was put to a test. A group of French-Canadian school trustees were convicted of "knowingly permitting the French language to be used" in schools where students were preponderantly French-Canadian. Diefenbaker handled the widely publicized appeal and the conviction was quashed. French-speaking Quebec did not forget this when he sought the national leadership.

Diefenbaker's most celebrated legal case was the defense in 1951 of Jack Atherton, a railroad telegrapher charged with manslaughter in connection with a wreck in British Columbia which killed four crewmen and twenty-one soldiers bound for Korea. A mixed-up dispatcher's message had caused two trains to collide. Atherton, broke and bewildered, appealed to Diefenbaker. The latter was not a member of the British Columbia bar, and paid the $1500 fee for membership out of his own pocket. By his masterly cross-examination of prosecution witnesses—and by hammering away at the grim fact that the government was transporting its soldiers in wooden coaches—he won an acquittal. Labor in the west had never been drawn to the Conservatives. Now many members of the railroad brotherhoods moved over into Diefenbaker's camp.

... ...

Day After Labor Day

By Jean Carpenter Mergard

Our house is alive with
electrical tension,
Channeled again in the
schedule of school.
Excitement, reluctance and
vague apprehension
Interchange currents in our
vestibule.

Bright cheeks are kissed now;
farewells finally spoken;
The last waving pony tail bobs
through the gate,
Where, swinging forlornly, her
four-year heart broken,
A small person sobs who has
two years to wait.

... ...

In Canadian parliamentary elections, as in England, the candidate does not have to reside in his own district. Diefenbaker in 1940 was prevailed upon to accept a nomination in the Lake Centre district, a good many miles away from Prince Albert. In a year when the Conservatives lost almost everywhere, he won by 280 votes. The new parliamentary member soon became one of his party's strongest debaters. He steadily fought rightism in party caucuses, but created enemies by voting for many of the Liberal Party's social-welfare bills. His popularity with Ottawa newspapermen (he has always had a good eye for publicity and is the first Prime Minister to employ a press secretary) made some of his colleagues jealous. His relationship with George Drew, of Guelph, his predecessor as party leader, was never happy. Drew, now Canadian High Commissioner in London, had a poor ear for the rumble of public opinion. Diefenbaker, although a man indifferent to music, had a political ear that could pick up whispers.

When Diefenbaker's Lake Centre constituency was redistributed a few years ago, Prince Albert friends of all persuasions organized locally to keep him in Parliament. Chief organizers were close friends Fred Hadley, merchant and long-time Liberal; and Ed Jackson, a member of C.C.F. They ignored the old Tory organization (which had polled only 2200 votes in the previous election), formed a Diefenbaker Club and made a nonpartisan appeal for the home-town boy. He won with 10,000 votes and a plurality of 3000. What happened in Prince Albert in 1953 is just about what happened in Canada in 1958.

What happened in French-speaking Canada in 1958 probably will bemuse pollsters for a long time. French Canadians are neither mercuric nor volatile. Yet the Liberals lost fifty seats in Quebec province. Certain factors are self-evident. St. Laurent, the old Liberal leader and Quebecker, did not take an active part in the campaign—he sat in the sun in Florida. It was well known that internationalist Mike Pearson was distasteful to Quebec's very considerable number of intense nationalists.

If the balance needed tipping, it was probably tipped by Maurice Duplessis, provincial premier, who officially endorsed neither candidate. Duplessis operates his own monolithic party—the Union Nationale—in Quebec. In the past, like Tammany Hall in New York, the Duplessis party has been reasonably indifferent to federal job holding, preferring the richer orchards nearer home. It is a plausible theory that Duplessis, faced by revolts in the ranks, picked Diefenbaker as a sure winner and passed the word for the support of the Diefenbaker ticket—both to enhance his own power and to obliterate the Liberal Party in Quebec. He succeeded in both.

It is difficult to overestimate the power today tucked away in Diefenbaker's portfolio; what interests Americans as well as Canadians is what he will do with it. He is a political tactician rather than a political philosopher; he believes that governing is the process of getting done what *can* be done. If one attempted solution does not work, he will try another. There is no doubt that he will proceed with his program for expanding Canada by government aid. This will cost money—lots of money—but it is plain that the national economy can carry the burden. What if hard times come? The Prime Minister has made himself entirely clear on that point. "I will spend millions," he said a few weeks ago, "before I let one Canadian starve."

Diefenbaker's victory has caused Americans to re-examine our relations with our neighbor on the north, and President Eisenhower's recent visit to Ottawa was the result of that re-examination. The Prime Minister is not anti-American, although he has capitalized at times on a sentiment always latent above the border. In foreign trade, Canada is our best customer and we are Canada's best customer. But, as he has pointed out, Canada spent a billion dollars more in the United States last year than the United States spent in Canada.

"This concentration of trade in one channel," he said not long ago, "contains inherent dangers. It makes the Canadian economy altogether too vulnerable to sudden changes in trading policy at Washington. Canadians do not wish to have their economic, any more than their political, affairs determined outside Canada."

A year ago Diefenbaker startled Washington by saying (or seeming to say) that 15 per cent of Canada's trade might be diverted from the United States to Britain. He has been beating a slow strategic retreat from that statement ever since. And where sterling countries would get dollars to buy from Canada has never been explained. But it was a kind of fire-alarm bell which drew attention to Canada's just complaints. Ottawa is irked when oil imports from Alberta are restricted under the sanctions of "defense necessity," when American dumping of wheat imperils the world market for Canada's principal export, when—in the complexity of our own problems—we do not think about Canada at all.

Part of Canada's problem is insoluble: The problem of living in the shadow of a neighbor with a population ten times as large; the problem of a national industry financed in large part in another country. There seems to be no reason to doubt, however, that formulas can be worked out to minimize vexations and insure harmony in the astonishing partnership which geography and world affairs have made inevitable.

Despite his sixty-two years, Diefenbaker has brought to his job, a job for which his whole life was a preparation, a matchless vigor. He once sipped a highball, but now neither smokes nor drinks. He has, as Will Rogers had, the ability to sleep at any time and anywhere. He stays up late only at official functions and often has done two hours' work in his bedroom before 7:30 A.M. Precise and orderly in many ways, he is the despair of his office staff when Parliament is in session. It is impossible to get him to follow an appointments schedule and on any particular late morning the waiting rooms resemble a crowded bus station. An old farmer friend from the west gets precedence over a weighty commission, and a high-school delegation over a cabinet minister.

The Prime Minister's first wife, the former Edna Brower, died in 1951 of leukemia. In 1953 he married Mrs. Olive Freeman Palmer, a widow with a grown daughter. Mrs. Palmer was at that time assistant director of guidance for the Ontario Department of Education. Actually they first met when he attended law school in Saskatoon.

Mrs. Diefenbaker is a woman of poise and tact and kindness who bulwarked her husband admirably during his campaigning and during this summer of visitations. They live in the charming but unpretentious stone house on Sussex Street which Canada provides for its Prime Minister. Below their outside terrace the Ottawa River gleams.

All overwhelming victories leave bitternesses in their wake, and Diefenbaker's is no exception. "Is he sincere?" asked a Liberal I interviewed. "Of course he's sincere. He has an unlimited capacity for believing what he wants to believe. On the other hand, he is as fundamentally insincere as any criminal lawyer who believes in his case while trying it."

This was rather harsh comment and I took counsel with a gentle and aging Conservative who has retired from the fray. "Men aspiring to office and men in office talk and think differently," he said. "In office, there is always that awesome responsibility. Give this man time."

Diefenbaker will have time. Beneath his surface bonhomie there is a tense, controlled, ambitious man who has every intention of becoming a world figure and, in the eye of history, one of Canada's great Prime Ministers. He has worked very well in harness with his cabinet, but decisions on programs and policy will be his. He is shrewd, even implacable, in weighing the abilities of associates. Essentially, he trusts no opinion except his own.

The boy from Saskatchewan has come a long way. But I am sure he will never forget the night of the blizzard when he and his Uncle Ed, completely lost a few miles from home, sat in the shelter of an overturned sleigh and narrowly escaped freezing to death. It was then he began to grow up. THE END

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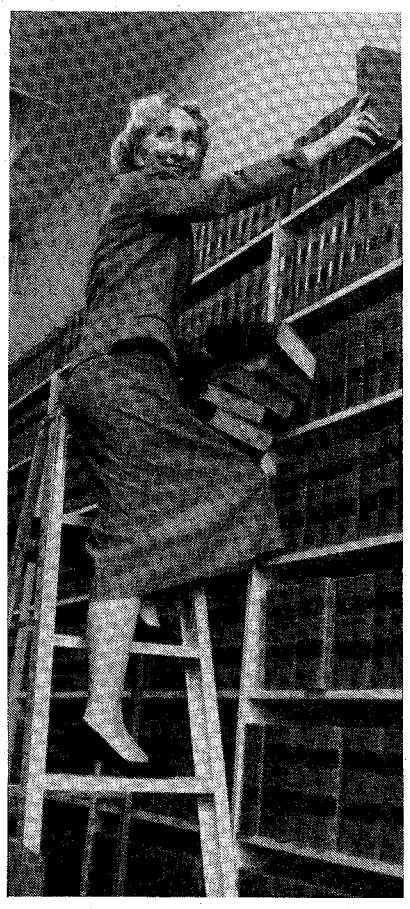
Spare Parts for Defective Hearts

(Continued from Page 19)

"downstream" after the aorta has arched upward over the heart and is descending behind it, between the heart and the spine. In that position, the artificial valve prevents backflow from the 70 per cent of the body's circulatory system that is below the arm level. With only the backflow from the arteries leading to the head and arms—the other 30 per cent—to cope with, the heart can manage. Doctor Segal pointed out that with reasonable success, Mr. Costa could expect to go back to work again.

"When they mentioned going back to work," Mr. Costa said, "I could hardly wait to get on with the operation. I was only thirty-nine then. The thought of my wife, Ida, having to take care of me and our three girls—Mary Ann, Elaine and Denise—the rest of my life was pretty discouraging."



Librarian Violet Winter couldn't put books back on the shelves without help before her heart-valve operation.

Mr. Costa entered Georgetown University Hospital in May, 1956, and a few days later Doctor Hufnagel installed one of his plastic valves. The recovery was uneventful. After returning home in June, Mr. Costa rested to regain his strength. Then he went back to his job in October and has been working steadily ever since.

"I feel well enough to walk a route again," he said, "but the doctors tell me to let well enough alone and stay in the office. With my artificial valve, I'm expecting to live to a ripe old age."

Aortic insufficiency is one of the more common heart defects. Statistics in this field are meager, but one estimate places the annual incidence at about 65,000 victims, although the sample on which that figure is based is too small to make it more than a guess. Many of those cases are not serious enough to require medical attention and are not reported. Some that are serious enough to be diagnosed can be treated by restricting the victim's physical activity. At Georgetown University Hospital the practice is not to recommend the valve implantation unless the defect is actually producing some disability in the patient, or unless it is becoming worse and threatens to become disabling.

"A patient with a mild aortic insufficiency," Doctor Hufnagel explained, "may live many years without experiencing serious difficulty. Even if the defect shows definite indications of worsening, the artificial valve is not the only surgical remedy. A seventy-per-cent correction is a compromise, and sometimes direct repair of the valve itself is feasible.

"However, we do not believe in saving the implantation as a last resort. The operative risk in our experience has been directly proportional to the status of the disease—the more advanced it is, the higher the risk. Age and other factors enter in, but, generally speaking, the best results are obtained before the damage has been allowed to progress to the terminal stage. Our operative mortality has been less than fifteen per cent, including several terminal cases among the first series of operations six years ago."

Of some 500 plastic heart valves serving their human hosts to date, more than 200 of them have been installed by Doctor Hufnagel himself, the vast majority successfully. That means the patient not only survived but was measurably benefited, usually to the extent of being able to resume work on a somewhat reduced scale. At first, patients came to Georgetown University Hospital from all parts of the United States and several foreign countries. Some still do. But the Hufnagel valve implantation is now being performed at medical centers from Sweden to Australia, Japan to South Africa. The Brunswick Manufacturing Company, of Quincy, Massachusetts, which worked closely with Doctor Hufnagel, lists four valve sizes in its surgical-supply catalogue, ranging from three quarters of an inch to one and one-eighth inches in diameter. The price, $121, includes two multiple-point fixation rings—tough, braided nylon rings with stainless-steel teeth around their inner circumference—to clamp the aorta on at each end.

While aortic insufficiency is frequently due to some type of infection, the most common cause is rheumatic fever. Miss Violet Winter, a librarian in the Treasury Department in Washington, for example, was stricken while in her teens. Though she recovered after a siege of several weeks, her heart, principally the aortic valve, had been seriously affected. The doctors warned that her future would have to be as sedentary as she could make it.

Miss Winter took a course in library administration and got a job at the Treasury Department. By conserving her strength, she managed pretty well for several years. But the Treasury library walls are lined with shelves up to the ceiling. Reaching the topmost shelves meant climbing ladders. As time went on, she found herself carrying fewer and fewer books at a time. More and more frequently she had to ask someone else to return volumes to the top shelves. Unhappy about not being able to do her job, she went to her doctor for advice. After an examination, he told her he believed a Hufnagel valve would help.

"I knew there was some risk involved," Miss Winter explained, "and I thought about it for some time. But I couldn't even keep up with the housework in my efficiency apartment. I had to give up teaching Sunday school, and spend weekends in bed resting. Life was getting to be such a chore that I decided to take whatever small risk might be involved."

Since Doctor Hufnagel operated on Miss Winter in October, 1956, the change has been remarkable, according to Miss Isabella S. Diamond, chief librarian. "You'd never know Violet was the same person," she said. "We were always glad to help her; she had a wonderful disposition even when she was tired. But now she won't let us do a thing for her. She climbs ladders with an armful of books as though she never had heart trouble."

I had heard that the first valves used in the operation made a slight click. But even in the quiet of the library, I could hear none, although I was sitting beside Miss Winter's desk. When I mentioned it, she laughed. "My friends all seem to be surprised," she said, "when they don't hear me ticking like a clock. Would you like to listen?" Pressing my ear to the middle of the left side of her back, I could hear nothing unusual except perhaps a slight accent to the heartbeat.

"Doctor Hufnagel told me," she said, "that he's using a different material for the ball of the valve than he did. And he wrapped something around the valve before he stitched me up. I'm so well muffled I can't even hear it myself."

Even when an operation has been performed hundreds of times, it can never be called "routine" if it involves the heart or major blood vessels. Diagnostic techniques are so highly developed today that the surgeon knows almost exactly the condition he will find and what he plans to do to correct it. But though the heart has proved to be one of the toughest organs in the body, it can also be temperamental. Doctor Hufnagel's team—six doctors and two nurses—that implanted a valve in the aorta of a forty-year-old man at Georgetown University Hospital a few weeks ago had performed the same operation dozens of times. But as I watched, I could feel an air of tension.

The patient was already on the operating table when I entered Operating Room No. 3—Doctor Hufnagel's—at 7:30 A.M., clad in the green cotton pajamas, cap and gauze mask that are the required costume even for observers. From a low balcony at one end of the room, I watched the electrodes of the EKG—short for electrocardiograph—machine being attached to the wrists and ankles, and the mask for the anesthetic being fitted.

At 8:15 the door opened and Doctor Hufnagel appeared. He is a man of medium height and rather slight build, with short, wiry black hair that heightens his youthful appearance—he is only forty-one. With a word of greeting and a few questions about the patient's condition, he went through a rigorous scrubbing routine before donning his surgical gown, gloves and mask. Assuring himself everything was in order he stepped to the side of the operating table behind the patient, who was lying on his right side. Doctor Hufnagel motioned me to a low footstool behind him and his assistant, Dr. Alberto Villegas, so that I could see over their shoulders without interfering with their movements. At the head of the table was the anesthesiologist, Dr. Thomas F. McDermott. Across the table stood Dr. Thomas C. Lee, the resident surgeon, and his assistant, Dr. Gerald Hogan. An intern and the two nurses completed the team. At 8:46, Doctor Hufnagel took his scalpel and made an incision almost the length of the sixth rib, about four inches below the left armpit.

An estimate that surgeons spend half their operating-room lives tying knots wouldn't be far wrong. The incision across the intercostal muscles covering the ribs had severed perhaps a hundred small blood vessels. Each of the severed ends had first to be clamped to halt the blood flow, then tied with a silk thread and a double knot. That tedious task completed, the rib was removed, and the thin, translucent membrane that lines the chest cavity was cut, exposing the left lung. Since the lung covered the heart and the aorta in this position, it had to be

After his operation, Frank Costa returned to work as a postal clerk. His children like to put their ears to his back and listen to the valve's slight ticking sound.

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partly deflated and pushed toward the front wall of the chest cavity. This called for a delicate adjustment of respiration by the anesthesiologist—more oxygen and less anesthetic to compensate for the reduced air volume. While Doctor McDermott manipulated valves of the steel oxygen and cyclopropane tanks at his elbow, Doctor Hufnagel watched the EKG machine. The tiny blobs of light gliding across the equator of the oscilloscope told him the heart rhythm was within normal limits.

When the lungs had been pushed forward, exposing the heart, the first element of the diagnosis was confirmed: edema (an accumulation of body fluids) of the pericardium, the sac enveloping the heart. Normally, this sac fits as tightly as the shell fits an egg. This accumulation of fluids between the heart and its covering was making it more difficult for the already overburdened muscle to perform its pumping function. A small incision was made in the sac, and the fluid was quickly drained off. With the pericardium back to normal size, the descending aorta, so called because it leads downward to the abdomen and legs, was exposed to view.

It was easy to see now why Doctor Hufnagel had chosen the place he had for insertion of the artificial valve. The base of the aorta, the site of the defective natural valve, is in constant motion, bobbing and twisting with each contraction of the left ventricle. But after the aorta has arched over the top of the heart and turns downward toward the abdomen, it is relatively stable. The only movement is a slight expansion and contraction with each heartbeat; stress and strain on the plastic-tube connections will be at a minimum. For that and other more technical reasons, the chosen position gives the greatest benefit with the least risk.

To free a section of the aorta about four inches long from the tissues surrounding it involves more knot tying before the two fixation rings can be fitted in place. The rings are split, so that they can be slipped around the aorta before it is cut, and are grooved around their outer circumference to hold the silk ligatures that will tie them shut at the proper time. In the two stainless-steel teeth at either side of the split are tiny holes, so that the ring can be tied shut with steel wire as well as silk ligatures, double assurance that it will stay in place.

Up to this time, Doctor Hufnagel had kept up a running fire of conversation with the members of his surgical team to hold their undivided attention, even during the tedious knot-tying business. Now he was silent as he reached for the holder with the valve in its claws. The valve is as smooth as meticulous polishing with jewelers' rouge can make it. After soaking for eighteen hours in a sterilizing solution, it was triple-rinsed before being placed on a tray beside the operating table. Doctor Hufnagel rinsed it again for good measure, shook it to be sure the ball was rolling free and turned back to his patient. Not knowing just how close I would be permitted to stand, I had brought a pair of opera glasses with me. When I raised them to my eyes, it was almost like looking through a microscope. In this limited field of vision, you couldn't distinguish one pair of gloved hands from another, so swiftly did they move. Hardly a word was spoken.

First, a clamp was placed "upstream" from the segment—about the size of a frankfurter—which had been raised free of the surrounding tissues. Just an inch or so above this clamp, the artery branching off the aorta to the left arm continued to pulsate rhythmically. Next, another clamp was placed across the "downstream" end of the segment, and the new, artificial valve was placed alongside the portion in between to serve as a measuring guide. If too long a piece were removed, the ends of the severed artery wouldn't reach. If the piece removed were too short, the valve would be thrown out of alignment. Even the slightest angle at the junction could cause clotting. Two carefully gauged snips of a pair of scissors, and a section exactly the right length was excised.

Now the downstream end of the severed artery was held wide open with pronged tweezers while the valve was inserted. Quickly, the nylon fixation ring was fitted around it, and held shut with a clamp while the silk ligature was tied. As the other end of the valve was inserted into the upstream end of the aorta, the valve was filled to overflowing with a saline solution—containing a small quantity of anticoagulant—to prevent any air from getting into the blood stream. Air bubbles may cause complications. In a moment, the upper fixation ring was tied in place and the downstream clamp was removed.

The little white silicone ball was clearly visible in the transparent saline solution that filled its cage. I watched, fascinated, as the upper clamp was opened, very slowly to prevent a sudden surge. At the first tinge of pink, the ball rolled toward the tiny flanges that prevented it from seating, or closing, at the downstream end, and nestled there until the blood flow, getting redder and redder, hid it from view. When the upper clamp had been entirely removed, and the aorta above and below the tube resumed its measured, rhythmic pulsing, I could only imagine the ball shuttling back and forth, back and forth, with each beat of the heart. I looked up at the clock. The blood flow had been halted for three minutes and twenty-nine seconds. I knew I hadn't held my breath all that time, but I felt as though I had. It seemed a little like watching life begin again.

The steel "safety" ligatures still had to be secured in the fixation rings. A narrow mesh cuff would be sutured around both ends to keep the aorta snugly against the tubing and prevent clotting. And there were many more knots to be tied before the chest cavity could be closed and the tissues stitched together again. But somehow, you felt sure everything was going to be all right now, that a new lease on life had just been granted.

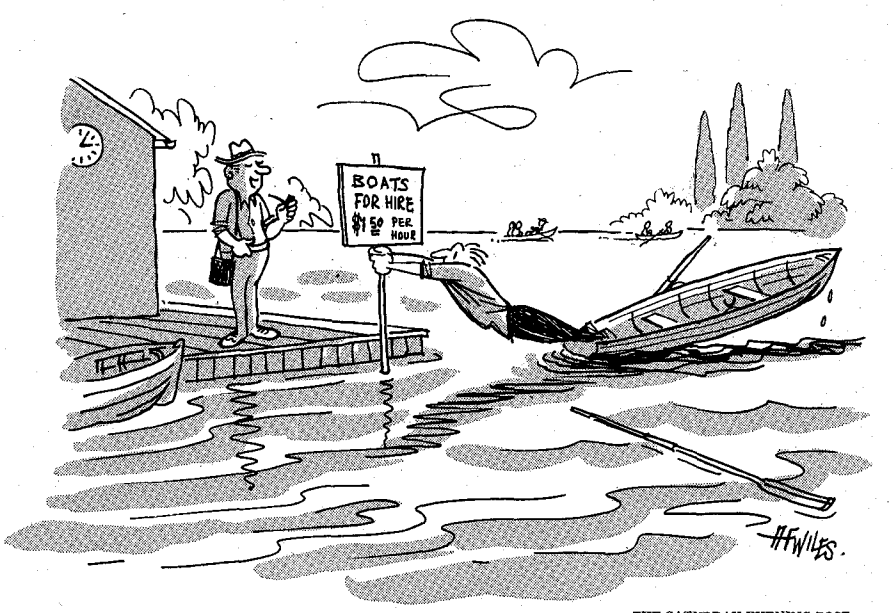
The actual installation of the valve had taken about three and one-half minutes, the operation nearly three and one-half hours. Afterward, as we walked back to the locker room to change into street clothes, I asked Doctor Hufnagel how he happened to invent this tiny plastic gadget that had meant so much to so many persons suffering from leaky heart valves. It looked so simple, yet I knew it must have taken years of patient work to perfect.

"Happen to," Doctor Hufnagel said with a laugh, repeating my own phrase, "is the right way to put it. I started out trying to transplant a kidney in an experimental animal. One thing led to another until one day the valve idea was staring me in the face." The story I gathered from Doctor Hufnagel, some of his colleagues and sundry medical reports goes like this.

The inspiration to enter the medical profession in the first place came from his late father, a physician and surgeon in Richmond, Indiana, where Doctor Hufnagel was born and reared. He took his undergraduate medical course at the University of Notre Dame, and when he entered the Harvard Medical School in 1937, had already decided to become a surgeon. His determination to concentrate on cardiovascular surgery—that involving the heart and large blood vessels—was the first instance of "happenstance."

One of his professors at Harvard was the brilliant Dr. Robert E. Gross, who in 1938—while Doctor Hufnagel was a student in one of his classes—performed the first successful operation to correct a congenital defect known as "patent ductus arteriosus." Before birth, a small blood vessel—the ductus arteriosus—shunts the blood stream around the lungs. Normally, after birth, the duct closes, but in about one child in every 2000 births, it remains patent, or open, permitting venous blood to escape into the arterial system. Death in infancy was the usual result. Adults with this affliction were rare—before the operation in which Doctor Gross corrected the defect by cutting the ductus and sewing up the two ends.

"The patent ductus operation today is not considered much more serious than a hernia operation," Doctor Hufnagel explained. "But when Doctor Gross first performed it in 1938, operations on the heart or large blood vessels around it were taboo except perhaps in an emergency—say, stitching up a stab wound. That Gross operation proved that operations on or about the human heart could be done successfully. Even we students recognized that it was the beginning of a new era in surgery. I wanted to take part in it."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You've got another fifty-five minutes to get the hang of it, sir."

Doctor Gross later performed other milestone operations, and in one of them his former student, Doctor Hufnagel, played a supporting role. After being graduated from Harvard Medical School in 1941, he was appointed Arthur Tracey Cabot Fellow at the Surgical Research Laboratory, which happened to be across the street from the Boston Children's Hospital, where Doctor Gross was on the surgery staff. Since they were both experimenting with transplantation of organs and blood vessels, they decided to collaborate in a series of experiments that led up to the first reported operation to correct a relatively common vascular defect, a coarctation, or narrowing, of the aorta.

Coarctations vary considerably in length, but are often as short and sharp as the waist of an hourglass. If only a short segment had to be removed, they believed, the aorta would stretch enough for the ends to be stitched together to restore the blood flow. After they had proved their hypothesis in experimental tests on animals, Doctor Gross performed his first successful correction of this defect on July 6, 1945, on a twelve-year-old girl. The Gross-Hufnagel report was published first, but it developed later that Drs. Clarence Crafoord and G. Nylin, working independently, had performed a similar operation in Stockholm, Sweden, in October, 1944, although owing to the war conditions their report was not published until long afterward.

That took care of short coarctations. If the narrowing were longer than a fraction of an inch, however, as many are, a graft of some kind would be needed to replace it. Many solid materials had been tried—gold, silver and glass, coated inside with paraffin—and all discarded because they caused the blood to clot. Experimenting with new plastics developed during World War II, Doctor Hufnagel found one, methyl methacrylate, in a form known as Plexiglas, that didn't have a clotting effect. But then he ran into another difficulty. When he replaced a segment of aorta with a plastic tube, he tied a silk ligature around each end to hold the aorta onto the tube. The ligature shut off the circulation, and the tissues beyond it died and sloughed away. With nothing to hold it, the aorta slipped off under pressure of the pulse beat, causing a hemorrhage.

To correct that, Doctor Hufnagel designed his multiple-point fixation ring, which is as essential to the operation as the valve. The silk ligature is tied not around the aorta itself, but around a nylon ring made slightly larger than the aorta, so that it does not actually touch the tissues at all. The teeth around the ring's inner circumference penetrate and hold the aorta on. But the spaces between them allow enough circulation to keep the tissues beyond the ring alive and healthy. It is a triumph in surgical ingenuity.

Although he reported the successful implantation of plastic tubes with the fixation rings in experimental animals in 1947, he used them on only a few human patients. Homografts, vessels preserved from deceased donors, were proving much better adapted than a solid material, especially if the graft had to be several inches long. But then it occurred to him that if the body could accommodate itself to a short tube, it might also tolerate a tube with a ball inside, a valve. And a plastic valve opened up new possibilities.

"I just kept turning it over and over in my mind," Doctor Hufnagel recalled, "and I finally decided to see if it wouldn't work."

He began his new departure in heart surgery while he was still at Harvard, and

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continued it after he took his present post at Georgetown University in 1950.

The success of this first implantation of an artificial organ with a moving part in the human body has stimulated widespread interest in this field. While surgery has made great strides in recent years in correcting many types of heart ailments, the present method of placing an artificial valve at some distance from the natural aortic valve has its limitations. Doctor Hufnagel is only one of several who are now experimenting with various kinds of artificial valves to be implanted in the heart itself as replacements. In Detroit, Dr. James H. Wible and his associates at Wayne State University College of Medicine designed a "watch-spring flap" to correct a leaky mitral valve, the valve separating the left auricle and ventricle. Made of a watch-spring alloy wire covered with nylon, the first valve implanted in a human patient was recently reported functioning successfully more than a year after the operation. With open heart surgery, plastic-sponge patches are frequently used to close up holes inside the heart.

At the National Heart Institute in Bethesda, Maryland, Dr. Stanley J. Sarnoff has been working with a modification of the Hufnagel valve to correct a rather common defect, aortic stenosis, a constriction of the valve that cuts down the blood flow from the heart. While various operations to widen the valve opening have proved helpful, Doctor Sarnoff's approach is to implant a plastic valve by-passing the constricted organ in order to bring the blood flow up to normal volume. It has been tested successfully on experimental animals, and with some modifications is believed to offer possibilities for avoiding the necessity for operating on the valve itself.

Other researchers have gone even farther. At the annual meeting of the American Society for Artificial Internal Organs in Philadelphia in April, one section of the program was devoted to a discussion of implanting not only artificial valves but also entire hearts and kidneys to replace defective natural organs. Artificial heart and kidney machines are getting to be part of any modern hospital's equipment. Models small enough to be implanted in the human body present formidable problems, but none that those participating in the discussion seemed to think couldn't be surmounted in time. In fact, models of implantable hearts and kidneys actually have been made, and some have been tried experimentally in animals. Since Doctor Hufnagel was one of the panelists, I asked what he thought the prospects were.

"Certainly we'll be able to implant artificial organs—someday," he said. "I've been working on an artificial heart myself. But it's going to take considerable time and money, and meanwhile other developments offer more immediate promise. We have already installed aortic and mitral valves at the normal site in experimental animals that have been functioning for more than a year, and other laboratories are working along similar lines. They should be ready for use in humans before very long. As techniques in open heart surgery improve, replacement of defective valves may soon be no more serious than the patent ductus operation. In fact, surgical procedures are available now for almost all cardiovascular defects in properly selected cases. The progress being made in applying these procedures to an ever-widening selection of patients indicates that surgery will correct most of the mechanical defects that have made up such a large part of our heart-disease mortality in the past."

I Married Murder (Continued from Page 39)

"She knew a lot of people," I said. "Phil Hunter, for instance. Or the Allisons. Their yawl is moored just across the way. If she went aboard that yawl and they killed her, they could have hid her body in the cabin until nightfall and then dumped her into Oyster Creek, only a hundred yards."

"Any reason, Mike?" he asked.

"There's only one possible reason for Mousie's murder other than robbery," I said. "She knew something about Jim Prescott's death that incriminated someone."

"It's been over a year since Jim was shot," he said. "Wouldn't she have mentioned it, old man?"

"She was convinced that Stella shot him," I said. "Maybe she didn't think the information was significant. Maybe only the murderer knew it was significant."

"Mike," he began; and shook his head. "I won't be a lawyer. I won't knock it down. Go ahead."

"I still think it may be something concerning Cobb Oil," I said. "Norman Allison was treasurer of the company and Prescott thought there was something crooked when the company bought up the assets of the Sundown Petroleum Company. Norman must have been involved in it."

"But the fact is it wasn't a crooked deal, Mike."

"But didn't Prescott think it was?" I said. "Stella said that last business trip he made had something to do with the Sundown Petroleum Company. Possibly he got the list of stockholders. Phil Hunter suggested that maybe that stock was held by dummies. Maybe Prescott traced one of those dummies to Norman. If so, when he got in that night maybe he called Norman and told him what he knew, and Norman went over there and killed him. It seems to me the thing to do is to get hold of that list of stockholders. George, maybe it was in Prescott's effects when you settled his estate?"

"No, I found nothing like that."

"The murderer obviously would have taken any sort of incriminating evidence away with him that night."

"Obviously," George said. "But why was Mousie killed? I'm not knocking it down, Mike, but we always come back to that."

"She met Jim Prescott at the airport that night, she said. Maybe Prescott told her something—something she didn't think was important. She had a fixation about Stella. She couldn't see anything but Stella. Consciously or unconsciously, she discarded anything that didn't tend to implicate Stella."

George nodded. "You do have a point there. It's remote, but not impossible."

"Good," I said. "The only thing that's impossible is that Stella killed Mousie."

"Mike, you're quite a guy," he said gently. "You're the most loyal man I know."

"I'll tell you this," I said: "Before I'll believe that Stella is a murderess I'll knock this damned world off its axis. I'll turn it upside down. Nothing will stop me. I'm going to get at the truth if it's the last thing I do. And if I don't," I added firmly, "it really will be the last thing I do. That girl means everything to me; if I lose her, there's nothing in this world I want."

"Good for you," George said. "Want that drink now?"

"No, I don't want that drink. I'm not just being emotional. I mean it."

"Nevertheless you take this drink," he said, and put it in my hand. "And let me ask you something. Where was your mother yesterday afternoon?"

I looked up, startled. "My mother?"

"Assuming Bernice wasn't there to see Mousie, where was your mother? She would have seen Mousie, wouldn't she? After all, she was expecting Mousie to spend the night with her."

"I don't know where she was in the afternoon. She's spending the night with Gladys and Sam Bevans tonight, and I think she feels I've let her down."

"Well, that's your mother," he said, with the slightest shrug. "How is Stella?"

"She took a couple of sleeping pills and went to bed right after you left."

"Poor kid," he said.

I shook my head. "George, a moment ago you were calling her a monster and now you say, 'Poor kid.'"

"Whatever the facts are, Mike, I still say that," he said. "And whatever the facts are, you can depend on me to keep my mouth shut. I think too much of you, fellow, as well as Stella. I leave it all up to you."

The words had an impact of shock. He would leave it all up to me, he said. He believed that Stella was guilty; there was no doubt in my mind what he believed; it showed in his withdrawn manner, his careful words, his evasive eyes. And it was up to me. All right, I thought, we'd get out of Menasset. We'd go to Europe. We'd go to Mexico, Guatemala, Japan. But only as a last resort. If I fled abroad with Stella it would be an admission to myself that she was guilty. Damn it, I thought, she couldn't be guilty. There had to be some solution and George was right: it was up to me.

"I'll call you in the morning, George," I said. "And if you get any ideas—if lightning strikes—you'll get in touch with me?"

"Depend on it," he said.

I left the mews with my palm still tingling from his handclasp and as I walked to my car I fought off despair, I spurred my thoughts with a determined hope. I would follow up the Cobb Oil matter; it was the only straw to clutch at. I stopped in a corner drugstore and called Charlie Wharton in Menasset.

When he answered, I said, "Charlie, this is Mike Stewart."

"Hello, Mike. Say, we're all very distressed about Mousie. If there's anything we can do ——"

"Thanks, Charlie," I said. "Tell me something. What do you know about Cobb Oil?"

"I wouldn't advise buying their stock, if that's what you mean."

"But I heard they brought in a new oil field down in Texas."

"That's news to me," he said. "But I'm no expert on those oil stocks. Why don't you talk to Phil Hunter? He's our specialist in that department."

"Thanks, I will," I said, and hung up.

I called Phil Hunter, but there was no answer, so I walked on to my car. I dropped down behind the steering wheel and took the parkway to Connecticut. I drove very fast, and the mechanics of moving faster than the flow of traffic was a tonic, easing my tension. I ran the car into the garage beside Stella's convertible, and for a moment I hesitated there, looking at the shiny chrome grip that lifted the trunk. But then, as an act of loyalty, I turned my back on it. I did not open the trunk. I did not look inside. I had to prove that Stella was innocent, not seek evidence of guilt. I must clear my own mind of doubts.

The only light in the house was in the library. I stood at the foot of the stairs, looking upward. Stella had taken two capsules and was surely deeply asleep. I did not want to awake her to another ordeal. I would have to discuss it with her, but not now, not tonight.

I went out onto the lawn, under the stars. My mother's house was dark.

Far across the way there were lights in the yacht club, and among the dim riding lights I singled out the mooring of the black yawl. I saw the faintest glow on the water, apparently coming from a porthole. Someone was still awake on the yawl. Probably their motor had been repaired, I thought; probably they would slip their mooring early in the morning and set out for their home port.

I would like to get aboard that yawl, I thought. Mousie could have been picked up by dinghy, could have been dropped from a dinghy into Oyster Creek. The lieutenant had found marks on the muddy, shelving bank, but they might have been made by someone netting blue crabs from shore. I could not pass up this last chance nor abandon this last hope.

I went down the steps to the landing stage and mounted the three-horse outboard on the transom of the skiff. I pulled the starting cord and pointed toward the yacht club across the river. As I came up under the stern of the yawl I saw a shadow move across the light from a porthole, and as I throttled down, Norman Allison appeared in the cockpit and called, "Who's that?"

I shut off the motor and brought the skiff alongside. "It's Mike Stewart. May I come aboard?"

He hesitated, then said, "Sure. Let me have your painter."

As he made the line fast to a cleat I climbed to the deck. He straightened and said, "I thought you were Roberta coming. She went to that summer theater with Phil Hunter."

"Get your motor fixed?" I asked.

"Yes; we're planning to get an early start tomorrow and catch the tide at Hell Gate. Like to come below? The dew is pretty wet tonight."

I followed him down the companionway steps to the cabin of the yawl.

His pale eyes studied my face for a moment; then he said, "I take it this is a friendly visit?"

"It is," I said.

"I'm sorry about what happened at Block Island, Stewart, and so is my wife. She's an excitable woman and I'm afraid she lost control. I ought to explain that she's very high-strung—a hypertension case."

"It's over and done with," I said.

"After what happened to her sister, we're both very sorry indeed," he said. "We didn't know Eleanor very well, but I used to see her at Jim Prescott's house occasionally and I always thought of her as a fine, engaging kid."

I had been glancing about the tidy cabin. It looked lived in, but also shipshape. There were even flowers in a pot

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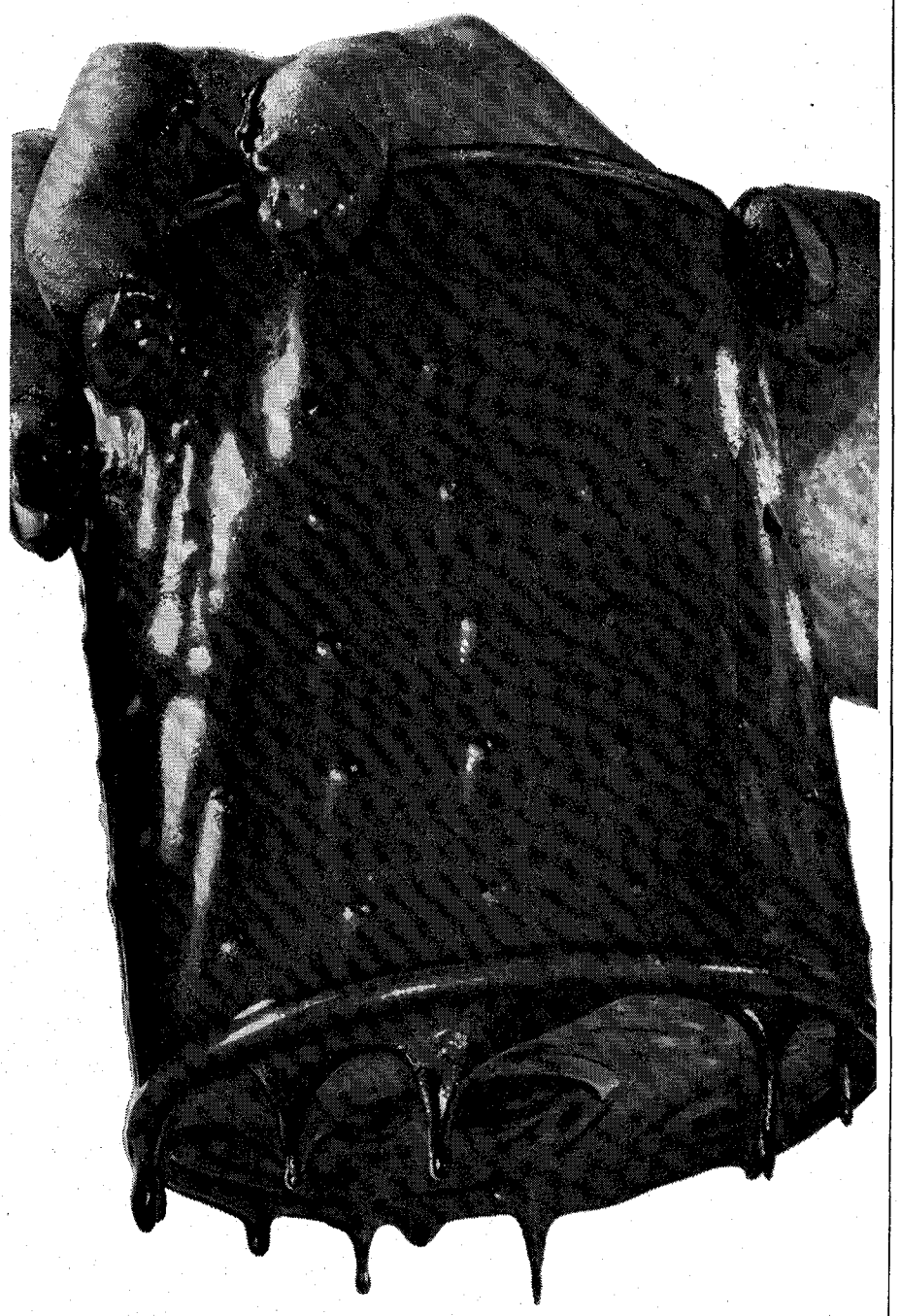

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that hung on gimbals, and flowered curtains at the portholes. What had I come looking for, I asked myself. If Mousie had been here there would be no visual evidence; they had had all this day to set things right.

"You asked me if this was a friendly visit, Mr. Allison," I said. "The fact is that I came out to ask you some questions about the Sundown Petroleum Company."

"It's been liquidated, you know," he said. "There isn't any Sundown Petroleum Company. What's your interest in it?"

"The history of that liquidation interests me," I said. "Cobb Oil bought up the assets of Sundown Petroleum for something like four million dollars, and I've been told that a quarter of a million would have been nearer to a fair price."

He shook his head. "You're wrong about that, Stewart. That deal has paid off. They brought in a deep well down there and it looks like they'll develop an important oil field on those Sundown holdings."

"You know that for a fact?"

"I got it from Roscoe Cobb, the president of Cobb Oil," he said.

"But Jim Prescott was suspicious of the whole deal," I persisted.

"Yes, he was, but I never shared his doubts. Roscoe Cobb is one of those dynamic, driving, self-confident men. Those fellows in the oil business are all gamblers at heart. Roscoe was convinced there was oil there, on the basis of geological reports, but Sundown didn't have the capital to develop it, and he worked out that deal. As we now know, he was right; it paid off."

"Still, Prescott was suspicious," I said. "He went on a business trip just before he was shot and he was checking on the stockholders of Sundown Petroleum. Maybe he found that Roscoe Cobb or a dummy of his had a big share in Sundown."

"And you imagine that's why he was shot?"

"I think it's worth investigating."

"It could be," he said in a careful, humoring tone. "I knew Jim was checking on Sundown, and he called me that night from the airport when he came in. I wasn't home, but Roberta took the message. He told her to tell me he had turned up some interesting information and he knew at least one man who had been paid off handsomely."

"Did he say who it was?"

"No; and that night, of course, was the night he was killed."

"Then it's possible he also called the man who was paid off?" I said.

"I suppose that's possible," he said. "Anybody who knew of any Sundown stock lying around loose would have picked it up, of course, but it was a small company—only forty thousand shares outstanding. All I got out of that Sundown deal myself was unemployment. Jim was so convinced there had been dirty work that he insisted I resign as treasurer. He thought the whole thing was going to blow up in my face."

"I wonder how Phil Hunter made out," I said. "He's a specialist in oil stocks."

Allison shook his head. "Phil would have crowed about it if he'd made a bundle."

"But not if the deal was crooked," I said. "Not if there was a chance Prescott would bring a stockholders' suit and upset the whole thing. He'd have lost that bundle."

"I doubt that Phil knew anything at all about the Sundown deal," Allison said. "Nobody did, outside of the officers and directors of the company. There were rumors, of course, and I recall that your friend George Duncan came around and asked me what I knew about Sundown Petroleum just a couple of weeks before the deal went through. Maybe he did himself some good."

"No, he sold Sundown stock," I said, "at six dollars a share, and the company liquidated at more than a hundred dollars a share."

Allison nodded. "I guess George never could get on the inside. His firm had done some legal work for Cobb Oil, and I believe he knew Roscoe Cobb, but those oilmen are close-mouthed. I guess Mr. Cobb stalled him."

"Then, as far as you know, nobody profited from that Sundown deal?" I asked.

"The stockholders of Sundown profited, of course, but it was a family corporation and the stock was closely held."

"Yet Prescott told you that someone was paid off handsomely."

He nodded. "Yes, and that puzzles me, in view of the way the whole deal turned out. If he had meant Roscoe Cobb I think he would have told Roberta so."

"But even if the deal was O.K., maybe one of the other officers of Cobb Oil got hold of some Sundown stock."

"That could be," he said. "But is that a crime?"

"Prescott seems to have thought it was."

"Jim had great pride in the integrity of his firm and his name," Allison said. "When criticism was whispered around because his firm had pushed that sale of Cobb Oil stock, he couldn't rest until he had got to the bottom of it. That's the way he was built. But now we know the deal was all right, because it paid off. I think Jim would be satisfied if he were alive today."

Allison had been in command of this discussion from the start, I thought. I had learned nothing. Jim Prescott had found out that some man had been paid off handsomely, but I had no idea who he was. Certainly not Norman Allison or he would not have told me about the telephone call. Phil Hunter? Possibly. Prescott may have made another call that night, and the man he called could have been the murderer. But if the deal had paid off—if it had not been crooked—what had there been to fear? I was completely baffled.

"Thank you, Mr. Allison," I said. "I guess the only thing for me to do is to look at the books of Sundown Petroleum—follow through and find out who did profit from that liquidation."

"Good luck," he said. "I hope you turn something up. I really mean that."

I went up the companionway steps, and as I lowered myself into the skiff I heard the sound of a motor and saw the shadowy outline of the club launch; it would be Phil Hunter bringing Roberta Allison back from the summer theater, I thought, but I did not wait. I started the outboard and pointed the bow of the skiff toward home.

At the landing stage I tied the skiff up and walked slowly across the lawn to the house. I felt very much alone, here among the whispering trees of this ten acres of Connecticut soil. Upstairs, Stella slept, and I thought as I went into the house that perhaps never again would we be alone together like this, Stella and I, on these sheltering acres of my childhood.

The defeated weariness that had now come over me was a reaction to all that had happened in the past two days—since I had returned from the cruise Sunday night. I had faced enough for this day, but still I knew that my pillow tonight would be a battlefield of tortured emotions; I would fight there the lost cause of my love.

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I went into the library to turn off the light, and as I reached for the switch of the desk lamp the upper right-hand drawer of the desk caught my eye. It was standing slightly open, but I had kept it closed and locked. I jerked the drawer wide open. It was empty. My gun was gone. Someone had forced the lock of this drawer and taken my .38.

Tension raced up my spine and stirred the hairs at the nape of my neck. I felt a chill of alarm and I bent forward to turn off the light, a quick reaction that saved my life. A great noise filled my ears and I felt a smashing, numbing blow. There was no pain, only a violent shock that knocked me off my feet, knocked me to the floor and, as I went down, my swinging arm carried the desk lamp with me and it crashed on the floor. The bulb shattered with a popping noise and there was a flash of bluish light; then the whole house was in darkness.

I lay perfectly still, stretched out prone beside the desk with both hands clenched under my chest and my forehead resting on the floor. I had been stunned by the shock of the bullet smashing into my flesh and I could not move. I lay still, and felt the hot moisture as tears squeezed out of my eyes. It had happened again—a second time—a shot in the night, and this time the bullet had struck home. It had hit me from behind in the right shoulder and I did not care if the wound was mortal. I lay with my eyes shut and tears on my cheeks, and I was filled with a numbing despair. I was ready then to die.

But then I heard a sound—a solid, thumping noise like a cat jumping from a mantel, like a heavy object landing on a cushioning softness, like a—the thought was a great shout in my brain—like a gun falling to the floor!

I heard the thump and I heard a quick and stealthy step and then the closing of an outer door, and instantly I was on my feet. I whirled to the window and I had forgotten about the wound, was unaware that my right arm hung limp. I dived head-first through the window, carrying the screen with me. Even in that moment of emergency I remembered that I had lifted the screen into place the morning before, but had not driven in the nails that secured it. I landed sprawled out in the flower bed with the screen beneath me. At once I was up again. I ran headlong on the gravel, seeing the movement of a shadow ahead of me, ducking now into the darkness under the trees.

I had known every inch of these ten acres since boyhood; I knew where the pathways were and where there were obstructions. I ran sure-footed and I did not lose sight of that shadow ahead of me, even in the blackness among the trees. I gained in the starlight as the shadow shot out onto the road. A hundred yards ahead a car was parked at the side of the road, but I had this race in hand. The shadow never reached that car. I came up on the heels of the shadow and saw it take form and substance, and I dived. I brought it down with a flying tackle, and as we rolled over on the scraping hardness of the road I seized the throat of it with my good left hand. I banged the head of it on the asphalt. I shouted curses at it, loosed a terrible fury at it, and only when I heard the gasping, piteous sound of my own name spoken in a strangling voice did I loosen the pressure on its throat.

"Mike, my God, stop!" the voice said, and I drew back, kneeling on his chest. The starlight fell on a white, staring face, on a mouth smeared with blood; the collar and necktie that were forever immaculate, now were twisted and torn.

"George," I said, and I spoke the familiar name in a voice so overcharged with emotion that it had gone as flat as a blown-out tire. I had spoken it through the years to my roommate in college years, to my old and trusted friend, but now I spoke it to a stranger who had tried to kill me in the night.

He was breathing easier now, and said, "Suppose you get off my chest, Mike."

The almost normal tone, the amazing voice control, surprised and shocked me. I took my knee off his chest, but my left hand caught his right wrist and I twisted his arm around behind his back and pulled him to his feet. I was beginning to feel weak now. Blood pounded in my head and the pain in my shoulder was severe.

"You tried to kill me," I said. "For God's sake, why?"

"You don't know why?"

"You killed Jim Prescott," I said. "You killed Mousie. Why did you want to kill me?"

"You would have found out why," he said in a low, flat voice. "There was no other way to stop you."

Somewhere in the night Stella's voice was calling, "Mike!" and I shouted, "Over here, Stella! On the road!"

She came from the bushes onto the road and I saw the glint of starlight on the gun in her hand.

"It's George," I said. "He tried to kill me."

She came quickly to my side and said in a shocked voice, "You're all over blood, darling."

"He got me in the shoulder, but I don't think it's serious," I said. "Let's get back to the house and call a doctor."

"I heard the noise," she said. "I ran downstairs and turned on the light, and I found this—lying on the floor."

"That was the idea," I said harshly. "Just like before. You come downstairs and find a gun, and your husband is lying there dead. Just like before."

I still held George's hand twisted behind his back and I swayed against him as we went toward the house. My thoughts were becoming fuzzy. Nothing was clear to me, except that George Duncan had shot Jim Prescott and strangled Mousie and tried to murder me.

Stella went ahead, held the door open for us, and in the living room I released George's arm and took the gun from her hand. I said to George, "Sit down," and when he had sat quite calmly in the wing chair, I sank down on the sofa across from him.

"Stella, call Lieutenant Gray," I said.

"I'll call the doctor first," she said, and went flying to the telephone in the library.

I sat looking across at George with the gun wavering in my hand. It was an effort to speak, because each inhalation pained my shoulder, but I said, "Then it was you who took a shot at me Sunday night?"

He shook his head. "No, it was Mousie." He shrugged and went on in a calm voice, "I suppose it gave me the idea, though."

"And you killed Mousie," I said. "She never called you yesterday afternoon. That was a lie."

"Mike," he began, and, after a moment's hesitation, said, "May I pour myself a drink?"

"No, you sit there," I said.

"Just a quick one, Mike. I need it."

"If you move out of that chair I'll shoot you," I said.

"I've played out my hand, Mike," he said. "You caught me. I'm finished. Can't I have that drink?"

"No," I said.

He made a groaning noise. "I'm not going to make a break for it, Mike. What good would that do?"

"Just sit there," I said.

"Mike," he said, "you're an unsubtle man. You blundered along like a Yale left tackle, and the hell of it is you would have scored. The hardest thing to deal with in this world is stupid, unremitting rectitude."

"I was never smart like you, George," I said, "but I'm holding the gun."

"Actually it wasn't the stupidity, it was the rectitude," he said. "It was that damned loyalty of yours. How you could go on believing, in the face of all the evidence, I will never understand. That's what beat me. That's why I had to come here tonight. You can't understand it, can you? We're old friends, aren't we? Bright college years and all that, and they were bright, Mike. We are friends. That's what you'll never comprehend. I tried to tell you earlier tonight that a man was capable of almost anything under extreme stress."

"Not a normal man," I said.

"You think I'm abnormal?" He shook his head. "No, you're the abnormal specimen, Mike. You're the conventional superficial, civilized man living by a code that frustrates normal drives. The normal, primitive man goes after what he wants. A conscience is something you acquire, like a taste for snails. It develops primarily out of a desire for parental approval and is continued as a means of self-approval, which amounts to the same thing."

"Shut up, George," I said.

"You don't want to understand, do you?" he said. "You just want to say to yourself, 'That fellow George is off his rocker. He's a monster, a fiend, a homicidal maniac.' But actually you know I'm not a monster. You know that what I've done you'd be capable of doing yourself, so you tell me to shut up."

"I think you are a monster," I said. "You tried to kill me and leave Stella to take the rap."

"My only point is that under a given set of circumstances you'd be capable of the same thing," he said. "You'd do anything to save your own neck. Any man would. Look at you now, with that gun pointed at me. I'm your old friend, but you could kill me now, couldn't you?"

"If you get up out of that chair, I will," I said.

"So there is a given set of circumstances under which you would kill an old friend," he said. "See my point?"

"Let's not use that word 'friend' so carelessly," I said.

Stella came back from the library, carrying the desk scissors in her hand. "The doctor is on his way, Mike, and I called Lieutenant Gray," she said. "Now sit still. You're bleeding terribly and I want to do something about it." She began cutting away my shirt; then got up again, saying, "I'll get some cotton."

She started for the stairs.

"Let me ask you something, Mike," George said. "What in your opinion is the worst thing that could happen to you, except death itself? What would drive you to desperation? Losing your brass foundry? No. Scandal? Yes, but only to a degree. I think in your case it would be losing something you loved. Losing Stella, for instance. Am I right?"

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The fireworks at the county fair got the crowd so excited that many stood up on the seats of the wooden stands to see over the people in front. Joe's bench broke under the extra weight, injuring him painfully. He sued the fair.

"Benches are to sit on, not to stand on," counsel for the fair contended. "People who stand on them do so at their own risk. They should pay us for the damage to the broken stand, instead of charging us with the consequences of their own recklessness."

"Benches at spectator occasions are to see from," Joe's lawyer countered. "If a spectator can't see from them while sitting, he is entitled to stand so he can see better. Further, it is well known that crowds sometimes stand up."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Joe?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Joe collected. The court ruled that seats for public events should be built strong enough for people to stand on them when too excited to sit.

Based upon a 1931 Nebraska decision.

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His words sounded fuzzy and I had to blink my eyes to keep them focused, but I kept the gun pointed at him.

"For me the worst thing that could have happened was disgrace," he said. "Disbarment. Ruin. The collapse of everything I had worked for since my teens. That was the threat against me, Mike, and that's why I had to do what I did. You still don't know why, do you? You're puzzled. But the point is you would have found out why and there was no way to stop you. You were determined to examine the books of the Sundown Petroleum Company, and you would have found that in the process of liquidation the company made out a check for more than two hundred thousand dollars to a Mrs. Martha Morgan, of Brooklyn. Yes, my housekeeper. There were two thousand shares of Sundown stock in her name. She's an obliging woman and devoted to me, and she was happy to sign a few papers for me. Jim spotted the name, of course, and you would have spotted it too. I was safe from almost anyone but you or Jim."

In my weakness it was an effort to make my brain work, but I nodded and said, "You were executor of an estate and you sold two thousand shares of Sundown stock out of its assets and bought them back for yourself in Mrs. Morgan's name."

"Correct," he said. "There was none of that Sundown stock lying around for sale, but I turned up two thousand shares in the portfolio of that estate. The temptation was too much. I sold it at the current market quotation of six dollars a share and I bought it at that price in Mrs. Morgan's name. I was one of the few who had wind of that Cobb Oil deal and I knew I would make a lot of money. But if the facts ever became known, the estate could have won a suit to recover and also I would have been thrown out of Peyton and Chase. I would have been disgraced, disbarred. And I was up against Jim Prescott. He was a stubborn man. He made a fetish of honesty. He intended to lay the facts before Mr. Peyton and the grievance committee of the bar association."

"And for that you shot him?" a low voice asked. Stella stood at the door with a roll of surgical cotton under her arm and a basin in her hand. "I knew you were a cold, self-centered man, but you're inhuman. Now you calmly sit there and ——"

"There's no point in being emotional about it now," George said. "And it wasn't done in cold blood. It was an act of panic; the first time in all my life that I gave way to panic. You see, Jim telephoned me that night and Mrs. Morgan told him I was at a bar-association dinner at the Hotel Westbrook. He kidded her about being a big stockholder, and she told him that the stock belonged to me, of course; so he took a cab to the Westbrook and sent word to me that he wanted to talk to me."

"Then you were seen together that night?" I asked.

"Not by anyone who identified Jim," he said. "But afterward an investigation might have turned up a witness able to identify Jim's photograph. At any rate, I didn't give it a thought at the time. Jim said he had urgent business to discuss with me and I volunteered to drive him home. Mousie had met him at the airport and they had had a big scene, and at first he talked about that. He didn't throw the harpoon until we were across the George Washington Bridge and into Jersey. Then he told me that he was in possession of some facts he felt it his duty to report to those concerned. I tried to reason with him, and I followed him into the house. You were asleep upstairs, Stella, and we kept our voices down. I tried to talk him out of it, but he was adamant. He wouldn't listen to reason. You know how he was, Stella. He was also a man of relentless rectitude. I don't know what his weakness was, but he had no tolerance of the deficiencies of others."

"So you shot him," I said.

"No, I left the house and started away, but after I had driven a hundred yards I stopped the car and walked back. I decided to try once more and, you see, I knew where he kept his gun. When I had poured myself a drink I had nudged open that drawer in the armoire and seen it was there. I knocked on the door again, and I guess that's when that guy walking his dog saw me. Roberta wasn't lying about that. This time I did it. I gave way to panic. . . . Mike, I would very much like a drink."

"No," I said, and flinched as Stella dabbed gently at my shoulder with moist cotton.

George sighed and shifted a little in his chair. "Well, I got out of there fast, before Stella could come downstairs," he went on, "and I heaved the gun into the Harlem River. I got back to the dinner and got the message that Stella had called, so I called her back and then rushed back to New Jersey. But you see, I hadn't planned it in advance and I knew that I had made one serious mistake. Our firm had a table at the dinner and I had been sitting with Mr. Peyton. When I went away with Jim I told Mr. Peyton that I would have to excuse myself, that I had to make a trip over to Jersey. Next day I casually dropped an explanation that satisfied him, but it wouldn't have satisfied the D.A."

My eyes were drooping closed, but I forced them open. "Therefore the lie about the orchids," I said. "If the D.A. had started investigating you as the other man he would have learned that you drove Jim over to New Jersey."

"Exactly," George said. "He would have found out that I was absent from the dinner for two hours, that Jim called for me there, and he might have stumbled on the motive; so I told him that the corsage was Mousie's, and then I had to make a rush trip to New York and find Mousie and get her out of town. I knew that she had intercepted a telephone call Jim had made to Stella from Chicago and had met him at the airport, and I knew where she was staying, so I got her safely out of town."

"And through the whole thing you posed as Stella's friend," I said. "You let her name be dragged in the mud and you posed as her friend, coming down here all the time, having long, cozy chats out there on the lawn."

"I couldn't keep away, Mike," he said. "I had to watch the situation. I had to keep in touch. And Stella was my friend. I did everything I possibly could to protect her."

"And when Mousie threatened to go to the district attorney and reopen the whole case, you killed her," I said. "Was that protecting Stella too?"

"I wasn't worried about her going to the D.A.," he said. "Not with that wild story of hers, that is. I made the date with her yesterday simply to reason with her. Naturally I didn't want her to go to the district attorney, for everybody's sake. I suggested that we meet at my house, and it was only chance that I had already given Mrs. Morgan the day off, because it was her sister's birthday. I was going to reason with her and throw a scare into her with talk about what I would do to her on the witness stand, but she burst in there with fire in her eyes. I had told you that Jim had said she had threatened suicide, threatened to turn on the gas with a gold mouse in her hand, and that was it."

"That was what?"

"I made a stupid blunder," he said. "It turned out that she made that threat that very night, when she met him at the airport, so she knew that I must have talked to Jim after he left her that night. She knew why I had persuaded her to lie about the orchids. She had worked it all out in her mind that Stella and I had killed Jim together, and she was going to run to the district attorney with it. She thought she had the goods on Stella and on me."

He looked across at me and said in a reasoning tone, "Now what would you have done, given the circumstances as they were up until then? Suppose you had done a terrible thing in panic and the consequences had caught up with you? Would you have turned in your chips? Would you have gone to the D.A. and said, 'I'm your man'? You thought Mousie was mad, Mike. You were willing to have her put away, weren't you? What would you have done? I think you would have done exactly what I did."

I said thickly, "It's you who are mad, George."

"I've always been honest with myself," he said. "Maybe that is mad. I've never been guided by conventional codes and timid moralities, and I've never been afraid to face the fact of just how far I would go under pressure. I did what I had to do and then I went to the Boule de Suif and called you and did a pantomime act of waiting for Mousie. After dark I put her in the trunk of the car and drove to Menasset, stopping on the way to call you again, just as you thought. I was hoping that out here in the country they'd let it go as suicide by drowning. . . . Mike, why don't you put that gun away?"

"No," I said, holding the gun heavy on my knee and looking across at him with a sort of disassociated fascination.

"Are you really planning to denounce me, Mike?" he asked softly. "Would that give you some kind of moral satisfaction? I expected that a man with your sense of loyalty to his friends would understand. You'd have been capable of the same thing, and so would Stella. You hold my life in your hands, you two. Think about it. Are you going to follow your obsolete code or are you going to be honest with yourselves? Mike, put that gun away. Call that shot tonight an accident. It can be explained away. Put that gun away and there will be three people in this world who have the courage to be totally honest with each other and themselves."

He really meant it, I thought. It was incredible. Only half an hour ago he had tried to kill me, and now he asked us to share his crime. He saw reality in distorting mirrors; he had made a grotesque peace with himself, and in the process had so lost touch with morality that he almost contrived to make morality false and earthbound. And he had called Mousie paranoiac!

"I have two hundred thousand dollars in currency in the trunk of my car," he said. "I can be in Canada by morning and go on from there to some far place. I have my passport. I've been ready for months to go at a moment's notice. Just let me out that door, Mike."

Lights flashed at the window and I heard the sound of a car outside, the crunch of tires on gravel.

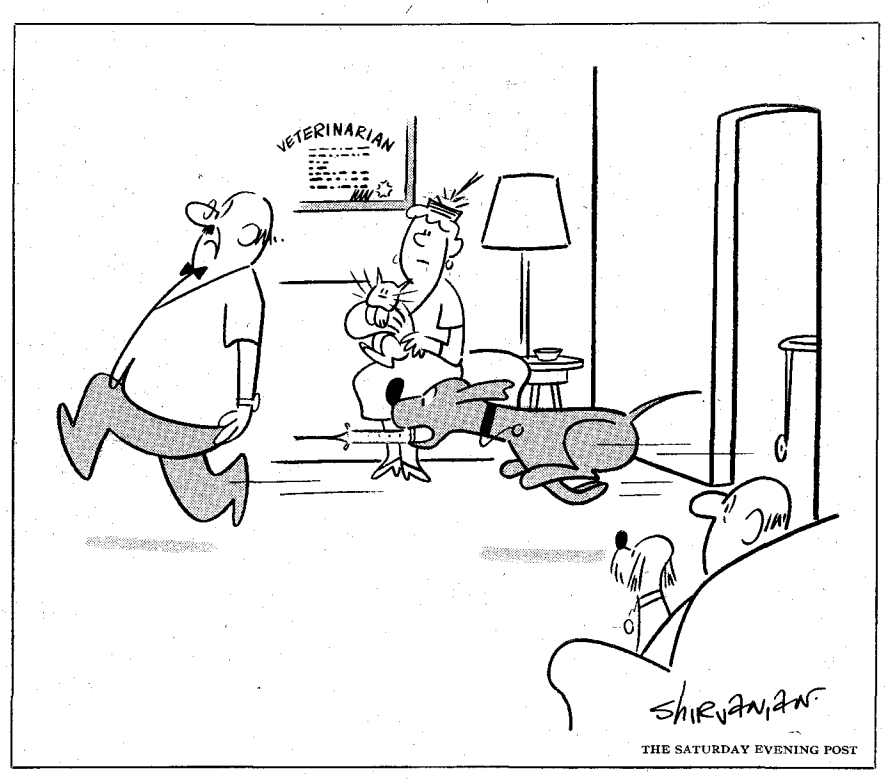
"Here they are," George said. "How about it?"

I raised my head and brought my eyes to focus. He sat with his legs crossed and the crease of his trousers was knifelike. He sat with one hand poised on the arm of the wing chair. He sat gazing back at me like a drawing-room conversationalist, his face pale but calm and his eyes meeting mine unwaveringly with the steady, thrusting gaze of the complete egotist that he had always been. Never trust a man who meets your eyes unflinchingly, I thought; he may be the greatest con man of them all.

"George," I said, "straighten your necktie. You look like hell."

I smiled as his fingers went with betraying conventionality to the knot of his necktie; I was still grinning as Lieutenant Gray strode into the room and demanded, "What's going on here?"

Then I let my head fall back on Stella's shoulder and at last I closed my eyes. Consciousness ebbed away, and I was only distantly aware of being helped up the stairs to bed, of the ministrations of the doctor and the snug fit of the bandage on my shoulder. I knew that the police had taken George away and that Stella was at my bedside, and I felt a sense of peace; I felt the secure, protected comfort that derives from the surcease of pain and the relaxing of tensions; I imagine that morphine had something to do with it. But even as I lay in the misty shroud of the drug, with Stella's hand holding mine, I could savor what was beginning for me now, once I had got back to the brass tacks of my normal life. THE END



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I Call on Maurice Chevalier

(Continued from Page 27)

was right, too, for since then I've already played such roles in two pictures: Love in the Afternoon, in which I played the father of Audrey Hepburn; and Gigi, in which I played an uncle named Honore. They were both successful, although Gigi was more successful. Now I'm going to play the father of Rossano Brazzi in The Blessing, at M-G-M. I like such parts very much, since they allow me to grow old without even thinking of it."

"How did you know when the time came to stop playing lovers?" I asked.

"There are two ways," he told me; "or rather a combination of ways. You look at yourself in the looking glass, then you look at the photograph on your passport which you have been using for several years. If there is a sharp contrast between the two, you know right away it is time to quit playing the lover, unless you are deliberately blind. It is difficult to fool yourself about such things, but you can do it if you do it with determination."

I thought of some of the world's best-known leading men who are still being cast as lovers in spite of the message their mirrors and their passport pictures have sent them. I mentioned one or two by name. "I do not envy them," Chevalier said. "It is embarrassing to play parts so much younger than you are. If not to you, it is embarrassing to your audience."

"Sad was the word you used," I reminded him; "not embarrassing."

"It is sad," he said. "It can only bring sadness."

I said, "I've heard that one night you told Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the words for the songs in My Fair Lady and Gigi, 'I'm glad it's over'; meaning, I suppose, that the urge to chase pretty girls has lost its appeal for you."

He corrected me, "That is not quite the phrase I used," he said. "Your phrase is more brutal."

"What did you say?" I asked.

He thought for a moment; then he said, "One night I told Alan, 'I am much happier now than I have ever been,' and I tried to explain why. Perhaps I can explain it to you too. It is this: Every artist is a mixture of passion and reason. In my case I've been lucky enough to have had a little bit—maybe only just a half inch—more reason than passion. Then I grew older—in fact, much older—and suddenly I realized that I have not the right any more to play with passion. If I do, it will not be good, or it will be that worse thing we talked about—sad. By that time I felt that I'd had all that passion can give me, beautifully and marvelously. In exchange I had a kind of serenity. I talked about those things with Alan when we were making Gigi, and two or three days later he brought me a new song he had written. It was called I'm Glad I'm Not Young Any More. Although I can't really believe the words—because no one is ever really happy not to be young any more—still, I can sing it and smile because, after all, all of us have to accept life, which involves growing old."

"If a pretty girl walked by right now," I said, "I'll bet you'd look at her with interest."

"Let's put it this way," he told me. "Let's say that I'm more selective than I used to be. There are some things which do not excite me easily any more, but don't get me wrong, I can still get excited—even though I may have to send myself a telegram the night before to warn myself."

He explained, "Looking at a pretty girl and running after her are two entirely different things. When a pretty girl passes, you look at her because you always must look at a pretty girl, unless you are dead or paralyzed. For another thing, the view is attractive. But between that and starting to run after a pretty girl as Harpo Marx used to do in the movies—that is much different."

I admitted there was a vast difference. I said, "To me, an older man chasing after young girls is bad taste. Do you agree?"

"I think it's not good for any man, even a young man, to chase any girl," he said. "Love is the same as success; one should meet it halfway. When it happens, you should clasp it to yourself in the middle of the road, if that's where you find it. It should be like the coming together of the negative and positive poles of a magnet. When you are going to fall in love with somebody, most of the time she has shown you already that she likes you. If you just fall madly in love with a person who does not even look at you—who, in fact, is high-hatting you—you are falling in love with the wrong person. To me, love is only good if it is gladly shared. That is when it becomes something deliciously and irresistibly important."

"Not long ago," I said, "I was talking to Zsa Zsa Gabor. She told me, 'A Frenchman can say something naughty, and it sounds gay, and you're glad he said it because it builds your ego; but if an American says the same thing, you feel insulted.' What's the difference?"

Chevalier seemed to know what Zsa Zsa meant without having to give him chapter and verse. "If it is said with a light touch," he told me, "it is always a compliment to a woman to make her feel that she is desired and attractive. All Frenchmen know this—but if you say the same thing bluntly to a woman, it becomes embarrassing."

"The French," I said, "must have a special gift for doing that sort of thing gracefully."

"*Absolument*," Chevalier said.

I ventured into remote territory—the period between 1928 and 1935. I said, "The films you made during your Jeanette MacDonald-Ernst Lubitsch era mean a lot to me in the nostalgia department. The only thing is, I could never understand why you picked up and went back home to stay when you were one of the world's highest-paid entertainers. You were making twenty thousand dollars a week and you were number one in some of the box-office polls."

"I had a difference with Irving Thalberg," he said slowly. "He was then my boss at M-G-M. He had been a friend of mine, then suddenly we were not of the same opinion about our contract any more. I had always done what he asked me to do; but our ideas clashed, you see. When that happened, I thought it best if I went back to France, because in my seven years in Hollywood, it was the first embarrassing discussion I had had with a boss. So I thought, *Perhaps I had best go home and call it a day. I've been very happy in Hollywood, so I'll stop while I'm happy; and besides, I am not sure I would like Hollywood for the rest of my life. So now I'll shake hands with Mr. Thalberg and go back to France.* From then on I worked in Europe and in my own country. There were no bad feelings. But just between us, perhaps secretly I was frightened that I would slip downward and I didn't want to do that. So when they gave me a chance to make that decision, I made it."

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This is why your Cooper dealer backs the Safety-Premium nylon with the industry's most liberal adjustment policy: (1) For 3 full years against accidental road hazard damage—including cuts, bruises, breaks, blowouts, snags. (2) Life of tire for undelivered service due to workmanship or materials.

Best news of all: Cooper Safety-Premium nylons sell for dollars less than other premium-quality tires, outlast the normal 3-year trade-in life of most cars. See your Cooper dealer for special trade 'n save prices. Cooper Tire & Rubber Company, Findlay, Ohio.

DAPPER DAN FLEENOR, Thunderbird Hell Driver star, says: "You need to see Cooper 3-D tires perform to really appreciate their superiority. So be on hand for our thrilling stunt car show. Watch your newspaper for time and place."

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"You had a reputation for living very simply in those days," I said.

He smiled. "If you are thinking that I drove a flivver instead of a Rolls Royce, you are right. I've always lived simply because otherwise it is not living at all. It is a struggle, it is a competition. It is keeping up with the Joneses and it is unnecessary for me to keep up with the Joneses because I can afford not to. I have been able to afford not to ever since I've been making real money, and I've been making real money since I first came to America. I had a flat in Paris, but I had also a beautiful place in the south of France.

"Other than my homes I've kept my living simple," he said. "I've spent money on my houses, but I've never troubled to throw a bluff by owning big, expensive cars, for I would not like to be accused of trying to show off. My life has always centered in my houses. Now I have a house in Mount LaCoquette, near Paris, near the NATO headquarters where General Eisenhower once lived. I'm always proud to receive my friends there. But I like to be with simple, yet interesting, people. If I have somebody around me who makes too much noise and throws the weight around, I am not happy."

"When I walked in here," I said, "and I asked you how you liked Seattle, you told me that you liked the people in Seattle because they were simple, natural and unsophisticated."

"To tell you the truth," Chevalier admitted, "I've never known exactly what sophisticated means. It seems to me that a sophisticated man is a man who prides himself on knowing everything worldly, who knows what is done and what is not done. In other words, he's a kind of snob."

"Would you say Noel Coward was sophisticated?" I asked.

"He typifies what I call sophistication," Chevalier said. "He is intelligent; he is also chichi. To me, he is a man who is always with the people of the smart world, but they're not my people. My people are really my fellow artists and working people because I understand what working means. With them I can talk about anything and they will understand."

"After all, you grew up in a working family," I said.

"I like anybody who is good in his job, intellectual or manual," he said. He smiled at me and added, "Even journalists, if they are competent and honest. I was born in Ménilmontant. It is a suburb of Paris, where working people live. I was scheduled to become what my brothers had become and what my father was, a working man. I started to learn to be an apprentice engraver, but I was thrown out of that because I had not my mind on it."

"What *did* you have your mind on?" I wanted to know.

"I wanted to become a young boy acrobat in the circus," he said. "I dreamed of that, but I didn't become one because I hurt myself practicing."

"What did you hurt?" I asked him.

"It was a bad accident," he said. "I hurt my leg and I smashed my face. Instead of making one somersault, I made one and a half and I landed on my nose and chin. After that my mother made me promise to stop acrobatics. It was then that I began to think that perhaps I should become a singer. I knew I had no voice, but the singers I listened to in the suburban music halls had no voices either, so I thought I could become one. Why not?"

"I'm interested in your voice," I said. "You've scored a success as a singer, yet by your own admission you really have none."

"Thank God! It was my good luck not to have any voice," he said. "If I had, I would have tried to be a singer who sings ballads in a voice like a velvet fog, but since I am barely able to half talk and half sing a song, it made me look for something to make me different from a hundred other crooners who are neither good nor bad. If I had had any voice, I would have been content to rest on my voice and learn nothing else. Since I had no voice, I had to find something that would hold the interest of the public."

"What did you find that you could do between songs?" I asked him.

"I cannot explain that," he said. "I know well when I get the interest of the people, but I can't explain how or why. If I had been crazy enough to just sing songs, I would have been the lousiest entertainer of the world. But I learned to talk to the people on the other side of the footlights and as I learned I began to understand that talking to them was not so much a question of voice as establishing human contact with them. One of the ways I learned to get in touch with an audience was by talking my songs to them before singing them. I discovered that, now and then, if I just talked the chorus of a song to the public, it was a surprise, and we on the stage live by surprising the public. That way I created a certain kind of atmosphere before I got into a song."

The best way to show your wife who's boss is to insist upon a raise in your lunch money.

KEN & PAT KRAFT

"Let's take the bit you did with Sophie Tucker on Ed Sullivan's show," I suggested. "You just sat there and reminisced with Sophie touchingly and appealingly. That's what got me. You did it with so much feeling."

"We did more than talk," he said. "She sang one of my songs and I sang one of hers. Ed had the idea of putting us together in an act because he knew Sophie liked me very much, and I loved Sophie, too, so I determined I was going to tell the American public what I thought of her and what kind of emotional message she brought me the first time I saw her. After that Sophie sang Mimi the way I sing it. In return I sang Some of These Days the way Sophie sings it. When I told her about my first meeting with her, it came from my heart because I cannot invent such things. When I finished, Sophie, who is a strong, solid performer, was crying silently and trembling like a girl."

"When did you think up your trademarks of a stiff straw hat and a protruding lower lip?" I asked.

"I've always had the stuck-out lip," he said; "I've sung with it without even thinking about it. The straw hat came about like this: When I was young, I was a low comedian." He paused and looked at me apologetically. "Excuse me for saying it," he said, "I wasn't bad looking off stage, but on stage always I made myself look like a clown. I wore pants too baggy or pants too tight, and the red nose to make myself much uglier than I was. Then, one day a French artist, Polaire, gave me some advice. Polaire was billed as the ugliest woman in the world, which was not right, because while she was not as pretty as a candy box, she was attractive. Anyhow, it was Polaire who told me, 'Maurice, you're not bad looking, so why do you always make yourself so ugly on the stage to make people laugh?'

"'Because, Polaire,' I said, 'if I did not put a red nose on and wear funny pants, people would not laugh.'

"'But you're wrong,' she told me. 'If you dress properly, in a tuxedo, and do the same jokes, you will be an even bigger success.'

"That was one of the most helpful things I have ever learned in my life. From that moment I had only to remember to sing instead of also being a baggy-pants comic. At first I sang in tails and a top hat, but that was too *très élégante*. Then I tried it the way the gentlemen dressed when they went to the races—with the checked trousers, the brown jacket and the top hat. That was also a little too much, so I decided to wear a tuxedo because a tux was in between a suit and an evening coat. The trouble was, once I had a tuxedo I wondered what hat I could wear, because I have always felt that I need a hat to sing on the stage. I don't know why, but if I do not have one I miss it."

"You still have lots of hair," I said, tentatively.

"If I were bald," he told me, "I wouldn't be ashamed of not having hair. I don't believe in being ashamed for anything physical that is not your fault. Then one day, in London, I saw a young fellow in a tuxedo and a straw hat. He looked so smart that I thought, *I do not need to look farther. There is my hat. It's a man's hat. It's a gay hat. It's the hat to go with a tuxedo.* From that moment I was never without a straw boater if I could help it, even when those hats went out of fashion. For many years I was the only performer who wore one. Now stiff straw skimmers are coming back in fashion again. You see them everywhere."

"The wheel goes round and round, but it comes back to the same place," I said.

"I'm glad that it happened," he said. "I've been defending the straw hat for forty years and it's nice to see my judgment vindicated."

"In 1956 you announced that you were going to make a tour of Scandinavia," I said. "After that you were going to come to the U.S.A. and make a movie, and then you were going to call it a day. What happened? You're going stronger now than you were two years ago."

"At that time of my life," he said, "I felt that I couldn't go much farther or higher in France. So perhaps I should say, 'I've done my best; now I'm going to retire.' Then it came to me that the real way to finish my career would be to come to America and try to be a success again as a new Chevalier, or perhaps the same Chevalier of the nineteen-thirties, but with twenty-five years' more experience. When that idea hit me, I knew I had to come; so at sixty-seven I came back to America to do a one-man show on Broadway and face another generation.

"I knew your era would have an affection for me because I am part of your youth," he said. "But I didn't know how young America would regard me. Maybe they would think me a has-been, or most frightening of all, a bore. But I faced up to it and I played six weeks on Broadway in a one-man show that was a success without being a triumph. Then I played six weeks at the Waldorf-Astoria and that was a triumph."

"Why was playing at the Waldorf different from your one-man show?" I asked.

He shrugged. "I don't know," he said. "Maybe they had to get accustomed to me all over again, and that took time. Then I went out to Las Vegas to sing for four weeks. I enjoyed that, but it's not down my street. Las Vegas has a special kind of public and it's a special kind of place. I did all right there, but that was not why I had to come back to America. My profession is not night clubs; it is the stage and the screen. After Las Vegas I did two spectaculars on TV, and I went back to France. I hadn't been there long when I was offered the part opposite Audrey Hepburn and Gary Cooper in Love in the Afternoon. It was Love in the Afternoon more than anything else that made my return to America pay off. A lot of young people who had heard their parents talk about me, but had never seen me themselves, saw me. I am beginning to have an audience of the older generation and the new generation mixed together like a *soufflé*. The success of Gigi helped that even more."

"You weren't quite as fatherly in Gigi as you were in Love in the Afternoon," I said. "You were a gay blade."

"I was supposed to be an old *boulevardier*," he said. "One of the first things I was told when I played Love in the Afternoon was this: 'Please do not do anything that will remind anyone of Maurice Chevalier the romantic star. We want to forget him.' But in Gigi, you see, I really play an older Chevalier, the fellow I've been all my life. So it was not difficult."

"You're going to have to revise your plans about retiring again," I told him.

He said, "I have now decided that I'll retire when I'm not enjoying entertaining any more."

"You must be enjoying it now more than ever," I said.

"I am," he said. "After this season I am going back to France feeling the way Georges Carpentier would feel if he came back to America at the age of sixty-five and won all of his fights. What has happened to me doesn't happen much, and it makes me terribly proud. As to when I will retire, I don't know. It may be two years, it may be three years; maybe five years. Maybe I will become a baroque of show business."

I wrestled with "baroque" for a while; then I got it. He meant Bernard Baruch.

"There's something else I'd like to ask you," I said. "You did a performance during the last war in a prison camp run by the Nazis. I wish you'd tell me about it."

"I will tell you," he said, "because you asked me, but it is an old story. It has been in every French paper."

"It hasn't been in every American paper," I said.

"At the end of 1941," he said, "I was asked to sing in the same prisoner-of-war camp where I had been kept a prisoner myself during World War One. My idea was to tell those prisoners not to be discouraged, because, after all, I had been a prisoner and, as they could see, I was still alive. At the same time I had intelligence enough to know that if I did that without asking for something in return, I would be suspected of helping the Germans, so I said, 'I will go and I don't want one penny for it, but I do want this: I want you to set free ten prisoners from my Paris suburb who are in that camp.' The Nazis said all right, so that was my price for singing there. That was why, at the end of the war when somebody tried to make something of it, nobody could."

"Some people tried," I said.

"I know," he told me. "But the people of Paris knew I had done nothing wrong. At the end of the war I walked out on a stage in Paris and I got a five-minute ovation before I opened my mouth. Also, my own fellow entertainers investigated my case and cleared me. If I had done anything wrong they wouldn't have done that.

"In World War One I was wounded and taken prisoner," he said. "Afterward

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I received the *Croix de guerre*, but first I was a prisoner for twenty-six months. In that prison camp I became friendly with another prisoner, a sergeant in the English army. Not knowing what else to do with my time, I told him, 'If you will teach me English, I will teach you French. That way we can pass the time away and we can go back to our countries a little bit wiser.' It didn't occur to me that I could use English in my stage work, because at that time I didn't think I had enough talent ever to come to England or America. But I studied very attentively, and when I went back to France, while I spoke English with a terrific accent, I could use my new knowledge to talk with the chorus girls in the Folies Bergère, who were mostly English. Anyway, when I learned English from that English sergeant, it was the greatest thing that ever happened to me. It helped take me first to London, and then to America for talking pictures."

"I have been doing a lot of research about you," I said, "but although she was very influential in your life, I can find very little mention of Mistinguett."

Like Liza Doolittle, in My Fair Lady, Mistinguett rose from flower girl to higher things. She entranced generations of mixed French and foreign audiences at the Folies Bergère, at the Casino de Paris, at the Moulin Rouge. She had a gravelly voice, but her personality was pungently Parisienne. Her legs, reputedly insured for $3,000,000, were long, slender, sleek, sexy. She made the song *Mon Homme* famous before Fanny Brice ever heard of it, and with an apache dance she did with Chevalier, scored an international hit. It was of this dance that she remarked, "He was more than just a partner; he was my whole life." She died in January, 1956, at eighty-two, in Bougival, a suburb of Paris.

"She meant everything to me," Chevalier said, "but nobody mentions her in America. She is not known here, although in France her story is known by everybody."

"If you'll help me," I said, "I'd like to tell people in this country about her."

"Some of your countrymen may have heard that there was a girl in France named Mistinguett," he said, "and Americans who visited Paris when she was alive know that she was the greatest Parisian music-hall artist who ever lived. When I met her I was very young, about twenty-one, I think. We were to play together at the Folies Bergère. To me, it was a very exciting assignment, because I had been secretly in love with her, as a fan, since I was twelve years old."

"A schoolboy crush?" I suggested.

He agreed. "But," he continued, "afterward, it was a man's crush. It was not very long before there was a love affair between us. She was very attractive, and I loved her madly, although she was thirty-six and I was twenty-one. People have said that she made me a star. That is not true. I was already a star of the younger generation. However, I learned much from her because she was a great *artiste*. She also brought me the dearest and biggest love a man can have."

Chevalier went on, "There are those who will tell you that Brigitte Bardot is a young Mistinguett. Brigitte has youth, she has beauty, charm and grace, but we'll have to wait for a few years to know about her talent."

"I don't think Brigitte is pretty," I said. "I call her The Pout."

"You are wrong there," Chevalier insisted. "Brigitte is pretty. She is more than pretty; she has that little body and those little ways of hers. She is probably the most authentically cute French girl of the moment, but that doesn't make her a Mistinguett. It makes her another Clara Bow. It makes her another Marilyn Monroe. For the rest, she will have to wait to see if she will grow in talent as well as popularity."

I pulled out a newspaper clipping and read, "'According to Maurice Chevalier, there are two kinds of people at every party. There are those who want to go home and those who want to stay. The pity of it is that quite often they're married to each other.' Some of my friends have trouble like this," I told him. "They've asked me to get you to comment on the subject."

"When I said it, it was supposed to be funny," he said, "but it's really tragic. One of the great difficulties of marriage is not to be of the same opinion, not to have the same kind of good time together on every occasion. It is hard, if not impossible, for people to adjust themselves to the going-home or staying-up habits of the other. It is a pity that men and women who are married cannot like the same things at the same hour in the same place."

"Don't you think that as a general thing it is the women who like to stay at a party later than the men?" I asked.

"You cannot generalize about that," he said, "because some women like to drink and some women like to talk and some women like to flirt. Women are so different you cannot make a flat statement about them."

"Some women just don't want to go home, period," I said stubbornly. "Sometimes at a big party it takes their husbands a half hour to get them on their feet, get their coats on and lead them out of the front door."

Chevalier veered away from the subject. "Speaking of big parties," he said, "I don't see why they should mean very much in anyone's life. When I go to one I try to look friendly and be polite, but I'd rather see the people I like in small groups so I can really talk to them instead of feeling like a bird in a big cage, chirping to the other birds who don't even listen to you."

"Do they have such an institution as the cocktail party in France or do they merely drink wine over there?" I asked.

"We have them," he said grimly. "But I have never liked them. When I go to a cocktail party I have to go because it's given by one of my friends or by some important producer, but if I do go I try to get two or three people I like into a corner and stay there with them. I don't like to go around and shake hands and smile and show my teeth and make small talk, because it sounds phony, even if I talk to friends I like very much. I have made it a law at my house never to have more than eight people to lunch, because eight are the most you still can talk with and still hear everybody talk and know what they're talking about."

"What about your dinners?" I asked.

"I don't give dinners," he said. "I like to go to bed early, but I give luncheons two or three times a week, to which I ask the most interesting people I know. I enjoy that."

"What time do you turn in when you're home?" I asked.

"I'm much older than you," he said, "and I've spent so many nights out that now my kick is when I don't have to work in the theater, to have dinner in bed. I look at television from my pillow or read a little; then I go to sleep early. Even if I wake during the night and read again and go to sleep again and wake up early in the morning, I still like that system. I can spend half a day in bed," he continued, "and keep interested and happy. One reason is that it has been my good fortune to choose a number of things to be interested in that I can still enjoy at seventy without making too many demands upon myself. The fact that I still have good health is luck—and moderation. I've never been a hog at anything. I've had my splendid share of everything, but I've never overdone it. I've been really drunk five or six times in my life, and I've been very ashamed of myself afterward. Any intelligent man must be ashamed when he knows he has been like that."

He went on, "I economize my strength and save it to use when it is important for me to use it. I'm usually calm in the daytime, because I know I will need my strength in my profession."

"You are lucky to have achieved that frame of mind," I said.

"I still don't say 'no' as many times as I should," he told me. "I say 'yeses' that I regret afterward. If my new success makes me the slave of publicity the way I see it enslaving other people, then I'll call it a day. I have never believed in the ridiculous situations publicity gets an entertainer into. I want to live the kind of life I believe in, not the phony kind of life some people would have me live, and I will still feel that way even if I play opposite Marilyn Monroe in the film Can Can (there is some talk of that). Pictures are really a second profession for me. My one-man shows are my pride. My family. My *raison d'être*. However, if I can become a good character actor in films, I will be proud of that too."

He wasn't doing badly, I thought. According to the Hollywood Reporter's Mike Connolly's analysis of the things which had made Gigi click: "In it the seventy-year-young Maurice Chevalier takes his place beside children and animals as one of the great scene-stealers of all time."

How We Would Strike Back (Continued from Page 25)

of this concept, of SAC's new pattern of readiness to strike back from world-wide bases so widely dispersed that no attack known today could knock them all out at once. An estimated third of its bombers are in a state of readiness similar to those down there on the line. Even if these bombers didn't get off, we would serve as an alarm to send bombers off from the many bases in undestroyed parts of the system.

To report these new developments for its readers, The Saturday Evening Post assigned me to cover operations from our new $350,000,000 air-base complex in Spain, of which Zaragoza is the newest and most advanced. That is why I am an ex-officio member of SAC Select Crew No. 91 on what practically amounts to front-line wartime duty.

Our aircraft commander is Lt. Col. Ernest Ticknor, a deeply tanned, dark-haired gunboat of a guy, six feet three and a little over 200 pounds. Sixteen years in the Air Force, Tick rates as one of the most competent pros in SAC, where you have to be good just to stick. The same goes for six-foot Maj. Grover Malone, the three-headed monster of the crew—bombardier, radar observer and navigator, a serious, responsible type who has navigated for twelve years. The tyro of the outfit is tall, skinny Capt. Forrest (Curly) Engle, the copilot, just learning the ropes in jets after years on the staff.

For better or worse, I am tied like a Siamese twin to these three six-footers during all of their duty hours. By day I wear an old flight suit. By night I sleep in my underwear, with the flight suit laid out in such a way that I can step into suit and shoes in a single leap.

A good thing to be that ready too. For one of the first alert drills caught us at 4:16 in the morning when dawn was just beginning to break over the horizon.

The pack exploded out of the building entrance into the half light and piled into shadowy covered vehicles soon recognizable in the growing dawn as nothing more mysterious than jeeps. Motors roared and we careered down the mile-long road.

Rolls of barbed wire loomed in our way, pierced by a narrow gateway and barred by a man with a gun. Beside me someone barked a password and the guard stepped back to let us pass. Now we shot out on the acres of concrete apron and, veering fit to tip over, the jeep screeched to a halt under the tip of one huge wing, and everybody hit the concrete.

Near the entryway to the cockpit, a power unit was roaring and another guard with a rifle waved us on. Tick swarmed up the ladder and into his seat to start hitting the starter buttons while the rest of the crew scurried around outside, doing last-minute chores. Last to board, I scrambled up the ladder just in time to see the sun peep over the horizon; then the door slammed shut behind me.

Into my aisle seat in the darkness. On with parachute and helmet. On with oxygen mask. Connect earphones and listen to the metallic squawking until a loud, clear voice breaks in: "Number Two ready to taxi."

That's us. Now the jet engines roar up, wheels move and we're ready to be off.

This was a Class B—"Bravo"—alert in which we carried our sprint only to the point of starting to taxi. But I knew that this crew had been assigned to a real target on the other end of the route and briefed on it day after day until the whole thing must be standing out in their minds at that moment. Thus, so realistic did the whole thing become that I suddenly got to wondering what it would be like if we did get over the target and the Russians did start shooting at us with all those nuclear missiles and things. I put it up to Tick, now sitting bareheaded and panting from his exertions, the sweat running down his face.

"Hey, Tick," I called up to him, "where do I drop out of this parade if we actually get the word go?"

That got the big laugh of the day.

"You can drive the jeep back to quarters and sack out," Tick replied; "that is, if there are any quarters there."

This mile sprint to the starting line gives a general idea of the fast getaway that is SAC's current answer to the missile threat, and the fact that we do our sprinting here in Zaragoza serves as one illustration of its wide dispersal policy. For Select Crew 91, this whole exercise began when Tick lifted a B-47—Aircraft No. 17066—off the runway at MacDill Air Force Base, near Tampa, Florida, at 6:50 o'clock one summer evening and pointed her nose toward Spain, 4000 miles away. Nine hours (*Continued on Page 55*)

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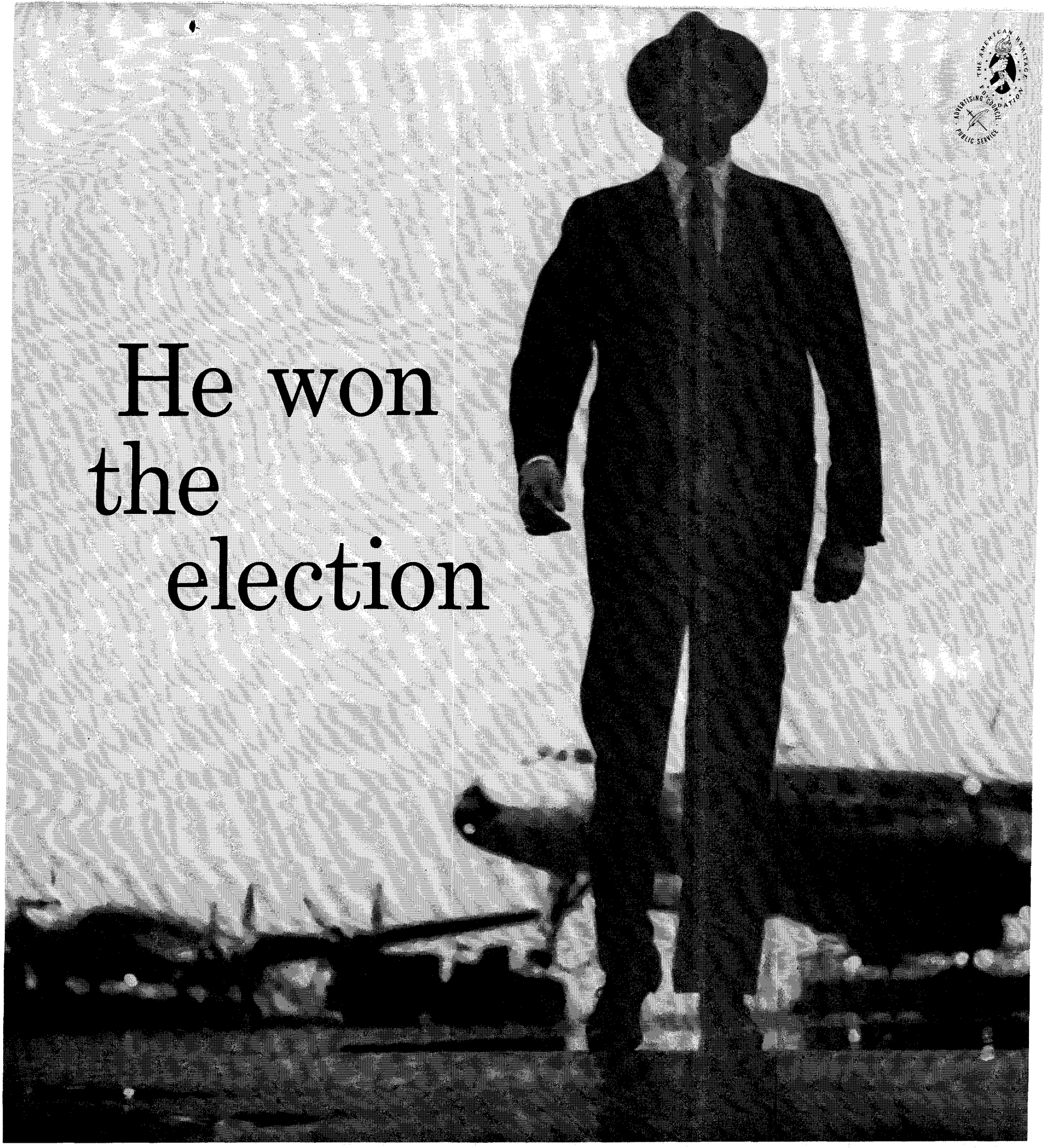
He won the election



but who paid his campaign expenses?

It takes money to keep politics clean, just as it takes money to make politics crooked. That's because campaigns cost money . . . and plenty of it. Political advertisements, campaign literature, radio and television time are all necessary in a free country to bring the issues before the voters. And none of these things are free. Somebody has to pay for them. Who? That's up to you. If you don't contribute, there are "special interests" who'll be glad to pick up the check. So this year, do more than just register, inform yourself, and vote. When your authorized party representative knocks at your door, give a dollar *or more! Don't pass the buck, give a buck . . . to the party—or candidate —of your choice!*

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(*Continued from Page 53*) and forty minutes later, on a single aerial refueling, he was going through his letdown procedure over the rugged, gorge-torn tableland of wrinkled mountains and tortured, parched, red-brown fields that is upper-middle Spain.

As Tick climbed wearily down the ladder at Zaragoza, he was met by Maj. Marshall Pulliam—the aircraft commander he would relieve—who marched up with shoulders back, right hand extended to shake and left hand holding an opened can of beer. Then, even before personal baggage from the cockpit could be collected and thrown on the lift truck, bedlam broke out on every side.

Maintenance crews swarmed over the big bird like angry bees. One crew began setting up electrical connections, readying the bomb bay to receive the huge outlines of the H-bomb. Another began replenishing the mixture of alcohol and water which is shot into the engines to augment take-off power. Another started putting on the racks for the thirty ATO—assisted take-off—bottles, fifteen on a side, which would also help skyrocket the plane into the air. She'd need everything she could get too—ATO, water and alcohol and fuel—for one of these great birds weighs 227,000 pounds loaded. And when one roars down the strip, throwing up clouds of dust and black vapor, it's really a wagon from hell.

In a little more than three hours, 17066 was cocked and ready to take off for trouble. In less than one turn of the clock, she had transferred her deterrent activities from one continent to another. They never let them stand idle.

How quick and simple this Reflex concept compared with the lumbering pre-Sputnik procedure known as the SAC Mobility Plan! Five years ago I saw this plan in action in Morocco and reported—THEY FLEW THE IRON-CURTAIN PATROL—for Post readers on a simulated 3000-mile mission along our outermost ring of defense.

At that time, the whole wing packed up and flew from the States for ninety days' operation. Forty-five aircraft, twenty refueling planes and thirty cargo ships—3000 people and 500,000 pounds of gear—took off into the blue and flung themselves into operation in Africa. Like picking up LaGuardia Airport and flying it over the ocean. Stupendous indeed, but since the Sputniks, like retaliating with Hannibal's elephant trains. Back then it took three full days to get going!

Today, the wing stays home at the mother base in the States. In this instance, the 306th Wing sends its planes to Zaragoza. In our present state of war readiness here, Reflex gives us those cocked birds down there on the strip at all times.

It gives us eighty specialists here on sixty- to ninety-day duty to keep the airplanes ready. Duty chiefs sleep in a little one-story building just outside the gate to the apron, and they beat the fliers to the planes. A skeleton crew of top brass comes over to run the whole thing—passengers in the jets themselves. There is also a skeleton contingent of tough young Air Police, quartered down at the entry gate. Not only do they guard the gate which gives access to the apron, entirely surrounded by barbed wire, but they also stand guard with rifles over the planes themselves. After a plane is made ready, not even the crew chief gets in.

Even the base is streamlined. No maintenance work at Zaragoza. No big hangars or shops. Just low-lying, modern brick buildings to house operations, headquarters, hospital, movie, PX and that's all. Everything about the area exudes an air of readiness. Even the autos are cocked, not parked—that is, they are backed diagonally into the curb so they can shoot forward on the alarm without loss of a second.

"This is the most serious place I've ever been in," said a homesick observer one night, and I could see what he meant. Especially when you get to brooding about the nature of the mission.

It is not true, as most of the public surmises, that SAC bombers are constantly kept in the air at forward bases, loaded and ready to head toward their targets. Such airborne alerts are not only prohibitively expensive but they are also operationally unfeasible, because the bombers could easily be caught with their fuel loads down and in no shape to make the big trip. Nor is it true, as I soon found out, that crews are living in trailers down near the end of the runway. Under present conditions, says the high command, it would detract too much from morale and physical tone. Besides, there isn't enough money.

Quarters are modern, roomy and well appointed, but so new that the Venetian blinds haven't come, and the light streams in the windows from early dawn till late dusk. High winds buffet the base constantly, and sand sifts in the open windows so surfaces are always coated. Sudden gusts slam doors and cause violent explosions. Similar explosions occur when troops coming back from leave slam in after hilarious nights in town, and music blares constantly from gigantic hi-fi sets down the hall.

I was assigned to room with Tick, and I liked him from the start. I find him something of a character and I guess he considers me a little peculiar too. We both grew up in the Midwestern black-dirt cornfields and both admit to the old saying, "You can take the boy away from the farm, but you can't take the farm out of the boy."

Tick is thirty-four and the Air Force is his life—or has been for sixteen years. He joined at eighteen, right off an Iowa farm and has never earned a living any other way. In World War II he went into B-29's, flew combat missions to Japan and shot up to squadron commander. After a lot of soul-searching in 1946, he accepted a permanent commission and never has been sorry.

"When I decide to do a thing, I keep going," he told me. "I'm a dedicated Air Force man."

He is, too, and though young in the service, has made some valuable contributions. In the late '40's, he helped pioneer hurricane reconnaissance in the Air Weather Service, then interrupted for study at the University of Iowa, where the Air Force sent him. In 1950, flying a jet B-45, he set a distance and endurance record in refueling and showed the way in boom-type refueling techniques on which the B-47 program was predicated. He has flown 4500 hours. Grover Malone has 3500 hours and is also an experienced career man. He has served on evaluation boards which size up and rank other crews.

Other aircraft commanders and observers are of much the same cut as Tick, though few have as many hours in jets. Maj. Marshall (Pete) Pulliam, across the hall, although a leading prank player and noisemaker, still has a very dignified record. He is a West Pointer, Class of '45, and, among other things, pioneered the development of the SAC low-level bombing technique. This represents quite a trick, in which the plane tosses the nuclear bomb ahead of it, so to speak, then zooms up and rolls out to high-tail it off in the other direction.

The aircraft commanders and observers do or have done about everything. Lt. Orville Vereen, a pilot, was captain of the Georgia Tech football team and has played in three bowl games. Maj. Joe Gant used to be an opera singer. Curly was a statistician. Pete's observer, Maj. Marcel (Mark) D'Amico, holds a degree in business management from Rutgers University. From dealing with elemental situations and mechanical things, Mark, like others in these SAC crews, has developed an analytical ability that would be the envy of any management consultant.

Hard as nails, Tick can fly seventeen hours at a stretch and be as bright as a new dollar after a few hours' sleep. His speech is a combination of homely Midwest dialect, streamlined Air Force vernacular and unexpected, drawling wisecracks.

There is something of Li'l Abner in Tick, not only in temperament but in appearance. Like Li'l Abner in the Broadway show, he is always playing hooky to go fishing. Just a few days before he was due to leave on this tour, he went off deep-sea fishing with Orville Vereen, much to the freely expressed disgust of his wife, Irene.

"We caught two hundred fish," says Tick, "but my wife very nearly divorced me. Howsomever, I insist on my right to do that kind of thing if I want to."

As long as he makes such points clear, Tick is really a devoted family man and he can't spend too much time with his sons Wayne, four, and Tommy, six months old. He looks at life as a realist and, though he was brought up with a strong religious training, he says he'll never be anything but a foxhole Christian himself. However, he's determined to give his boys a chance at religion, and Sunday-school attendance has brought Wayne to the point where he's always asking a lot of embarrassing questions.

"He asks if I fly up where God is, and I tell him, yes, God and I do have serious conferences up there. We do, too, on those dark, stormy nights over the Atlantic when I think maybe I've missed my tanker and the fuel is running low.

"One day Wayne's pet chicken died, and the poor kid felt so bad about it that, just to ease the sting, I told him God had taken the chicken away—up to where He is. Then, much to my surprise, the boy

NEXT WEEK

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got real mad and wanted to go up there and punch God on the nose."

Tick is a great talker, and I keep wandering in on bull sessions where he's in the midst of some dissertation on flying. All the troops spend a lot of time sitting around telling war stories—mostly accounts of their hairy experiences refueling in weather on commuting trips across the Atlantic.

"That Atlantic crossing has got to be a common thing, but it's never easy," says Tick. "My hairiest experience was refueling one night on a January crossing. The soup was solid, but we had to hit those tankers down there or go on into the drink. When I came whistling out of the overcast, the air was full of airplanes. Everyone and his brother had penetrated to those tankers at the same time. St. Elmo's fire was jumping out at me and we were running through so much turbulence that I didn't know whether we were upside down or backward.

"About that time, God reached out and got me by the shoulder and we got hooked up at last, but it wasn't any bargain. You have to move a 200,000-pound plane around a foot at a time in one of those situations and, when I got loose from that tanker, I didn't have a dry stitch on me. I don't shake too easy, but that time I was really talking to myself.

"Sometimes, after one of those things, you feel there isn't enough money in the world to make you do it again. But then the troops start talking war stories and you figure they had it worse than you. So, the human organism being what it is, you find yourself doing it all over again."

The trials and tribulations of TDY—temporary duty away from home—get a going-over in these bull sessions, and invariably this gets all wound up with the attitudes of the wives toward their husbands' being away from home so much.

"My wife is always asking me why I have to sacrifice myself to save the world when all our friends lead nice normal family lives," said one of the aircraft commanders.

No one seemed to know the answer to this in any of the bull sessions I sat in; everybody was always able to think of a lot more pleasant and profitable ways to make a living. I think I know one of the answers; I believe that most of these fellows feel there's an important job to be done for the free world. And we're all pretty lucky that they do.

Things are a lot better now for the SAC wives—or "wheels-up widows," as they are called—for their husbands are away only a few weeks, whereas they used to be away three months and sometimes a good deal longer.

A short stretch of Reflex duty and you're talking to yourself. You start out resolved to be real intellectual and improve your mind no end. You study Spanish and French. You read deep technical manuals. You catch up on your correspondence. And then the situation deteriorates to poker, pinochle, model airplanes and lame-brain science fiction. Then you go on weird kicks where you read whodunits all night and try to sleep all day. About four days of this and the boys begin to get on one another's nerves. One night Grover got real mad at Pete Pulliam because Pete held a lighted cigarette against Grover's leg till it burned right through the pants. When the whole thing seems intolerable, a blessed leave period comes along.

The boys find Spain a paradise for the man who has leave—and money—to spend. There are all kinds of places to go and all kinds of things to buy. Baggage racks on home-going bombers are piled high with mantillas, shawls, swords, jewelry, purses, leather goods, gloves and even a few pieces of furniture—all at prices so low you wouldn't believe me if I told you.

On leave, my crew set a pace that had my tongue hanging out. Provincial bullfights in the afternoon, cocktails where dinner ought to be, dinner where bedtime ought to be and flamenco dances later. The late hours in Spain nearly killed me. Three or four days of leave, and I was ready to go back on duty again.

On duty, alerts sound once a day and you never know when it'll be. After a couple of days, you find yourself half listening, ready to jump, all the time. There are all sorts of false alarms. One crew took off out the door when someone flushed a loud toilet.

You start sitting in a chair pointed toward the door for a real fast getaway. You don't dare lay down your spectacles. Might leave them lying there. Put them in your pocket. Put everything in your pockets. If you have to empty your pockets, put everything in your hat. Then you can just grab the hat and run.

You find yourself listening—listening for the gong. And then you unconsciously find yourself listening for something else. Could it be for the big blast? Then you find yourself wondering, *Would I hear it if it hit us?* And then in the midst of your thoughts, it comes—that raucous SCRAA-SCRAA-SCRAA—the horn.

One caught me playing hooky one day—for a snoop around the control room while my pals were having siesta. So I stayed to watch the thing tick.

All alerts are called by headquarters in Omaha, Nebraska, and whipped out over SAC's lightning communications system in less than a minute and a half.

As relayed by squawk box from Madrid, the message now begins coming in to us in the same way as all messages start: "Prepare to copy."

Codes then begin to come in, telling the type of alert, the time and the active runway. At that point the horn is sounded, and in the control room the staff throws itself into a frenzy of activity, notifying all pertinent base points on the phone.

Just to see the whole alert panorama in action, I take a run up to the control-room roof and watch things begin to happen.

Already, the jeeps are speeding down the pike in a tight little line, like a toy train coming around the curves. Right. Right again. Left. Now the ambulance dutifully falls in at the rear, and everybody wheels down the stretch to the gate.

But long before the jeeps get there, two pickup trucks loaded with crew chiefs slither through the entrance and make the rounds of the bombers, dropping a chief at each plane. Starting units roar into action. Now with siren wide open, a great red fire truck lumbers down the apron and lines up facing us along the strip, with the ambulance beside it. All ready for disaster if it comes.

Down by the gate a big sign goes up telling the type of alert, the time and the active runway. Another similar sign, atop a fast pickup truck, slices around the field, and a loud-speaker on the truck also blares out the same information.

Now the jeeps begin filing through the gate. Then each one shoots off on a tangent toward its particular plane. Each jeep scoots up to the ladder, discharges the pilot and copilot at the door. Now the observer, who always drives, circles and parks the jeep out of the way of the wing—and heads pell-mell for his plane.

Once each plane's crew chief has been delivered, the pickup trucks patrol back and forth from plane to plane, pausing momentarily with their specialists in front of each, to see if any help is needed. All the while, threading its way through traffic, goes the little sound truck with its big sign—loud-speakers still blaring the word. Such is the start of a mission.

Back in the control room reports begin to come in. We hear that the first crew moved its wheels in just three minutes and fifteen seconds. Amazingly fast, considering that mile-long trek from quarters. First to report, as usual, is the crew headed by Capt. George Warner and including 1st Lts. Frank Harrod and Jim Hawkes. Invariably they are first. Our spies are covering them day and night to find out what they do, but so far the secret is intact.

Each day, I watch these thundering Reflex herds beat down the minutes on a new alert. Each day I listen in on briefings for the day's missions, complete even to the weather over the target. Each day I watch my crew walk into one of those little target-study booths and get the latest intelligence on their particular target. All this up-to-the-minute preparation creates such a sense of urgent reality that you find yourself beginning to wonder what would happen if a crew really did take off and point its nose toward Russia.

But these crews are rigidly held in harness and could not take off on a false alarm. General misunderstanding of this procedure—widely publicized as the Fail Safe system—arose after the recent Russian charges in the U.N. that United States bombers were taking off over the Pole for Russian targets and depending on radio signals to call them back.

All of this is the bunk. In the first place, United States bombers are not flying at Russia's throat over the Pole. In the second place, this procedure is not called Fail Safe, but Positive Control. And it works just the other way around.

This is how it actually functions.

As soon as members of Select 91 have the code word, they would wait to receive—before reaching enemy territory—a radio message containing this code word. This and only this would tell them to proceed and bomb their target. And even this would have to be authenticated by subsequent radio communication just to make doubly sure.

If the code word were not received, Select 91 would turn back and land at Zaragoza.

Rehearsing these missions month after month leads crews to take fantastic precautions against making a mistake. But they explain that the hydrogen bomb is perfectly safe with present precautions, because it has to be armed by a deliberate and complex sequence. The TNT that detonates the bomb could go off and this would create a king-sized blockbuster—but not a nuclear blast.

As I said good-by, I asked crew members how they feel about carrying the hydrogen bomb.

"I'm on pins and needles every time I crawl into a plane with one of those things aboard," Mark D'Amico told me. "The damn thing gives a fellow an almost unbearable sense of responsibility. If it's a matter of my country's survival, I'll drop it without compunction. But I hope the whistle never blows. I don't want to wipe out a city."

There are critics who say that SAC shouldn't put all its eggs in the strategic basket alone—shouldn't depend entirely on the threat of hitting Russia with that big deterrent. But SAC says the idea is right.

"How could you land in Lebanon with practically a handful of marines the way we did unless they were backed up by a powerful threat?" asks a top general of SAC. "It's just such units as those in Spain that allow us to do it without a gigantic shielding force. Those bombers you saw out there on the line are the thing that gives our diplomats something to work behind."

Marriage Crisis (Continued from Page 24)

"Larkin got worse and worse."

"You mean you got worse and worse until he took you up on it." She decided the baby had had enough, or perhaps both of them had, and got up neatly, with woman's special strength. "Your dear old buddy, Brace, is in the same boat, isn't he?"

"Brace got laid off, with a lot of other guys."

"All right; then he was on the square this time, for a change." As she went out, she threw back, "I hope both of you have good fishing. But I'll sink that boat, if I have to put more rocks in your head to do it."

Red went toward the kitchen for another brew, but the ring of the phone stopped him on the way. It was Brace. His old buddy said, "Alice told me you called this aft."

"Yeah. I called while I was waiting to sign up."

"She told me. Tough luck, but maybe we can make something out of it. Come around tomorrow. Some beers, some friendly poker. And we'll plot some fishin'. I got a line on a good boat. Friend of mine knows a guy."

"O.K., sure."

It didn't seem right that this boat talk should have come up right now, after what Milly had said. It gave him a superstitious feeling that made his spine itch.

"Listen," said Brace, "why not come over tonight?" He broke off, and then his voice wasn't as Red remembered it. "I'm a little lonely and sort of shook up. Don't know what's wrong with me."

Red hesitated, disturbed by that voice, and then said, "Sorry, Brace, but this's my bowling night with the boys from the shop. You know that."

"You still on the team?"

"Sure. They told me when I left, they couldn't do without me tonight. We're in the stretch, the league finals."

"O.K. Tomorrow."

Milly was surveying Red from the doorway when he hung up. She was leaning on the frame with one elbow. It was a challenging position, and he could not help but contrast it with the graceful way she ordinarily came to him at this time of night, patting his cheeks, laughing up at him, saying, "Big Red going off to bowl and leave me alone?" And he'd insist, "Say the word and I won't go." And she'd laugh: "Sure. I can see that." "Wanna bet?" And seriously, she'd say, "You go have your fun—all work and no play ——"

But now: "No bowling," she said tensely.

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He felt a sharp feeling in his stomach, of guilt and rebellion. "Things ain't that bad."

"It doesn't matter how they are. You have to stay home tonight."

"The team ——"

"You just resigned from the team." She dropped her elbow. With her hands close to her sides, she looked smaller than ever. He started toward her, goaded by a force that wanted to appease her. She held her palms out flat, and he stopped as if she had made a magic wall spring up. "I've seen this coming," she said, "so I have a job. I told Liz Banning—she's up the street—I told her last Thursday, to see if the toy factory had a place. She said yes, the boss said I could come in any time this week or next. Liz goes at six—it's six to twelve, on the assembly line—and I'm going with her."

He literally staggered. "We ain't in the hole. Milly, you don't have to do that."

The toy factory was famous in the neighborhood. It put out shoddy items and a great deal of its help was recruited from wives whose husbands didn't clear the money for the mortgage, the car payment, the food and the maddening miscellaneous. When your wife went with the toy factory, it was an unpleasant declaration.

"You're not going!" he shouted.

"Try and stop me."

"I'll stop you if I gotta sit on you."

The baby started to cry. Milly went back into the bedroom. He could hear her crooning to the child. It beat the heck out of him. She was using the other voice—the nice one of fire in the dark, warm and tender.

He didn't stop her; she stood on the edge of something, and he was afraid that to hold her back would be to do something to her that he could never change. She went out, trailing his ego behind her as if it were a tattered rope that had snapped. He ate some cold cuts and bread, and finished the last of the cans of beer. He sat in front of the television, but there was a screen on in his mind, and he mostly saw its story.

That first boss had said, "How old're you?"

"Fourteen."

"You gotta say you're sixteen."

"O.K., so I'm sixteen."

He used to hustle in those days. Well, didn't he always hustle until the boss started to make him a football?

He remembered how it had been. Pop couldn't work so good; first it was the varicose veins and then the kidneys. Always something. And he, Red, had hustled. But he'd had his good times too. Some of the best times he could think of were when the boss got to be a pain and the air was good outside and you could think of fishing or walking the beach—just walking. He'd done that lots of times, and old Brace had helped him. "Unlax," old Brace had said. They'd have two of them small pies with them and a quart of milk, and Brace with his harmonica. It had been plenty good under the trees on a road they got to with the jalopy, or on the beach. And after a lazy day, they'd walk along taking a good look at the girls and wishing they had beer and 'burger money. They both made out pretty good, especially Brace back then, a mechanic as good as he was, and Red had been good in the tool shops. But it was first one thing and then another: his folks and sis and his brother Carl who got hurt—one thing and another until he got drafted.

That hadn't been bad at all. He'd been in ordnance and got three stripes, and the sack time was the most he'd ever had except when he got fired. He could still remember with pleasure just stretching out in the sack of an afternoon, making himself as long as possible, and then sort of shrinking in and falling away down a long, steep hill, as if he rolled in grass in a gathering darkness until finally there was nothing left but one quick flash of sweetness and then he was gone. Pretty good.

Then Milly. They had the kid and got the house and the car, and Milly had taste like nobody's business in furniture, and they got suites of furniture that couldn't be matched in the neighborhood even by those older people like the Carrews.

But it kept on happening—the boss kick. Everything would be fine, and then the shop wouldn't seem the same and he'd know the boss was getting on his back again. He'd get so that all he thought about was how long in this life he'd have to work here with the boss on his back and make money, money for this and money for that, and after a while he couldn't stand it any more. Milly couldn't understand. That was the only trouble. She couldn't understand.

So he had thought that night, sitting and waiting until Milly got home at twelve-thirty. She didn't look so hot, he thought, but she wouldn't let him do anything for her.

She went in and looked at the baby and then went to bed. He sat up and watched the late late show.

In the morning he tried to talk to her, but it didn't work. He said he'd get a job as soon as he could. But she said that wasn't good enough.

"It ain't good enough? What do you want?"

"Security."

"Security schmurity. Who has it?"

She clenched her hands. "Listen. If you were working someplace and the business closed down, I wouldn't like it, but I could take it. We'd do our best. Or if one of us got hurt. We'd just do our best. But I want at least the security, for me and the baby, of knowing you're a man who tries."

He felt astounded. "I don't try?"

"Not for long enough!"

He was about to protest, but then saw the tears in her eyes. "Red," she said, "it's—it's like tempting fate—tempting fate—to throw away good jobs." She made him feel funny. "Tempting fate," she said. "I don't believe there are that many jobs. I believe that after a while a man uses up all the ones he's supposed to get. I can't help it—I've seen it—and that's the way I feel."

He felt stammering and uncertain. She gave him an insight into an ugly picture. Mr. Carrew, next door, was an older guy. And he had no job and couldn't get one. He played with his lawn all the time, and had beer on Saturday nights out of money his wife made baby-sitting. And Carrew was a machine-shop man like him.

As to Beauty

Is beauty unadorned
adorned the most?
It is hard to say. It may be
no admixing
Can aid pure loveliness.
But this I know,
A homely face does better
with some fixing.

Clara Aiken Speer

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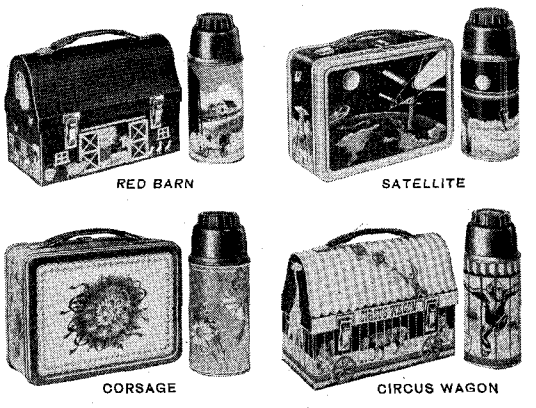

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"You're talking crazy," said Red. "Milly, honey, I'm young and strong. If Larkin hadn't of ——"

She got up and walked away.

That afternoon he went to see old Brace, and it was as if time had turned back. It was relaxed here. At first he had thought Brace's eyes looked peculiar and he had pumped his hand too much and too hard, but that must have been his imagination. Brace wore bare feet and his wife, Alice, wore sandals. They brought out the beer and chips and a deck. They sat in the kitchen and played draw for pennies. Red wasn't about to compare favorably the way they kept their house with the way Milly kept hers, but maybe Milly overdid it sometimes. Brace had been out for quite a while, but the beer man hadn't overlooked them. After Red had a few he lamented about the lack of brew at his own place and Milly's attitude about it. "She says no beer until I go to work. And I used up the last."

Alice was shuffling the deck. "We don't have it all the time," she said. "We got it because you were coming over. Cut."

Red cut, feeling strange. Before this, Brace and his wife had laughed when they were broke.

At three they all had a bologna sandwich. The card game had seesawed back and forth. And it was often almost forgotten in laughter and talk. The doorbell rang stridently at three-thirty, and Alice lifted a cautioning hand. "It's him again." She pulled the Venetian blinds so that they could not be seen.

"What's the matter?" asked Red.

Brace made a face. "The collection man."

The room took on the austere silence of an empty church. Red found himself fretting. The collection man had a vigorous thumb. The sound of the bell laced the silence with trouble.

"That'll drive me crazy," said Brace.

Alice sighed. "I'll go talk to him."

Brace shook his head. "It's up to me to do." He left the kitchen, hoisting up his pants like he used to when he and Red were running around and expected trouble from somebody.

There was a silence, rent by a big yell. Red jumped up to go help his old buddy. But before he could leave the table, Brace bounced into the room, tugging a huge middle-aged Swede behind him. "Sven, you know Alice," said Brace. "Sven, meet my old pal, Red. . . . Red, this's Sven—he came to pick me up. . . . Alice, pour a glass for Sven."

Alice stared at the big, lumpy Swede. "You're taking him on?"

"Yah. I need good man. Good mechanic. Come on," he said to Brace. "Ve got to go."

"I've got your work clothes," said Alice. "They're all clean."

"Two minutes," Brace said to the Swede. . . . "Red, buy him a beer."

There was a breathless five minutes; Brace appeared in pressed denims and cord-soled work shoes. Sven drank down his big glass of beer in a few gulps.

Alice kissed Brace good-by. "When'll you be home, honey?"

"Ven we get tru," Sven answered for him.

"Finish the brew," Brace called back to Red, as he followed the Swede out.

Alice and Red sat down. Alice sighed. Red looked at her closely, and saw she looked worn but happy. She wasn't quite the same Alice that he remembered.

Finally, the silence got oppressive, and Red broke it by saying, "I never saw Brace so het up over a job before."

Alice looked at her hands. She said simply, "They get more valuable."

After that, Red couldn't take his sack time. He had always been a good conscientious sleeper, but it was gone. The gift of it had somehow been snatched away from him. While Milly was at work in the evenings he sometimes fell into moments of doze, but he woke from them swiftly with his heart pounding and sweat on his forehead. He began to envision a continuity of work, if he could attain it, or, at least, a continuity in his wish to have it. He couldn't forget his afternoon with Brace. And he felt lonely—more lonely than he ever had felt before. He had felt perfectly justified in leaving Larkin, not trying to hold on, not keeping the argument down, but letting it rise to the firing point. Then he had signed up with Unemployment even before he had come home, assuring his family of the compensation as soon as possible. And he had known that he wasn't deeply in debt and that he could carry on for a while on Unemployment and then get another job. That had been it before, and he could wonder why it should not be again.

He told himself this, but the good ring was not in it. Old fatigue, that inhabited his body from the childhood past, rose up in him and urged him to the only kind of rest he had ever had—the kind that came because there was no hope for it, because he was tired and had to rest until he got in the mill again.

But the fatigue was like ashes. It choked him, and he didn't want it. He began to look at the ads. And he felt as if he must lift a mountain, because a mountain was sitting on small Milly, who worked with the child and the house in the day, refusing his clumsy efforts to help, and then went out to the toy factory for half the night. And communication between them broke down: Milly started to harp about the chance he had to go with her brother, who owned a bar and grill. She admitted that Joey was a suspicious slave driver, "but that's why you got a chance to go with him," she said. "He don't like you, but he feels he can trust you."

"He don't like anybody, even himself."

"He can't get anybody in there that don't drink up, give away or steal the profits."

"They got to get back at him some way."

If he never worked as long as he lived, it wouldn't be with Joey. He'd as soon cut his own throat with a dull spoon at sunrise. Couldn't Milly understand that? He guessed she couldn't, and it gave him some kind of relief to feel imposed on and misunderstood. But then, on Saturday night, nothing would help—he felt as if he were going to bust wide open. He had driven to the beach alone, in the afternoon, and had arrived home at five. The baby was already in bed. A fragrance of celebration came from the master bedroom. He stopped in the doorway, conscious of the slight stubble on his cheeks. Milly was making up, and the fragrance was the special perfume he had bought her a year ago. Twenty-five bucks.

Grinning, he went up behind her and kissed her slender neck. She stiffened. Pretending not to notice, he admired her in the mirror, as her eyes came up in the glass and met his.

"We having a private racket for Saturday night?" he asked.

"I made you a cold dinner," she answered; "it's in the refrigerator. Things you like."

She did her lips.

"I don't get it."

She judged her lips and found them well done. "Us working girls are going out."

"Oh, so?"

"Oh, so."

"Suppose I don't like it?"

"Suppose you don't," she said.

He stood tall and red and sizzling behind her. She regarded him coolly in the mirror. "Remember bowling night?" she asked. "All work and no play?"

He answered with his immobile silence.

"Did I kick?" she asked.

He answered with his motionless, disturbed hulk.

"I work day and night," she said. "And so do the girls I'm having drinks and dinner with. This's ours, and we're taking it."

It was strangely like a conquest. He could have grabbed her, hurt her or pleaded. But a sense of justice rushed through him, as cold as the arctic and as implacable. He remembered the easy congeniality of the bowling nights, going off with the boys as if he deserved it, and maybe he had. Shocked, staring at himself in the mirror now, twice or three times her size, he saw himself lost in the rightness of her cause.

"Have a good time," he said.

After she left, he had walked around and walked around, miserable, thirsty and lonely. Then the bad thoughts began. Guys at the bar. Working guys. It was Saturday. Guys who thought they deserved the night out. The girls. Then one guy: "Hey, buy that dame a drink—the little one—the dark one—you know."

Milly, thinking about it. Take it, don't take it? Feeling daring—relieved, you know—out after a tough week—what the heck?

Milly?

He paced around and around, and decided on the people next door, the Carrews. With the windows open, he could hear his kid, and the Carrews had beer on Saturday night and liked somebody to talk to.

The Carrews weren't so friendly tonight. Mrs. Carrew opened the back door when he knocked and said, "Oh, it's you!"

What was the matter with that?

"Yeah, it's me."

From behind her, Tony Carrew said, "Who is it?"

"Red."

The silence was not good.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Red?" asked Mrs. Carrew.

She didn't step back from the door, and her eyes were funny. Red didn't know what to say. He began and stuttered. Said, before her odd gaze, "Well, Milly's out, and I thought ——" And trailed off.

Mrs. Carrew blinked painfully, and then, in a stiffening voice, Tony Carrew called out, "Have him come in, Grace! Have him come in." He came forward as he spoke, and gently pushed his wife aside. "Come on in, Red."

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

A pitcher may move temporarily from the mound to the outfield. But may a first baseman shift to second base for a single play? This question required a National League interpretation this year. Here, in hypothetical setting, is what happened.

Say Chicago holds a 3–0 lead in batting against the Redlegs in the third inning. Bobby Thomson singles to left. With pitcher Johnny Briggs next at bat, a sacrifice is obviously in order.

In a new defensive twist, Redleg manager Birdie Tebbetts orders first baseman George Crowe and second baseman Johnny Temple to switch positions. The switch is promptly challenged by Cub Manager Bob Scheffing. He cites Section 1.14, which prohibits the wearing of mitts by fielders other than the catcher and first baseman. Tebbetts, however, upholds Crowe's right to cover second base with his mitt by quoting Section 4.03c: "Except the pitcher and the catcher, any fielder may station himself anywhere in fair territory."

If you were umpiring, how would you rule?

(See page 60 for answer)

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In the kitchen, Mrs. Carrew bustled about. She was making small sandwiches. She was fluttering like a hurt hen. She was unwilling to look at either of them.

Tony Carrew motioned Red to sit down at the table. He brought out a quart of beer and a quart of whisky. He got the glasses, poured.

"Health."

"Health," said Red.

Red was curious. The atmosphere here was as strange as that around his own home. But why? The Carrews couldn't have contempt for him because he was out of work. Tony Carrew hadn't worked in eight months. And he was always talking about discrimination against people beyond forty, and Red had listened to it all and sympathized.

Carrew said pointedly, "Red, I'm sorry, but we have people coming over. The—the older bunch."

Red saw the two quarts of liquor and the rest of the case of beer that had not fitted into the refrigerator. "A party?"

Tony Carrew was beefy in body, but his face was lean. He had looked haunted for quite some time, but he didn't tonight. There were points of rosy color on his cheekbones. He seemed like a man holding himself in. He seemed like a happy man who suddenly was disturbed with the unexpected. His wife was working away with great energy, but with anxiety.

Carrew settled large brown eyes on Red, and said, "I might as well tell you. You'll hear it anyway."

"Hear what?"

Carrew looked toward his wife, but she kept her back to them. Carrew cleared his throat. "I—I got a job."

"Good." He didn't make it bigger because something queer was going on here.

Carrew looked at him with a burst of pained honesty. "I got your job, Red."

"My job?"

Carrew looked embarrassed, but a basic jubilance would not run away. He played with his hands, then put them on the table as if they were bad children.

"Damn it, you know how you do. Last time it was the hunting season. You know how you do."

"You—you can't blame us—you can't," said Mrs. Carrew, working too hard.

"Red," said Carrew, "I knew. I knew and waited. When you come home the other day—when you done that, I took off for your shop." He looked at his silent hands. "I figured your boss was mad. I figured nobody else would have got there yet. I figured he'd take on a guy, like that"—and he suddenly lifted a hand and snapped his fingers—"and I—I was right."

The place was shaking, and when it stopped, everything seemed to be in place.

Even Mrs. Carrew had turned and was looking at him, levelly and brave. And a slight gentle smile, like a thanks, was on Carrew's face.

"I figured on telling you, Red."

"You had a perfect right!"

"I wasn't watching like a vulture, Red. I mean, I didn't—I didn't mean to be that way, but, you see—well, I took what came along."

"Why not?"

Was it the drink or what was it? Everything was moving again, and he didn't know where it was going.

But he could see that these two people were happy. And then he heard their bell, and Mrs. Carrew slipped away, and then there were happy, congratulating voices at the door, and Tony Carrew was looking at him, and he knew what was expected of him.

"Thanks for the drink." He took the knob of the back door in his hand.

"If you want to stay, Red ——"

"No, no, the kid ——"

"'Night, Red."

He looked at the kid. Heavily, but smiling. He went out and clicked on the television, and turned it off. He put the lights low. Walked around. Strangely, he didn't feel too disturbed, even when the bright laughter came in from the Carrews'. It was O.K. He was a young guy, and it could be O.K.

There was a law. That was it—there was a law. That was a law that was in a man, and it said you worked. It said you were tired once, and maybe it was O.K., but it said you didn't keep on that way. Because the law said if you figured you were still tired, then you'd never rest. It said you went on because there was no other way. It said you were honest. You didn't kid yourself or Larkin or your wife, and you didn't cheat your kid. The law said you had to produce or else you didn't have any energy; it said you had to work to sleep. You just had to give to get; simple as that.

Last cigarette. Wryly he crumpled the pack and tossed it into the wastebasket.

They sure were having a time next door. But the kid was sleeping right through it. With a full tummy like that, why not? What a man he'd be.

If someday I had my own shop. And it came, eager, hurting, wild. Save, work, save, build, think of new tools—a shop of his own—and then someday the kid ——

Couldn't do that resting on your butt with Uncle footing the bill.

He waited, and seemed to rest, and dwelt on harsh, powerful, wonderful futures—and then the front door opened, and it was Milly.

She was flushed—and he thought jealously for a moment of the good time she must have had. But she was dancing around like a brat, nodding and feeling gay, and peered at him with delight and secrecy. "Look on the top step."

"Look for what?"

"Just look."

He went out and looked and stopped and brought in the two packages. Only a dopenik wouldn't have known what they were: a tall cardboard container of beer and an immense pizza pie.

He put them on the kitchen table, and then Milly flung herself into his arms. "It was lousy, lousy, except when I got these for you! Lousy, lousy! Oh, honey, but I wanted to torture you!"

"Beer, and pizza."

Excitedly, she said, "With everything—the works—except fish."

He laughed and hugged her. "I can go for it, darling," he said, "and I got news for you. Listen, honey, get out the glasses and I'll open the pie. Honey, I have something to tell you I thought out. There's a law. A law about a man and work. That's what I want to tell you."

She put the glasses on the table and he opened the pizza pie and they sat down to talk. "To start off," he said, "let's be intellectual. What is security? It's knowing that you believe in somebody and he's doing his best. Right? I mean, you can't do better."

"Right," she said, lifting a wedge of the Italian pie and folding the sides inward so none of the marvelous juice would be lost.

But Red looked at the beer and the pie and suddenly didn't want it. It seemed too easy to sit here and talk again with Milly and enjoy himself. He hadn't done anything to earn it.

"Do you suppose Joe's still holding down the joint?"

"Saturday night? Natch," she said, watching him.

"What's the number?"

She told him, and waited while he called. He came back, and gave her a funny grin. "He says there's a party and if I get down there fast I can help him with it."

"I'll have coffee and your pie for you when you get back."

At the door, he gave her a long kiss. "I can still smell that perfume."

She smiled. "It lasts. You never did buy me anything cheap."

He swung off to the car and was on his way. He didn't feel lonely any more.

The Man Who Bought People (Continued from Page 31)

twelve, blond, tawny-tanned, with a well-sunburned nose. This must be Brand's boy whom Mr. Reed mentioned. I smiled, thinking he'd speak. But, no. Instead, he silently appraised my rather battered old car. Now, who had taught a boy of that age to sneer? He went off down the slope toward the village.

The maid who answered the door—distinctly no Satuit woman—showed me into a sort of office-study: gray steel desk and chairs, gray carpeting and walnut-paneled walls. Yes, Mr. Brand was expecting me. Waiting, I saw again from the windows the blue harbor, the black galiot, and the white houses of the village.

My instructions weren't too precise. I'm with a firm of architects, a firm with traditions: McKay, Reed and Stansfield. Yesterday Mr. McKay called me into his room. Mr. Reed was there too.

"Morning, Ned. Didn't you Blairs used to summer at a place called Satuit? . . . Thought so. Last year, while you were off on your Army service, we did over an old house there for a man named Brand. You know, Brand Chemicals. Now he wants to buy up the rest of Satuit, house by house, and turn it into a model fishing village. Like Williamsburg, only on a more homely scale. You might run down there. See what, exactly, he has in mind."

Mr. Reed, less benign than his senior, briefed me a little further. "Brand's a widower with one son and a lot of money that's no older than the boy. Doesn't seem to pay much attention to the youngster, but he'll expect the money to impress you as much as it does him. We're not sure we want any part of it. Perhaps the villagers don't either."

Knowing stiff-necked Satuit, I doubted that too. But I envied the boy his summers there.

So here I was again. In a way, it seemed like coming home. And now Brand appeared; a terse man with hair like the roached mane of a gray stallion. He unrolled a map and abruptly laid out what he intended to do, nervously putting on and off his practical steel, not horn-rimmed, glasses. Glasses off, his gray eyes were farsighted, almost visionary. It was his rasping impatience I didn't like. As soon as he'd outlined his scheme, he wanted his answer.

"Well, Blair? Will your firm take on the job?"

"That'll be for Mr. McKay to say. I report to him. May I take your map for the rest of the day, go over it on the ground?"

"All right. Can I put you up for the night?"

"Thanks, no. I've friends in Satuit. My family used to summer here."

"So McKay wrote. These villagers"—he began to hector now—"an obstinate lot. Hard up, but still drag feet about selling. Even after I've told each one he could have his house at nominal rent as long as he lived." Then he paused as though readying his final indictment. "Most of them don't want to work for me, either. Now, why?"

"Because they're not servants," I tried to explain. "They'll hire out for fishing trips or skipper a boat for you. They'd think that was all right, for the sea's their profession and they're proud of it. But if one of them did landsman chores for you he'd be backsliding from their standards, so to speak. The rest of the village would give him a bad time of it."

I'd been about to leave, but Brand, behind his steel desk, said, "Sit down a minute. Let's get that last straight."

He had an open box of safety matches in his hand, and intently was rearranging them so that the heads all lay the same way. "Anyone ever tell you, Blair, that it's better not to know so much about so many things that aren't so? Because I *have* managed to hire two of your high-and-mighty sailors. One to tend my German yacht—though maybe you'll say that's sea business and don't count—but the other's doing chores around the place here."

Yes, the yacht part was all right, even if I could imagine Satuit pursing its lips over the foreign galiot. But land chores ——

"Who?" I asked.

"Labe Cahoon and an old fellow named Ensign Freeman."

"There's no better sailor in Satuit than Ensign Freeman," I told him. "As for Labe ——" Well, some trash in every village.

"Wrong way around," Brand said, still aligning his matches. "Cahoon, yacht. Freeman, chores."

I got up. Now definitely I had to go down to the village and see what this was all about.

"O.K." Brand's matches lay to suit him now. "I'll go over the ground with you myself tomorrow. Weather permitting. Radio says we may catch a sideswipe from that hurricane that's been moving up the coast. Might as well summer in the Bahamas. This Satuit of yours seems to have everything."

I drove down the Hill again, to Ensign Freeman's half-house on the edge of the village. Ensign was his name, not a title. Perhaps, long ago, a sardonic father meant so to distinguish his son in a community of "captains." He'd seemed old to me even when I was a boy and he taught me to sail his catboat, Laura; but bad times must have befallen him now to make him hired man for Brand. I wondered how the village was treating him for that.

Ensign wasn't home. But the fishing boats wouldn't be in yet, and his old tomcat, that could pass for black, although a rusty tinge showed at the roots of its wind-ruffled fur, sat, confident of its supper, double forepaws tucked in like pudgy mittens, on the granite millstone that made the kitchen doorstep.

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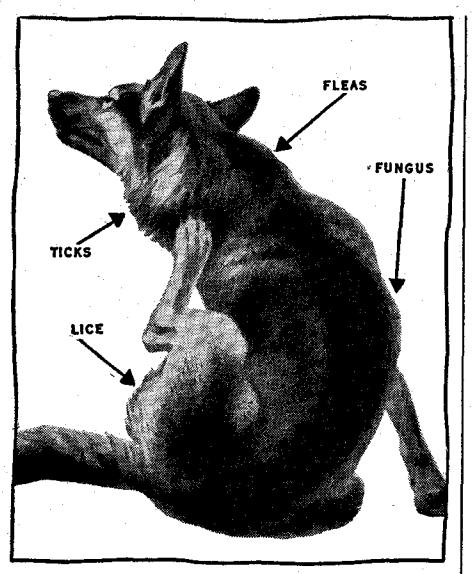

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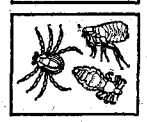

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The screen door wasn't hooked and I carried my bag into the kitchen, rustling the shoo-fly fringe of scissored newspaper tacked on the door, sniffing again the familiar smell of boiled haddock, varnish and strong soap. When I came out to wait with the cat, the fishing boats were making around the Point, foam violet at their bows as sun lowered and sea turned plum blue. "Weather breeders," though, these quiet evening airs puffing from the east, smelling heavy with the ancient salt of ocean bottom churned up. However the hurricane might veer, I guessed tomorrow would be foul offshore at sea. And Satuit was sea-borne; moored to shore by only that tenuous line of causeway.

Map-wise, though, the causeway was the leg of a Y, with harbor, village and Hill at the fork. The left arm of the Y, short and stocky, ended in the fist of the Point, sheltering that side of the harbor, but the right arm was a narrow sandspit of dunes, Nomanoy Beach, thrusting seaward ten miles and more. Shadows on those sands were lavender now, but I could still make out the distant notch in the long silhouette of dune crests: the Wash, where, in famous storms, the sea sometimes broached through. It was into the Wash, long ago, that a Spanish bark, blind in a winter gale, was sucked, to strike and break up, losing all hands. Ensign used to tell how lonely clam diggers, benighted on Nomanoy, still claimed hearing foreign voices call through the dark.

Now, off Town-landing Wharf, the fishing boats came around into the wind, shaking down their sails, rallying the lances of their masts at the wharf end, and armor gleamed as fish were forked up from cockpits. I looked for Ensign's catboat, Laura. She wasn't among them. Disturbed, I left my car in his yard and walked into the village to find him.

The porch of the general store and post office was crowded, for the evening mail was in, but not yet sorted. Through the open door came clean, remembered whiffs of new rope and fresh-ground coffee. Old friends were cordial. When Labe Cahoon swaggered up, though, the elders drew away. He had young Brand with him, and now I understood the boy's attitude—copying Labe's slouch and Labe's fixed sneer.

Labe Cahoon had the cantest tongue in the village. In any group his face was like a weathervane, the arrow of nose veering back and forth into each gust of talk, his black, crew-cut hair alert, his golf-ball chin unsteady.

"Bet a pretty you ain't heard what old 'Sign Freeman's doing this summer," he hailed me. "Tending a cow, b'gam. Stand by to watch us strike the convoy again tonight."

Inside the store, someone turned up a radio, full blast, for the weather report. ". . . Hurricane Ethel . . . hundred miles due east of the Delaware Capes . . . stationary for the last twelve hours ——"

Stationary—a pause like that meant change of direction. When Ethel began to move again, she could turn east, out to sea, or north and hit us. One of the men grouped around the barometer on a post in front of the mail window tapped the glass with his finger, and came out shaking his head.

The Brand boy urged Labe, "Maybe we should go and snug down the Ilse. Maybe we ought to sleep aboard tonight."

Not Labe, though. "Don't you pay heed to those old fools, Tod. This hurricane'll pass out south of Nantucket like the rest. 'Sides," he snickered, "I got an Ethel of my own to see after this evening." Something of the hero worship went out of the boy's eyes. But then Labe shouted, "Here comes old 'Sign!" and I looked up the street.

Ensign came leading on a length of line an arrogant and impatient cow. From the pastures on the Point the one way to Hallett Hill lay through the village, and he must run the gantlet.

He looked tidy as ever; his hard-cloth pants well brushed, his mildly striped and faded shirt clean, and its collarless neckband fastened by a shiny stud. The watch chain at his belt, with its Odd Fellows charm, was bright, too, but the symmetric mahogany panels of his face above the tobacco-rusted white mustache and under the gray bangs which the wind scarcely bothered were cracked into sullen lines. He kept peering ahead anxiously over invisible spectacles; he walked as though plodding a furrow; no lift of a deck under his steps.

And on the store porch these Satuit folk, who kept the upper custom of farming only the sea, prepared to lay another evening penance on a backslider. But they left the ritual itself to Labe and the younger men. When the Furies are loosed to punish sacrilege, pious elders merely hold aloof.

It was Tod Brand, behind Ensign now, who threw the first stone—a clamshell. The cow jerked her line. Ensign's head twisted around, his neck cording like an old rooster's.

"Quit that, you!"

Then, while Ensign's eyes followed the boy angrily, Labe strolled across the street, and, crossing, gave the cow a quick slap. The cow bolted, rushing past Ensign, who payed out line frantically to the end; then hung on, half running, half dragged, while Labe and his crew screamed nautical advice, humorous to them. I ran out to give the old man a hand.

But if this was the regular evening show, tonight Ensign added something. Tonight, on the end of the line was a small dory anchor. Before I could reach him, he dropped the anchor.

"Heave to, damn ye!" Then he made after Labe, chasing him between two houses, out of sight.

Behind the galloping cow, the anchor bounded on the hard shell road. Suddenly she turned off the street and across a brown lawn. There lay an old dory, bright painted, filled with earth and blooming nasturtiums. The cow took that jump in her stride. But the anchor caught. Snubbed short, she fell and lay panting, stunned.

When I reached her, Tod was at my side. Ensign was coming over from behind the next house—I noticed the knuckles of one fist bled. And down the Hill to us marched Brand in contained fury.

What Brand said to Ensign was bitter. I thought Ensign might hit him as he had Labe. But the old fellow was looking down, fumbling the knot on the anchor ring. Was he going to take it? If so, at least I'd have my say. But then Ensign looked up, loose anchor in one hand, line in the other. The line he held out to Brand.

"Take your cow, mister. I've accommodated you all I'm a mind to."

Labe sneaked up then. He had a swelling eye. "Lemme help you, Mr. Brand," he fawned.

The cow had struggled to her feet now. Silently Brand handed Labe the line, gripped his son by the shoulder, and the two of them followed Labe and the cow up the Hill. The folk of Satuit went into the post office to get their mail. Ensign and I were left to ourselves.

Ensign had time to regard me now, over the invisible specs, like an interrupted speller-out of the Satuit Independent who'd just read an item that made him mad. As though we'd seen each other yesterday, we took up where we'd left off years ago. When we reached his half-house, the cat preceded us through the kitchen door.

While I fed the stove with pine chunks, Ensign laid the evening fish in the soapstone sink under the pump. The cat jumped, lightly impudent, onto the drainboard, and was admonished with a new testiness. "You geddown! B'gam, you got no manners no more. Bad as the rest of 'em." Cleaning the fish, though, Ensign relented enough to toss cat morsels to his black friend. And to answer my questions:

"The Laura? Had to let her go, for what she'd bring. No money fishing in a bawt without power no more." He was matter-of-fact, but this was tragedy. A Satuit man without his boat: a salesman without a car.

"Yiss, yiss, I know I'm dretful ignorant about cows, but seems so I couldn't afford to refuse what Brand could afford to offer. And if an anchor'll do for a bawt, how'd I know it might harm a cow? That Labe, I had to give him his comeuppance someway while all folks were looking on."

He shook his bloody knife, spattering the clean floor, and whacked off the haddock's head. Then, mollified by this vicarious justice, he opened the screen door for the cat to go out, carrying the haddock head neatly in its mouth. Outside, seaward, beyond the harbor and the darkening sands of Nomanoy, slate-blue clouds were banking.

"What are you going to do now?" I asked.

"Dunno. Tomorrow, mebbe, if the weather ain't too bad, I forelay to go down Nomanoy. Lem Nickerson said I could take his beach buggy any time. Dig a few clams. Make a few cents."

By the time fish sputtered in the pan, light rain was falling and the wind gusting. The cat, having dealt with the haddock head, came inside again to superintend the cooking. A down-puff of smoke from the chimney got in Ensign's eyes; grease in the skillet spat scalding drops in his face and on his attentive cat's back. Both twitched and said something under their mustaches. Ensign was still testy, but when fish and potatoes were dished up, when the thin walnut boards of the table were spread with back numbers of the Independent and we sat down to eat, he was philosophic again.

"Don't look much like clamming tomorrow. But tonight, blow as it may, we can sleep abed ashore." A bit sadly, he put down his horn-handled fork. "Time

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Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 58

The umpire permitted Crowe to cover second with his mitt. But it won't happen again. A prompt National League reinterpretation of the rules now says that if first and second basemen exchange positions, the new second baseman must put on a regular glove.

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was, night like this, I'd be aboard the Laura, snugging down, veering out a bower anchor. Buoying it, too, 'case she dragged and I'd have to make sail and run for it." He sighed. "Them times' gone, though. Sleep abed tonight—in my stall, like a damn cow. Ned Blair, when you'm my age, don't—don't ever take your hand off the helm."

Wind whooped in the chimney now. After we'd washed up, Ensign put on oilskins and went out to close and fasten carefully all the shutters. No house can take the place of a boat, but the act seemed to give him some satisfaction.

Hurricane Ethel struck Satuit a few hours before dawn. I woke with the spare-room bed shuddering under me in the gusts. Neither Ensign nor his cat was up and prowling, though, so I dozed off again. And there was gray light outside when the pounding came at the kitchen door.

It was Brand. Rain sluiced from his slicker, from the drenched pajamas underneath, from his wiry gray hair.

"Tod! His bed wasn't slept in! And the Ilse's gone!" Desperate, he sounded, but not incoherent—not the type to lose his head. "I'm afraid Tod's on the Ilse," he told us.

"Where's Labe?" Ensign wanted to know.

"Home. Slept ashore. No help now, either."

"Funked it, did he? But your boy stuck by the bawt. Well, what do you come to me for, mister?"

"Blair here said"—Brand was too worried to show surprise at seeing me—"that you're a real sailor. Tell me what to do."

"Called the Coast Guard yet?"

"Phones are out."

For a moment Ensign pulled at his mustache; then took the quarter-deck. "Ned, get on your clothes. . . . You, mister, see if you can make it to Lem Nickerson's. First house to westward of the store. He'm a radio ham. He'll get the Coast Guard for you. And tell him I'm taking his beach buggy."

I'd obey Ensign's orders blind in a spot like this, but Brand had a right to know. I asked, "What's the idea?"

Ensign understood, and it was to Brand he talked, fast and bluntly. "One of three things happened to your bawt, mister. Sunk. Blown to sea. Cast away. If she'm to sea, the Coast Guard's your bet. But if she'm cast ashore somewhere —— now don't get your hopes too high, but if I know tide and current in these waters, then I know where she just might be. Ned and me, we'll try there."

Brand nodded and went out again into the great organ note of the wind. No questions. No extra pleas. I liked the man better now. But as Ensign pulled off his old nightshirt and we hurried into our clothes, I had to remind him: "Last night you said, no matter what, you'd never raise a hand to help Brand."

Ensign didn't even stop lacing his shoes. "Last night things was going his way. He'm in trouble now. Hurry up."

Our first struggle against the wind was in making Ensign's barn to fetch a couple of cans of gas. When we came out, though, there was the most sudden respite. Wind and rain seemed to collapse; the scud overhead broke, and a watery sun filtered through. The still eye of the hurricane was passing over us. A half hour, maybe even an hour, before the backlash; before the turmoil would begin again from a new direction. But the blacklash wouldn't be so long in passing as the leading quadrant of the storm.

Now, while we could walk upright, we hurried across the fields to the right-hand shore of the harbor, where the dunes and marsh of Nomanoy's ribbon sandspit began; where the village parked its beach buggies like a junkyard of old Model A's and a few jeeps, all with oversized, soft tires for sand running.

All carried shovels, too, and we had to use shovels to clear the wet sand, blown and drifted over Lem Nickerson's jeep. Then, while Ensign gassed her, I got a look around. The harbor's foreshore was an arc of wreckage, matted among stranded boats, shredded over with kelp and sand from the harbor's bottom. In the village a lot of chimneys were down; their houses like vessels dismasted.

We drove along Nomanoy's Inner Beach, into the long, dim perspective of sand haze, loud with concussions of surf on Outer Beach a hundred yards on our right.

"Aim to make the Wash," Ensign shouted over the rote of the surf, "ere the backlash hits! 'Fore the new tide rises too!" Indeed the tide was dead low now; we had a wide beach. "If the Ilse's stranded, chances are 'twas the Wash sucked her in!"

But now the yellow light clouded. The storm seemed to draw a great breath. Then the backlash of Hurricane Ethel struck with a slam; sleeting rain and wind again, funneled at us through the dunes on our right—from seaward this time, not across the bay. We could see only a few yards ahead now. We could see Inner Beach narrow, though, as the tide rose. Suddenly, on our right, the dim hummocks of sheltering sandhills fell away. A great gust of wind and water rocked us. The Wash.

Ensign threw the jeep around in a half circle, back into the lee of a dune. We got out and crawled up its slope, clutching at flattened wisps of beach grass, shutting our eyes against the sting of driven sand. At the dune crest we struggled to our feet to get above the sweep of flying sand, supporting each other, leaning the airfoils of our bodies forward onto the wind. We looked into the Wash.

And Ensign was right. There, through the rain, lay a black shape with the stump of a mast, a shred of canvas still flying straight out from it. Ilse lay bedded upright, thanks to a galiot's round bottom and shallow keel. Her deck was clear, but driven sand filled and mounded her cockpit. And now, from Outer Beach, through the smooth-broached channel of the Wash, a flow of foamy water was beginning to lick past her black sides—the new tide rising and coming through again. But of Tod there was no sign.

"Bawt first! Bring shovels!" Ensign yelled. That was logic. If Tod had been swept overboard in the bay, there was nothing we could do about it. If he'd abandoned the Ilse when she sucked into the Wash and last night's receding tide left her high and dry, then he was somewhere in the dunes, safe for now. But if he was still aboard, soon the Ilse would float again, and capsize with that cockpit full of sand. And there was Ilse herself. To Ensign a boat was human. To salvage her would be almost to save a life.

Heads down, our legs like slow pistons to force us, step by step, into the wind, splashing finally through rising water, we made her side and hauled each other aboard. The cabin door, opening into the cockpit, was closed and jammed with sand.

Against time, frantically, we began to shovel. Now the wind helped, catching up each shovelful of heavy, wet sand and flying it away to leeward for us.

And then, under the organ note of the wind, I heard a rapping on the cabin door—inside. We scooped the door free. It was Tod, all right. He stumbled out, very white in the face. But we couldn't stop shoveling. The flow of tide rose fast. Already Ilse was stirring in her bed.

And then Tod was working with us, a bailing scoop in his hand, pitching in to help us. A new sort of boy. Not the brat I'd seen on Hallett Hill and in the village street. As we all shoveled together, he gasped out his story.

When Labe wouldn't come, he'd gone aboard the galiot alone last night. No, he hadn't told anyone. His father never checked up on him much. Then the hurricane hit and the mooring dragged. He managed to set a scrap of sail; tried to run for it. Later, blind in the dark, he felt Ilse strike and ground. Later still, he sensed the waters recede from her, and he sheltered in the cabin. But when light came at the portholes he couldn't get out—couldn't force open the cabin door against the crowding sand. And he'd thought ——

What he'd thought he didn't tell. He just finished by saying, "Mr. Freeman, I'm sorry for what I did in the village."

"Leave bygones be!" Ensign panted. "We came for the boy who stuck by his bawt!"

"We'll salvage her yet, won't we, Mr. Freeman?"

"Aim to, Tod."

The cockpit was clear of sand now, and Ilse's keel was scraping. She was almost afloat, lurching as short waves rose on the broaching flow. Then she drove across flooded Inner Beach. Then she was out into the bay.

Ensign dived into the cabin. I caught a glimpse of sumptuous black-oak paneling, of a blue-tiled, brass-bound stove. But he went forward into the forepeak and came back dragging a small jib.

"Got to get sail on her!" he panted. "Wind's moderating now! Backlash . . . soon over!"

In sleets of driven spray, grabbing any handhold we could on a pitching deck, we bent the jib like a trysail on the stump of mast. Ensign conquered the big, kicking tiller and Ilse's aimless roll, laying her generous cheek down into the pillow of great seas on the beam, steadying her to soar up and slide down with them. He set the course for Satuit.

That was when a Coast Guard plane droned low overhead, among clouds shredding away and letting through gleams of returning sun.

"Stand up, Tod," Ensign ordered. "Let 'em see you."

The plane rocked its wings and banked off.

We were closing Satuit Point to starboard when the motor surfboat came bucking out to meet us, throwing clouds of spray.

"Ahoy! Ensign! Want a tow?"

"No, b'gam! I'll take her in!"

"O.K.! Passenger here, though . . . asks Captain Freeman's leave . . . to come aboard!"

The surfboat sheered close alongside. Neatly, Brand made the jump.

Tod's eager hug seemed to surprise him. Those two must have drifted a long way apart. Labe's work, probably, but boys with busy parents have to follow someone.

Brand kept looking from Tod to Ensign. Then he slumped down on a thwart in the shelter of Ilse's high rail, and out came his matches. To Ensign he began to realign once more.

"Freeman, you rate salvage, you know. Quarter to a third of a vessel's value, under admiralty law."

For Ensign at last a new Laura—with power in her. But ——

"You'm wrong, mister. Sea law says salvage is for vessels abandoned. Ilse wan't abandoned. Tod stuck by her."

Slowly Brand reversed a match. "There's salvage of more than a boat here. . . . Freeman, would you take the job Cahoon ratted on? Skipper the Ilse? Teach Tod to be—well, a good sailor? I'd say you'd made a start on that already."

Over the invisible specs, Ensign only peered at him.

"We know each other better now," Brand urged.

Tod spoke for himself. "You said let bygones be, Mr. Freeman. I really meant what I said, too—about being sorry." Then, very serious, making his voice as deep as he could, "Sir, I'd like to ship under you."

"Tod stuck by his boat," I reminded.

Grimly at last Ensign smiled. "So he did. Well, fair and just, mister. This voyage I'll accommodate you."

Brand snapped his matchbox shut. "Blair, maybe you'd better tell your firm, never mind. I like Satuit just the way it is."

THE END

"Well, I see your brother got his picture in the paper . . . front and side view."

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A Day in Monte Carlo

(Continued from Page 33)

everybody had respected him; when, as a matter of fact, he had had quite a reputation for finding a way out of impossible situations. Once somebody had said of him that, had he lived during the Trojan War, he would probably have invented the Trojan Horse, which was praise indeed. Maybe he could think his way out of this. Maybe the sodden old brain would function clearly and intuitively just once more.

He knew it wouldn't do any good to cry out the address. Before he had said it all, he would be dead. Nor did he look around to see who was threatening him. If he had to die, what did it matter who killed him as long as Travers got the message? If only he'd stay and not move on. He looked up. Travers was still there, a beautiful girl at his side. Virgil Baudon smiled. Beautiful girls had always inspired him, touched his vanity, made him want to show off. And all of a sudden he knew what to do—if he couldn't give Travers the address, he might at least be able to pass on the telephone number. Quickly he took the chips out of his pocket, grabbed a rake and placed on *plein*, on zero, on the numbers one, two, four and five, and on *carré* and *cheval*.

"*Rien ne va plus*," called the croupier. "Finished," he added, for those who did not understand French. The ball rolled. Virgil Baudon didn't even follow the way it jumped before it came to a standstill.

"*Numéro deux*. The two."

He had never played with so many chips as were pushed toward him now. Nor had the croupier ever been so polite. He shoved a big red one over to him and the croupiers chanted in unison, all eight of them, "*Merci, pour les employers.*"

"Double. All of them," called Baudon.

"*Doublette*. The two again."

When it had been paid out, Baudon leaned back in his chair. "Maximum on zero, on one, two, four and five, *carré* and *cheval*." He tried to speak as loudly as he could, but somehow he had lost his voice.

"*Numéro quatre*. The four."

A chip for a million francs lay in front of him. He stared at it. How many nights had he dreamed of just such a moment! A million francs, but there was more, much more money.

"The same again," he said. "Maximum."

Yes, there was the silence of which he had always dreamed, the silence of respect.

"*Numéro un*. The one."

And a babel of voices, doubly loud after the silence. "He's got it again." "Lucky bird, he's gotten into a series."

A movement to his left. The croupier was changing. But in spite of the fact that a different man was turning the wheel, people were trying to ride his luck—zero, one, two, four and five.

A waiter appeared suddenly at his right, with a little silver tray, a cigar, a glass of Scotch. "Water or soda, monsieur?"

That's how you were treated when you won. When you lost, you were nobody. Of course, it wasn't mere courtesy, the free cigar, the free drink. They wanted you to stay, to play on, to lose all you had won, not leave with it. Well, he was going to do them the favor, even if he lost everything.

"Maximum. Zero, one, two, four and five."

If only Travers wouldn't stand there, smiling happily. If only he would catch on. Virgil Baudon made a little gesture—putting down his elbow on the table, he cupped his ear.

"*Le cinq*."

"*Merci pour les employers*."

"I have watched him night after night," someone close to Mark said. "He always loses. But then, there is no system. See how right I was? Tonight he doesn't even look into his books or consult his papers; he's just trusting his intuition. You have to believe in your luck. Well, let's see how long his holds."

"*Le zéro*."

The colonel, looking up, saw Mark Travers turn away from the table, his hand on the pretty girl's arm. Had he understood? If only Travers would give him a sign, indicating that he had got the message. Baudon raised his glass. Travers stopped and nodded before he went on. *Thank God*, thought the colonel; *thank God*. And he emptied his glass, smiling happily, triumphantly.

"The same again," he said; "zero, one, two ——"

He couldn't breathe any longer. Everything went black before his eyes, he put his hand on the table to brace himself.

"Four ——"

"The excitement's done it." "My God, he's ill." "Dead, I think."

Mark heard it—the hushed voices, the pity, the terror of sudden death, the deep silence, then a voice asking, "Is there a doctor in the house?"

He pushed his way back through the crowd gathering at the place of tragedy. Slumped forward over the table lay the colonel. To his left and right the chairs had been vacated, as if death were a catching disease. Empty, too, was the space behind him. The tall, thin, black-haired man who had been trailing either him or Baudon, and who had stood behind Baudon as if glued to the floor, was nowhere to be seen.

Mark put his arm around Fleur's shoulder and could feel her trembling uncontrollably. Remembering what Perrier had said of a sudden death by poison in the gambling rooms, Mark had to force himself to remain calm. He might be next.

"I must go to the office to tell them that this is a case for the police."

"I have never seen anybody die," whispered Fleur. "Oh, Mark, I am afraid."

In the office Mark gave a quick description of the man and drew the house detective's attention to the glass of Scotch and water served to Baudon a couple of minutes before he had died. Then he asked a clerk, working under a sign that said "Lost and Found," whether he could use the phone. There was only one way to find out whether the colonel had been trying to pass on a telephone number, and that was to dial.

"Let me call, Mark, please. A woman's voice sounds less suspicious."

Fleur picked up the receiver and dialed. Mark, watching her face, saw it grow suddenly rigid with tension. Through the instrument he could hear a man's gruff voice, but he could not understand what was being said. Whatever it was, Fleur did not answer. She put down the receiver gently, almost noiselessly, nodded to Mark and left the room. When he reached her, he found her leaning against the wall. She was very pale and her lovely round forehead shone slightly with perspiration.

"What is it, Fleur?"

She didn't seem to hear him.

"Who answered?" he asked again.

"The Select," she said, in a far-away voice. "The Pension Select."

But that, of course, meant nothing to him. "Who lives there?"

"Louis Anet."

"And who is Louis Anet?"

She made a sudden little movement, like a sleepwalker disturbed on a somnambulistic promenade. "Louis is Guy's right-hand man." Her voice trembled. "His right-hand man," she repeated, as if she could not grasp an implication which was only too clear. Virgil Baudon had died to give Mark the number that might lead to Timgad, and the number led to her brother.

For a moment Mark did not dare look at her, at the pale face, the harassed eyes, the trembling mouth. Corinne dead. Baudon. *And how much time do I have left?* he thought. *Since terror is their tool, it must be applied. They must make good their threat or they lose all authority. They will try to kill me any moment now. Every minute counts. I cannot afford to waste what little time I have left.*

"Fleur, I am going to see you home and then ——"

"Oh, no." She straightened up. "I'm going with you."

"Nonsense."

"Don't be a fool. I may be of use. I may even be able to help you."

"I shall call Perrier and tell him to meet me at the Select. I simply cannot have you around."

But Perrier was not in. "I shall relay your message," a voice said. Mark put down the receiver.

"That settles it," said Fleur. "I'm going with you whether you want me to or not. Or I'll take a taxi and get there by myself." And by the way she spoke, Mark knew that she meant it.

"How long has Louis been with your brother?" he asked when, after having checked his car carefully, they were driving toward Monaco.

"Three years. Maybe a little less than that."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"A quiet man," Fleur replied slowly. "A man proud of his skill. He could handle any boat single-handed. He knew all about engines, and Guy, of course, has trained him to work the tanks. During the war he was a radio operator on a submarine. A rather stocky fellow, about thirty-three. He lives on the boat, but has this place in town for his things and the weeks between work. He reads a lot and talks little. He is devoted to Guy. At least, he gives that impression."

"Would he kill? Do you think he could commit murder?"

"I never thought of him in connection with any violence or crime." She fell silent, and Mark drove on without interrupting her thoughts. "I don't know," she said finally. "Could you kill?"

"In self-defense, yes. But a cold-blooded murder? No. I have too much respect for life."

"I wonder if it is a question of respect. I think there are certain temperaments that, without being criminal, cannot control their passions. But Louis—I don't know him well enough. Possibly, yes."

They left the Rue Grimaldi, reached the Place d'Armes and turned into the Avenue de la Gare. Fleur pointed to the corner. "There, where the lamppost stands."

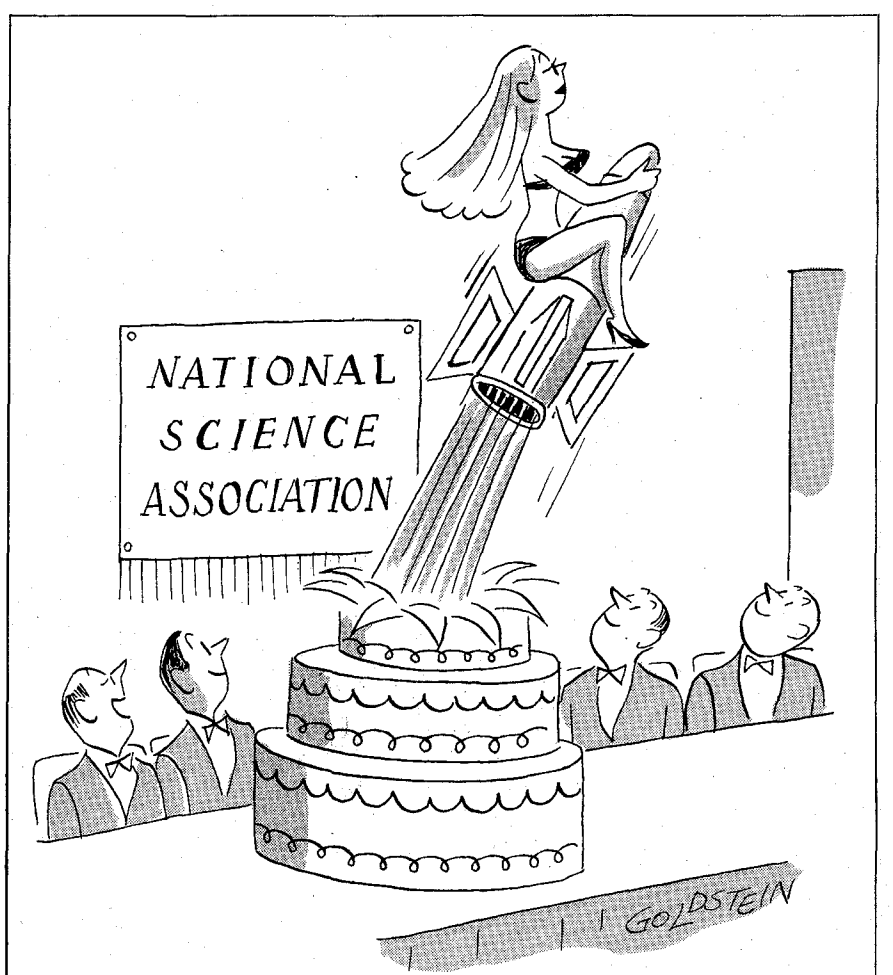
It was a three-story house, painted white, with a marble plaque next to the entrance door which said in gold letters, PENSION SELECT. Most of the windows were shuttered; only through three on the second floor fell beams of light. The front door was locked, and they had to ring several times before it was opened by an elderly man who was buttoning a green-and-black-striped jacket sleepily over his nightgown. "We only rent to permanent guests," he said grouchily. "All rooms are taken."

Mark put his foot in the doorway, since it looked as if the door were about to be slammed in their faces. "Monsieur Anet. Louis Anet. Is he in?"

"If he's in, he's probably asleep. I can't let you go up."

"He works for my brother," said Fleur. "Guy Constant. On the Anemone."

"I know," said the man. "Well, in that case." He retired to the far end of the little lobby, where he had made up a bed on a shabby couch. Mark could hear the springs creak as he threw himself on it, pulling a blanket over his head.



"Very appropriate, wouldn't you say?"

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Mark turned back to the desk, which was lit by a single lamp. Behind it was a pigeonhole shelf with small red cards tacked neatly to each opening. The third row held the name he was looking for. Room 31.

"Let me go up," whispered Fleur. "I know him. He won't hurt me."

Mark shook his head. There was no telling how a man, who had in all probability murdered Corinne, would react to an unexpected visitor, even if she was the sister of the man he worked for. Besides, he was not at all certain that they had not been seen leaving the Casino, fetching the car and driving to the Select.

"And don't argue," he told her. "Up there you would be of no use if he should attack me. But if you wait here, you can let Perrier know or, if Perrier doesn't come, call the police if I'm not back in twenty minutes."

"I can't believe it," she said. "It's a nightmare. I keep thinking I'll wake up any moment, that it isn't real."

Mark said nothing. He had opened one drawer of the desk after another without finding what he wanted. Now he went over to where the night watchman was asleep. On the chair next to him lay the bunch of keys Mark had been looking for.

There was no elevator and he walked up to the third floor. In front of Room 31 he stopped, listening. No sound could be heard through the thin door. He tried the handle. It didn't give. The door was locked. He inserted the pass key, turned it slowly, then stepped aside, hugging the wall. Nothing stirred. He waited another instant before he opened the door.

Before him lay the room, dark except for the thin light from the lamppost on the corner. He closed the shutters and drew the curtains before he went back to the door and snapped on the light.

The room was empty. It had no other door than the one through which he had entered. He stepped out into the corridor again, found the bathroom at the other end, made sure it wasn't occupied and went back. An old-fashioned double brass bed, a night table, a cupboard, a table, two comfortable chairs. On the table stood a radio, an open tool box and a tin of tobacco—English tobacco, the same kind he had seen on board the Anemone. Two books, one on skin diving, the other on radiology. Both carried marks of intensive handling. A couple of scientific magazines. Nothing else.

He opened the closet. The door creaked slightly as if rebelling against such violation. Three suits, a coat in a mothbag, several pairs of shoes, expensive shoes on lasts. He pulled out the drawers of the chest. Sweaters, shirts, stockings, underwear. Nowhere the picture of a woman, a letter, writing utensils.

He took one more look into the corridor before he went to the bed, lifted the mattress, and put it back when he saw there was nothing hidden underneath. He knelt, lay flat on his belly, and saw two large, flat pieces of luggage under the bed. Heavy, metal luggage, painted gray. He had some trouble getting them out from under the bed without making too much noise. They were locked.

When had he last broken open a lock? As a boy? No. A couple of months ago when he had slammed the door of his car with the keys inside. A piece of wire had done the trick. He remembered the tool box near the radio. Not quite five minutes later, the locks gave.

Before him, neatly arranged in cotton wool, lay an assortment of weapons—pistols, guns, bullets, hand grenades, fuses, pins, detonators, everything necessary to assemble bombs.

Mark's hands were shaking when he closed the lid over his discovery. It was impossible to believe that Guy Constant did not know what the man with whom he had worked for almost three years was up to, impossible to believe that Louis Anet would dare to use the Anemone to smuggle arms to the Algerian rebels without his employer's knowledge, impossible to think —— The sound of a car stopping, of steps in the street, of a door being opened and closed.

Mark didn't bother to push back the trunks. He switched off the light, flattening himself against the wall so that the door would hide and shelter him when it was opened. Then he heard the front door slam again, this time with a heavy thud. Had Anet, seeing Fleur at this time of night, guessed that he had been found out? But Fleur would not have let him go. She was too alert not to make up some sort of story that would sound logical enough to detain him. Then, through the night, came a scream, stifled immediately, followed by complete silence.

Mark was out of the room and down the stairs within a matter of seconds. But the high chair with the prim antimacassars in which Fleur had been sitting when he had left her, was empty.

The moment Mark opened the door, a car, parked directly in front of his—a long, black sedan with no lights on—shot around the corner and into the night. Whoever had entered the Pension Select had kidnaped Fleur.

But they were only using her, Mark told himself, as he stepped on the accelerator of his small blue car; using her to lure him into following them. Otherwise they would not have waited until he could see their car. Or they would have punctured his tires, to make it impossible for him to pursue them.

He could not remember ever having been so calm as at this moment. All that seemed to matter was that Fleur would not be hurt. Of course it had been incredibly careless of him, irresponsible, to let her come with him. He should have seen her home and gone alone. There was no excuse for what he had done. But it was too late now to indulge in feelings of guilt. It was not even worth while to watch the car ahead of him. He knew he was not intended to lose sight of it.

Now they were in front of the palace. Soon they were driving past the aquarium, then through narrow streets up a mountain, and he could see, from far above, the fireworks of the Casino.

A little while later he recognized the gate that led into the Gardens. But he wouldn't let them confuse him, he told himself, as the car ahead seemed to disappear downhill. He would not lose his sense of direction. Somewhere the car would stop, probably in a one-way street too small to turn in, in front of a house. That was the moment he had to watch for. He must not let Fleur be carried into a house. But if he couldn't prevent it, he must at least know precisely where the house was located.

He tried to read street signs, but he was passing them too swiftly, and he could memorize nothing except a few landmarks which were repeated as the car ahead passed them again and again, each time taking a different way. He was like a dog running behind an electric rabbit, Mark thought, his calm wearing thin. The idea that he could take the initiative came quite unexpectedly. And when it came, the solution seemed so simple that fury filled him for not having thought of it before. There was no reason whatsoever for him to do exactly what they wanted and walk into their trap. He could force them to fight on his terms.

He waited until they had again turned into a narrow street; then, instead of following the car, he stopped and turned his

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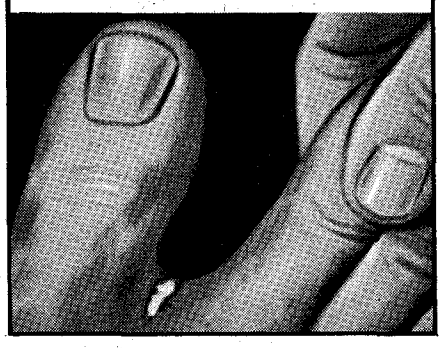

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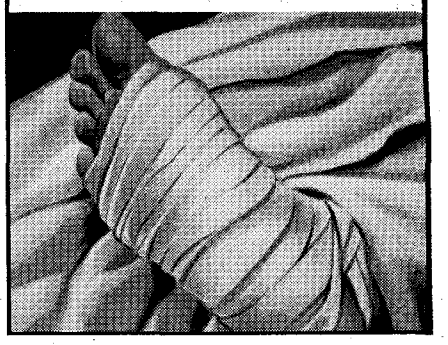

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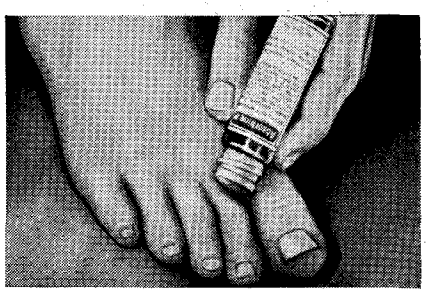

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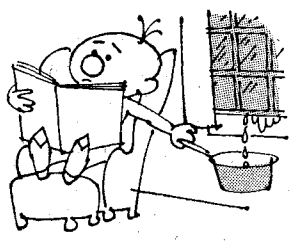

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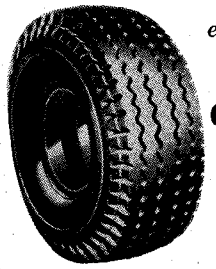

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squarely to block the street. Then he got out and hid in a pillared entrance, a good twenty yards away from where he had created a roadblock. If his assumption was right, that Fleur had been kidnaped to lure him on, the driver of the black sedan would notice that Mark was no longer following him, would turn back to see what had happened, would have to stop or at least slow down to back out.

But what if he was wrong? What if it was not Anet who had come to the Select, but another of Timgad's men, someone who didn't know that the girl he had kidnaped was Constant's sister? In that case he might kill her to get rid of a witness, if she did not fulfill his purpose. Mark was close to despair when he heard the sound of a motor, caught between the houses on both sides of the street. With its headlights full on, the black sedan came slowly into view. It stopped.

The driver, apparently undecided what to do, remained at the wheel. Mark could see him only as a dim outline.

He moved as fast as he could in the shadow of the wall. When he was almost opposite the car, he threw himself on the ground. Crawling on his belly, he covered the last three feet that separated him from the door. Then, all in one movement, he reached for the handle, pulled himself up and, throwing open the door, grabbed the driver's legs, forcing him out of his seat and into the street.

The next moment a heavy instrument hit his shoulder, hurling him back onto the ground. And all he could feel was the heavy weight of the man's body, pressing the air from his lungs. They rolled across the cobblestones, against the wall of a house and back into the street again.

At one point Mark tasted blood, not knowing whether it was his own or that of the other. And for one instant, then, he managed to look up. Poised over him he could see the lights of the car, shining on the blade of a knife. But with the closeness of death, an unknown strength shot through him, made him hold his breath, pull out his legs from under the other's terrible weight and kick with all the force he could muster. Then he was on top, the knife out of reach for both of them.

Something stronger than anything he had ever experienced, something he could not control, made his hands span the throat of the other, choking him, lifting his head and bumping it against the ground until the body underneath his gave, became quiet, motionless. And, coming to as if out of a seizure, from far away as if from another star, he thought, "I have killed him," and loosened his hands, staring at them as though they were not a part of his body.

He got up, shaking with disgust and triumph, and leaned against the car, trying to breathe evenly and deeply until his heart had quieted down and he could look for Fleur. She was lying on the floor of the car, her hands tied, a piece of cloth shoved into her mouth. He freed her quickly, massaging the delicate wrists.

"Are you all right?"

She could only nod.

Mark went back to the man. He was still unconscious. "Anet?"

"Yes," said Fleur, her voice weak. "He came in, and when he saw me he said Guy had driven him home and was still outside. That's why I went out with him. And then he seized me."

She came to stand next to him. "You are bleeding," she said. And then she could not control herself any longer. She began to sob violently.

He let her cry and turned to her only after he had managed to get Anet back into the car and tied his arms behind his back. "Fleur, I am sorry. Now I will have to call the police."

"I know," she said. "There is nothing else to do."

They had been at the police station only about twenty minutes when Perrier, whom Mark had called at once, threw open the door to the office in which they were waiting.

"Congratulations," he said, putting down his dachshund, and pumped Mark's arm. "I'm afraid I would feel very humiliated that you, an amateur, should have discovered such a vital lead if I had not, in the meantime, come upon an important trail myself." A light, almost shy smile showed in his deep brown eyes. "The reason you could not reach me was that I was busy in Nice. We've got the Arab who threw the bomb."

He turned in the direction where Fleur was standing at the window. "Inspector Perrier, Mademoiselle Constant," said Mark.

"Constant?" repeated Perrier, sudden concern showing in his face. "In that case, would you stay, Mademoiselle? I would appreciate it. You might be a valuable witness. I'm sorry to impose on you, but ——"

Fleur seemed to hesitate, then she nodded. "I'll stay."

"Thank you." Perrier bowed stiffly. Then he turned back to Mark. "I just told the captain that I'd handle this case myself."

He went to the door and nodded to someone outside. A moment later two policemen brought in Louis Anet.

"Sit down, Anet," Perrier said, waving out of the room the men who had brought him.

At mention of his name, Anet looked up abruptly, then he walked slowly to the chair to which Perrier pointed with a movement of his chin. Like the inspector, Anet was a short stockily built man. His eyes were set close to the root of his nose, which was a little crooked; his upper lip, split wide open by one of Mark's blows, was too short to cover his extraordinary white, even teeth. His ears were large. Intelligent ears, thought Mark.

Perrier walked around Anet's chair, circling it several times, rather like a dog his prey, before he seated himself on the edge of the office desk, the dachshund sitting pertly at his side.

"If I were in your shoes," he said, in a slow, sleepy voice, "I would make up my mind to play ball. We have enough evidence against you to send you to the guillotine, so you'd better tell us the truth. On whose orders did you act?"

Anet did not answer. Perrier waited for a while before he spoke again.

"You were born Louis Marie Anet, the illegitimate child of Marie Anet." He pulled a sheet of paper from his vest pocket, glanced at it and continued. "1925. In Oran. Algeria. When did you begin to sympathize with the Algerian rebels? When you went back to Oran after the war, or only lately?"

Anet remained silent. One of the inspector's feet shot out and kicked him sharply on the knee. Anet seemed to pay no attention. He slumped a little deeper in his chair, resting his head on the back, and stared up at the ceiling. Obviously he was not going to talk.

"All right," said Perrier. "Then let me tell you something. I just found out that as early as 1955, the Anemone was instrumental in getting boats with ammunition through to the rebels. You used a code. Don't trouble to deny it."

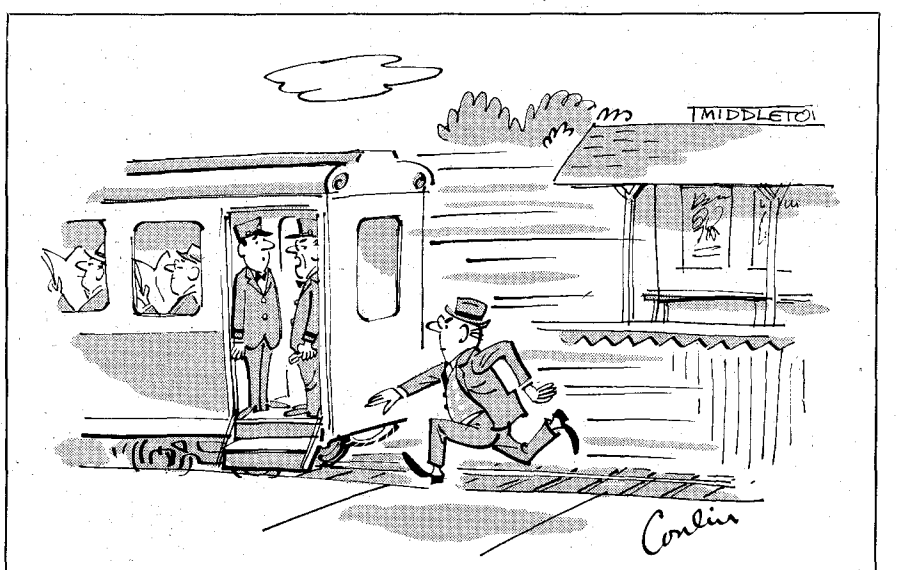
Anet's face showed neither surprise at this news nor fear. It remained a mask. Without taking his eyes off it, Perrier addressed Mark. "You know, of course, Travers, that the Anemone had permission to anchor and move within the five-mile zone of the Algerian coast. So it was easy enough for them to watch the shore, to know exactly what was going on, and where there would be a gap for one of the boats standing out at sea to risk running the blockade. The code is a rather ingenious bit of work, on the surface completely inconspicuous, just messages telling what Constant's moves were, to what depths he was descending, what he was encountering in the way of marine life or discovering at the bottom of the sea. Pleasant little conversations between bored radio operators. I am sorry, Mademoiselle," he added, his eyes leaving Anet for an instant to look at Fleur.

Mark followed his glance, but Fleur had turned her back on them and he could not tell what she might be feeling at the moment. His impulse was to take her in his arms, to hold her close, to tell her nothing mattered but her happiness. Her happiness, he thought. He had done his share to ruin it.

"You would save us all a great deal of time, Anet," said Perrier, setting a match to his pipe, which had gone out during his explanation, "if you would answer my question—on whose orders did you act?"

But Anet did not move. Perrier might just as well have been speaking to a deaf man.

"You won't," said Perrier, and now all the sleepiness had left his voice. It was authoritative, strong, powerful. An impressive voice, thought Mark. "Then I shall give orders to have you arraigned. On several counts—high treason; the possession of arms, found in your room by Mr. Travers. Oh, yes, I almost forgot—the murder of Corinne Javal."



"He's retired, but he likes to keep in shape!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

At that, Anet jumped from his chair and took one quick step toward the desk. It looked to Mark as if he was going to attack the inspector. But before he could come between the two men, the little black dog had got hold of Anet's trousers leg and wouldn't let go until Perrier picked him up.

"Don't be a fool," said the inspector, as if he were not in the least disturbed by Anet's behavior. "Sit down."

Anet did as he was told, rather like a dog whipped into submission, all the time looking at the inspector wide-eyed; then, as Perrier blew the smoke of his pipe straight into Anet's face, a cloud of sweet-smelling English tobacco, he began to cough. Perrier waited until he had stopped, then changed his voice again, this time to a persuasive tone.

"You see, Anet, all of us have to count on the unforeseen. Things do not always run according to plan. In that case we have to make the best of them. For God's sake, man, don't you understand the situation?" He turned to Mark. "You see, I found out that Corinne knew Anet. It seemed she dived frequently from the Anemone and got to know him quite well. What's more, she trusted him, didn't she, Louis? That explains why she had no reason to refuse him a ride when he stopped her this morning. He said he was going to see one of his friends at the radio station on the Mont Agel. He bought the scarf with which he strangled her yesterday, at the Galeries Lafayette, and pretended to make her a present of it. She was touched, wasn't she, Louis? And didn't she smile when you asked her permission to place it around her neck yourself?"

Anet was trembling, but the inspector paid no attention to the fact that the man seemed to have reached the breaking point. "Why did you choose green?" he asked, as if he were conducting a conversation over a dinner table. "Is it your favorite color? Well, then we've got something in common. It is mine too."

He sighed. "It was your first murder and you didn't like to do it. You tried to get out of it, but orders were orders. So now, Louis Marie Anet, you are a murderer. You didn't care, did you, how many people died, were killed, stabbed, tortured, hanged, as long as you didn't do it yourself? But maybe you know now what they suffered, how they struggled to stay alive. Yes, Louis, now you know to what consequences treason can lead."

Anet lifted both hands and held them to his ears. Perrier jumped from the table and pulled them down again. "And Mademoiselle here—you would have murdered her, too, wouldn't you, Louis? You always carry out orders like a good boy, don't you? Without questioning. Not that it matters now. We have all the proof we need to condemn you to death. Yes, Louis, you will die, and nothing can save you unless—unless you turn state witness and help us." He sighed, closing his eyes for a moment. "Help us find the man on whose orders you committed all these crimes."

Anet's face was so white that he looked like a dead man; even the cut lip had stopped bleeding.

"Was it your employer, Monsieur Constant?"

Anet's face remained a mask.

He would never talk, thought Mark. It was quite obvious that he had made up his mind long ago that he would say nothing if ever he was caught.

But Perrier seemed to be of different opinion. He nodded encouragingly to Anet. "Come on, now. Tell us what you know about Monsieur Constant."

TO BE CONCLUDED

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The Temptation of Father Montoire

(Continued from Page 16)

"A return to humility became necessary. Today the most materialistic science is forced to recognize its inability to understand all and explain all. Modern science has been forced to admit the possibility of exceptions to laws it had considered immutable. The greatest minds no longer dare state that a given cause in given circumstances will inevitably produce a given effect. They speak only of very great probabilities. They have perceived that scientific laws in themselves are not incompatible with the miraculous. They have recognized that there is nothing in the chemical composition of water nor in the movements of its molecules that prevents its transformation into another liquid or into a very different substance. Changes of this sort, though very improbable, are possible.

"Listen carefully, my brethren. This improbability is tremendous. It makes our heads whirl. I have no intention of minimizing it. On the contrary, I want to insist on the marvelously exceptional character of such events, which enhance the greatness of God, when He causes them to happen.

"Certainly our Creator wanted to subject nature to harmonious laws, and any departure from them, we know and feel, must be the result of an external impulse. Such departure from natural law God has reserved to Himself for His occasional use. This is a miracle. . . ."

The priest developed his theme, which he knew would appeal to philosophical minds—in particular Doctor Faivre's, who never took his eyes from him. Then he turned his eloquence to the ordinary people. He recalled some of the most famous miracles, and concluded by extolling the virtues of God's elect.

"Blessed are those whose faith needs no reinforcement by proofs. Blessed are the meek! They know, before thinking about it, the Lord can do everything. It is often to one of these that He delegates a bit of His miraculous power. Amen."

Father Montoire stepped down from the pulpit, to the murmur of a conquered congregation. Doctor Faivre came to see him in the sacristy to compliment him.

"Did I convince you?" asked the priest.

"You would have, if I could be by words. Unfortunately, I have never authenticated a miracle."

Several days later the priest spent the afternoon in church, hearing confessions. He finished late, said a short prayer, and was crossing the empty nave toward the sacristy.

"Father!"

He stopped. A woman was standing by the aisle to the sacristy. Evidently she had waited for him there, only working up the nerve to accost him when he was about to leave.

"Please, father."

The pathos in her voice touched him and he retraced his steps. She held out a letter with a trembling hand.

"For you, father, from Doctor Faivre."

"From Doctor Faivre?"

She was so upset she couldn't utter another word. She lowered her eyes and nervously twisted the corners of her shawl.

Father Montoire spoke to her kindly. "I can't read here. The church is too dark. Come with me."

He wanted her to go ahead of him, but she held back and gestured with her hand. He saw that she wasn't alone. A silhouette could be seen in the shadow.

"My son," she said in a low voice.

"Come along, both of you," said the priest, intrigued.

She went up to her son, who was standing motionless, as if plastered to the wall. He never moved until she took him by the arm. Father Montoire saw him groping with a cane. The priest led them into the sacristy and without asking any question went to the light to read the letter.

My dear friend: Don't think this request is made facetiously. You are well enough acquainted with me to know that I deal seriously with a serious matter, and that is what this is. I've done everything I could to dissuade this good woman, Mme. Courtal, from coming to see you. I have finally given in to her entreaties and written this note of introduction. She has been an old family servant of mine for many years.

She insists upon bringing to you her son, Jean, a young man who is blind from the war. Science can do nothing for him. He is incurable. She has known you for a long time; she comes to hear all your sermons. After the last one, she got it in her head that you can cure her son, and she wants to ask you to pray to God to perform a miracle. I find it hard to presume to pass her request on to you. Please don't hold it against me, and do everything in your power, without disheartening her, to make her listen to reason. As for myself, I've given up. There's not the slightest chance of a cure. And besides, his wound has robbed him of his senses. He is just a simple-minded person, living only by his mother's love and care. Once more, I ask you to forgive me.

Father Montoire was disconcerted. The woman's pleading look anxiously questioned him. The blind boy stood rigid and motionless. He seemed in a stupor. Father Montoire hesitated to speak, and she fell on her knees.

"Please, father, I know it was wrong of me to come to ask you, but only you can do something for him. The doctor says it is impossible, but doctors are often wrong. I know God listens to you. I had no hope, then I heard you speak about miracles, and show so clearly that God could do anything; and my faith came back. I seemed to see a light. I felt that God could cure my child, if you would consent to ask Him to in the proper way. I was once taught He performed miracles, but no one made me understand it as you did. Forgive me, father, for being so bold, but you must pray to God in my place. I don't know how. You must ask Him to restore my son's sight."

"My good woman ——" murmured the priest. He was deeply moved. "My good woman, this is a terrible misfortune for your son and for you. The good Lord has put you to a severe test. But who can tell whether He does not reserve the greatest blessings for those whom He has most cruelly stricken? I promise you to pray for your child; but, alas, I have no miraculous powers. I am only a humble creature like yourself."

"I beg you on my knees, father. I am sure, if you really will do it, God will hear you. They say you converted a lot of learned men who had no faith, because you knew the words to reach them with. And those who have cured the sick never realized their power beforehand. You said so yourself, father."

He made her get to her feet again. He still had found nothing to say to her—he who was usually so eloquent. He reproached himself for inadequacy. The woman's words were persuasive; he considered carefully.

It is true, he thought, *that the elect never realize their gift until the moment it is revealed to them. Have I the right not to try? But should I even encourage such a notion? It's mad of me—and in such a desperate case. Faivre swears there is no chance of a cure. And yet, how can I reject her plea? How can I, without trying everything possible, discourage her simple, sublime faith, when I have preached trust in His infinite mercy? She would tax me with hypocrisy, and with her good, down-to-earth common sense would turn away forever from religion and its priests.*

He made up his mind.

"My dear woman," he said, "I shall pray the Lord to look down upon your son's affliction, but on one condition only. You must remember that miracles are extraordinarily rare events. It is all but impossible that one might happen.

"God has allowed your son to be blinded. As with all His acts, there is a reason that escapes us. I shall ask Him to change His decision, but if He does not grant this to me, and it is very unlikely that He will do so, since I am unworthy, you must promise me not to despair and to hold no bitterness in your heart. His designs are impenetrable, and it is not for us to judge Him."

She thanked him and promised. But his consent was all she understood. She took his arm and said passionately, "Right now, father. You must pray to Him right now! In the church—at the foot of the altar. I know it will work there."

She was transfigured. Her faith inspired her with an authority that dominated him. He gave in, and was immediately sorry, ashamed, as if he had approved some sinful farce. But she already had hold of her son, who followed her like an automaton. She made him kneel down in front of the altar, stepped back several paces and stood erect, her fingers locked in an attitude of prayer. Father Montoire shuddered, sickened with a bitter mixture of scruple and pity. He thought, *Poor woman. This cruel deception on top of her unhappiness. What terrible disillusion is waiting for her. God alone will judge whether I commit a sin or perform a charitable deed.*

He knelt, buried his face in his hands, again asked forgiveness of the Lord for his temerity, and besought Him in a low voice:

"Thou, to Whom no creature is without significance, Thou Who canst bring back the dead and destroy the living, have pity on this poor creature. I dare to beg of Thee, cure this sick man. I know I am unworthy of asking this grace of Thee, but I humbly pray Thee for this. If it be Thy will, give Thou a sign of Thine omnipotence and Thy mercy."

He remained prostrate a long time, his lips murmuring the same words over and over again. Beside him the blind man never moved. The anguished look of the woman was fixed upon them. Finally he rose, his heart heavy. She did not move. She expected something else from him.

"Don't you have to touch his eyelids," she said, trembling, "and speak some words out loud, as Jesus did?"

He was overwhelmed by a wave of despair. He knew, to his sorrow, that he would give in. He no longer had the strength—or the courage—to desist. He would go on with his prayer, even to sacrilege. He laid his trembling hands on the lifeless eyelids.

"My God, I ask Thee as a sign of Thy favor, heal this unfortunate." And in a loud voice, he commanded the blind man, "See thou the light."

He turned away to hide his tears, racked with remorse and aware of having reached the limit of human misery.

Suddenly a flame appeared in the blind man's eyes. A living light transfigured his features. He brought his hands to his face, then lowered them, crying out, "The day!" Then, without help, before the amazed eyes of his mother and the priest, he slowly turned toward the candles which lighted the depths of the church with a feeble glow.

The sky could have fallen on Father Montoire and he would have been less stupefied. He stood there, petrified, speechless, gasping, unable to think. The woman, her features distorted, trembled hysterically and clung to the credence table. She moaned when her son turned around and walked up to her. His mind had come back to him with his sight. She found the strength to stretch her arms out to him, and they embraced, weeping.

"I knew it!" she sobbed. "I knew God would hear you! Father, God bless you—God bless you! This happiness is too much! I'll light candles—I'll go to Mass every day! I'll make a pilgrimage! . . . Jean, you see! You can see! Thank him, thank this saint you owe this miracle to! How can we show our gratitude? Here's all my money for your poor. I'll have more for you."

She was out of her head with her joy. The priest murmured, almost indistinctly, "He doesn't have to thank me. Only God can perform a miracle."

"My God! Wretch that I am!" the woman cried. "I haven't gone down on my knees yet!" She prostrated herself before the altar, her forehead on the floor.

"Yes, on your knees," said the priest absently.

He did not appear to have come to his senses. He looked at her, crumpled on the ground, as if he were a stranger to the scene.

"Yes, on your knees," he repeated tonelessly. Then, recovering himself, "We on our knees, too, my son, to thank God for this signal favor."

They remained for long minutes on the cold tiles. Mother and son prayed. The priest tried to shake off the contradictory feelings that assailed him to make room for reality. He had great difficulty concentrating, even for a simple act of thanksgiving. He slowly got to his feet. The woman did the same, and her son looked all around him with a dazed look.

Then Father Montoire asked, "Are you quite certain that he never saw before?"

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Angler Emeritus

By Carolyn Ellis

Long ago he had lettered the
sign in red—
WE'RE DRY-FLY FISHERMEN HERE,
it said;

And he'd grin when he
answered the question,
"Why?"
As the long knee-crippling
years went by:

"I say, if you ask me, it's
womanish
To fish with the odds against
the fish!"

Now he sits on the bank in
sunny weather
And fashions his lures of fur
and feather;

At night, waist deep in a cold
clear dream,
He casts upstream again . . .
upstream. . . .

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

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"Yes, I'm positive! I've wept enough and cursed our trouble. I was losing my mind. I haven't told you, father, but I was ready to resort to the devil. I can't tell you everything I tried. I did everything but place my trust in Him, in Him Who can do everything, as you proved in your sermon, father!"

"Yes, everything, absolutely everything, as I proved," he repeated mechanically. "But tell me, exactly, word for word, what did Doctor Faivre say?"

"Now I can tell you. To him, there was no hope at all. He let me know little by little, gently, for he is kind. I don't remember his reasons. He spoke of burned tissues, of —— oh, all that is over now. What will he say when Jean goes to see him? You are the one who is right, father, in spite of all the doctors. I still remember your words. You said scientists can no longer say a miracle is impossible."

"Yes," said the priest again in the same vague voice, "I was the one in the right."

She looked at her son's enlivened gaze with an awe suddenly mixed with apprehension.

"Can you see all right, Jean? Like you did just now? Tell me what you see?"

"Yes!" cried the priest excitedly, as if he were waking from a dream. "Tell us what you see! What are your sensations? Tell me what you felt at the moment I touched your eyelids with my hands—at that very instant!"

"I saw the light," said the young man, "just as before. I felt a shock, and I had the sensation of waking up after a very long sleep. I can't explain it any better. Before, everything was black inside and outside. Then there was a shower of light in front of my eyes, and in myself too."

"Good God, can it possibly be?" the priest murmured. "It has every characteristic of a miracle. . . . My good woman, you must go quickly to Doctor Faivre for him to examine your son."

"We're going there right away, father."

"And I shall see him also," said the priest, again turned dreamer. "I want his honest opinion. He's an objective scientist and a man to be relied upon. He will tell me what to make of this."

He had a feeling of vertigo and wanted his visitors to leave. Their gratitude made him feel uncomfortable. He had an overwhelming desire to be alone and to commune with his conscience.

Mother and son left at last. In the silence, at the foot of the altar, he tried to compose himself. But he couldn't rise above the uneasiness that was growing within him and interfering with his thoughts as well as his prayers. Shortly he left the church, and on his way out he instinctively avoided a cripple who stood his post at the door and held out his hand in supplication.

Father Montoire passed a feverish night, turning over every phase of the event in his mind. In the morning, unable to find relief, he decided to consult his superior.

The bishop received him as soon as he arrived and welcomed him cordially.

"I was delighted," he said, "to learn that your last sermon was spoken of so highly, not only by the faithful but by a circle which ordinarily is little interested in our endeavors. It is a pleasure to offer you my sincere congratulations."

"Your excellency, do not look on me as a preacher to be praised for his humble efforts. I have come to tell you about a supernatural event which took place in my church last night, and to tell you how deeply it troubles me."

"A supernatural event?" said the bishop, raising his eyes.

"So it seems to be, at least, excellency. It has upset me so much that I no longer know what to think of it. I dare not define it lest I commit a sin."

"A sin?"

"Yes, excellency, but I can't decide which, my confusion is so great—pride or lack of faith."

The bishop looked at him curiously. "The wisest minds sometimes have momentary weaknesses. Confide in me the cause of your anxiety and, with the help of God, we shall find a remedy."

"It was this way, excellency: As you already know, I preached a few days ago on miracles. I tried with all my powers to convince the unbelieving and the indifferent. Yesterday, after confessions, a woman and her blind son were waiting for me. She begged me to ask the Lord for a miracle for the cure of her child. I demurred. It seemed to me to be wrong. I only consented to do so against my conscience and out of pity. But I did. Urged by her tears, I even dared to lay my hands on the sick man's eyes and ordered him to see. I regretted it immediately, as a sin of presumption. But, excellency ——"

Feverishly reliving the scene of the previous night, as he evoked it, the priest shivered at the recollection.

"But, excellency, at my touch, under my fingers, the marvel took place. The blind man saw the light. He sees now. His mother and he are overflowing with gratitude, and I don't know what to make of it. I have come to ask for your advice."

The three strapless things that cause concern today are: evening gowns, bathing suits, and woodsheds.

KEN SHIVELY

The bishop regarded him with growing astonishment and pondered for quite some time before he spoke.

"Father Montoire," he finally said, "if anyone else than you—whose prudence and wisdom I know—had told me such a tale, I confess that I would entertain the most serious doubts. You know that signs of this kind are rare; that is what makes them precious. The Church demands the most positive guarantees and a host of testimonies before handing down an opinion. Certainly, the Lord can instigate a supernatural event. But no one can say when He wishes one, nor if it is not tempting Him to ask Him to look down upon a particular case."

"Excellency, that is exactly what I said to myself before I prayed to Him."

"And consider this," continued the prelate: "On this subject—there is nothing I can teach a scholar such as you—there are innumerable sources of error, and the ablest minds can be deceived by appearances."

"That's what I've been telling myself ever since yesterday, excellency. But the woman was referred to me by my friend, Doctor Faivre, one of the best physicians alive. His diagnosis was absolute. The patient could not be cured—and how can I doubt, excellency, when the marvel happened in my presence, under my hands, with no one's intervention?"

"I insist," answered the bishop severely. "Miracles are truly exceptional facts. In such matters, it is our duty as churchmen to be more ruthlessly critical than in any others. Remember, the enemies of religion, yours and mine, are always on the lookout for us to make mistakes, and ready to use them to our own confusion. Moreover, there is always the possibility of fraud."

"That was my very first thought," asserted the priest. "But fraud seems impossible here."

"Let us drop that hypothesis. There are probably other natural explanations. A great physician, you say, had condemned this poor person to live in darkness? You know yourself that science is not infallible. It is probable—and this is the wisest thing I can say—that he is mistaken in his diagnosis and has taken a temporary affliction for an incurable disease. Isn't medical history full of numerous examples of such mistakes? It would not be necessary, in that case, to invoke special intervention of Almighty God." He added indulgently, "Even an abundance of virtues and talents like yours are insufficient to cause a miracle, which is one of God's most marvelous manifestations and one of the firmest tenets of our faith."

"Do you really think, excellency, that there would be a sin of presumption, in this particular case, to believe in a miracle?"

There was a strange note in his voice. It was almost as if an affirmative answer would console his conscience. The bishop looked annoyed and reflected further.

"I cannot make a pronouncement now, but in all frankness, I fear so. But don't worry. I feel you are sincere, and appearances have deceived wiser persons than you. The saints themselves have been victims of hallucinations! In any case, we must wait for other testimonies besides yours and those of your two innocents before we can weigh the matter—and then very carefully. A case of direct intervention! Think of it—under your hands! In your church!"

"Yes," replied the priest, contrite. "Under my hands, in my church, in these days! I have thought about that, too, all night!"

"And this blind man? You said he didn't have all his faculties. Was he himself a victim of a hallucination? An attack of temporary insanity?"

"He can see," said Father Montoire, almost dejectedly. "He sees and he has recovered his reason. This very morning I received a long message from him, describing his happiness and assuring me of his eternal gratitude."

"I advise you take some time to think about this when you are not so upset," replied the bishop, after a moment of silence. "You do need rest. You seem overwrought. And, especially, wait for Doctor Faivre's conclusions. When he has examined his young patient again, you will see he will say he made a mistake in his basic diagnosis. I shall pray God to bring you peace."

Upon leaving the bishop's house, Father Montoire severely examined his conscience. The incident was farther away in time now, and he was beginning to doubt his own senses. The wise words of his superior had calmed him a little. He was able to convince himself that he had been fooled by appearances and he had a feeling of deep comfort. He decided not to delay his visit to Doctor Faivre.

After all, he thought as he rang his friend's bell, *this affair began with physical and material facts. They must be studied carefully before coming to any conclusion.*

As soon as the physician saw the priest's cassock in his waiting room, Doctor Faivre hurried to him and, murmuring a few words of apology to his patients, took him into his office. The doctor's manner was in strange contrast to his usual calm. He gave his friend no time to explain.

"I've been waiting impatiently for you. You've come, of course, about Jean Courtal. His mother brought him here last night. It's the most extraordinary case I have ever come across in my career, and I am still not recovered from the shock I've had. Listen carefully; you know that science is often mistaken. I am not one of its fanatic defenders. I have committed errors and I've always recognized them. In many cases, all that we doctors can say is perhaps or probably."

The doctor paused, then continued solemnly, "But, in this case there hasn't been, I swear, the slightest chance of a mistake. When Jean Courtal was discharged from this hospital, where all the doctors considered him incurable, I took a personal interest in the boy, because his mother—as I told you—worked for me, and her despair touched me. I had several of my colleagues examine him—the best qualified specialists alive. No case has ever been handled with such meticulous attention. Well, we all agreed; the boy could not see. There was actual physical impairment of sight. I don't want to go into long explanations now; I am keeping that for the report I intend to submit to the academy; but he could not see! The essential organs of vision were not only impaired; they were destroyed; they no longer existed.

"I've just informed two of these colleagues, who recall their examinations very well. They are as excited as I am. As doctors, we can say only this: No scientific explanation can be given for this cure. You are the priest. I leave the conclusion up to you. But, for my part, in the face of this impossible event, I must admit a supernatural intervention. It is a miracle."

"A miracle!" exclaimed Father Montoire.

He was unable to suppress a protest. The doctor paid no attention to him, and continued excitedly.

"It is a miracle. No intelligent person will deny it. You can count on me to produce the most convincing testimonies. In a cure as marvelous as this, I can conceive of no other agent than Him whom you serve, no other instrument than that power of faith which drew His attention to the poor wretch.

"For me, this sign has been a revelation. I can tell you I am a changed man, and I know I have to change my opinions. Up to now, I've been a freethinker—not an atheist, but a consistent skeptic. No proof was strong enough to convince me, and I never believed it possible to discover metaphysical truth. I now apologize. Today I am so excited that I can't express myself clearly. First, I must get order into my ideas. If I may, I shall come to see you in a few days and have a long talk with you."

The priest looked at him with amazement, unable to suppress his dismay. He realized in a confused way that he had to see in this conversion another divine intervention, but he could not praise God as he should have done, and he found himself again plunged into agonizing doubt.

He walked home, recalling vividly the scene which tortured him so. His priesthood and his studies had accustomed him to self-examination. He called upon all the resources of his religion, his experience and his intelligence for help in trying to come to some conclusion which would satisfy both his heart and his mind. Once more he went over every detail of the miracle and reviewed all the circumstances, recalling with remorseless lucidity the scruples that had assailed him.

The woman begged me. I gave in against my will, out of pity and weakness. When I held out my hands, when I called upon Thy holy name, my God, I asked for Thy forgiveness as if it were for a sacrilege. I cannot hide anything from Thee. Did I have faith? No, not for a moment did I acknowledge You could grant my prayer.

His face was expressionless; his eyes lifeless; not a glimmer of reason. And suddenly his eyelids began to quiver under my

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fingers. I was the only intermediary. And at the very moment when life came to that face, at that very instant, I, who preach to convince skeptics, I, who invoke the deepest arguments of heart and mind to arouse faith in Thy infinite power—I, in Thy very presence, doubted. Again I beg of Thee, let me feel this miracle, which lights no spark in me.

Father Montoire left the church furtively, but was recognized by the cripples. It was the moment they were waiting for, to seize him and beg him to bring them the mercy of God.

Three months had passed since the healing of the blind man. The news had spread that the priest performed miracles. Every evening, though he tried to pass unnoticed, he was besieged by dozens of unfortunates, who had been waiting for hours for him to pass. Each day, his torment became more nearly unbearable.

This evening the agony he suffered at the sight of sick suppliants was intolerable. They clung to his cassock and refused to let go. They weren't satisfied with promises of prayer. Each cried for the priest to take him by the hand and lead him to the foot of the altar where the Almighty had been made manifest. Each demanded that he lay his hands on the affliction, ordering it to be cured.

He tried to turn away from them. Could he, without impiety, be party to a ceremony which seemed to him to be a criminal parody? Dare he imitate again the holy gestures of Christ?

The bishop had let him know that these goings-on were not looked upon with a favorable eye. After Doctor Faivre's conclusion, which was confirmed by his learned colleagues; after the academy's report, in which the doctors submitted proofs of a supernatural cure, the prelate's skepticism was only feebly shaken. He had referred the case to Rome, where it was received with suspicion and was now being thoroughly investigated, with due consideration given to the priest's reputation and the very weighty scientific attestations. While waiting for the papal decision, the bishop maintained the greatest reserve.

The priest raised his head and tried to escape. The plaints of the cripples grew louder. The sting of doubt pierced to the deepest levels of his consciousness.

Suppose, after all, God had really chosen him, unworthy as he was, to magnify His glory? Suppose it was really a true, an authentic miracle? How could he refuse to try again, for these simple and faithful souls, the gesture and invocation which had brought about the Divine intervention?

He gave in to the overweening supplications. He seized one of the invalids who was on crutches, dragged him into the church and cast him down at the foot of the altar. The priest held out his hands and pronounced the presumptuous words. No sign was given. Father Montoire stood ashamed, his hands resting on the cripple's lifeless leg. Others were already pushing forward to take his place.

They formed a line. Chained to the miracle, he had to follow his Via Dolorosa to the end. He laid his hands on every sore and every deformity. In horror, he took his place at the foot of the altar and made a superhuman effort not to curse the innocent faith of these creatures, not to reproach them for the blind trust that brought him unbearable torture. He tried hopelessly to send them off consoled when, having failed as expected, he saw their features darken and read the distress and resentment in their faces.

He succeeded in hiding his disgust and revulsion until the end of the line. More than twenty times he repeated the empty gesture and pronounced the meaningless words. The last was a woman. She had no apparent affliction. She approached him shyly and hesitantly asked him to pray God to let her become a mother. He fled, half running, unable to check tears of humiliation and despair.

He went home by way of the back streets, head bowed, tortured with the fear of being recognized, as had frequently happened, since he became famous. At home, as he did every night, he studied Doctor Faivre's report. The doctor had brought it to him the day he had come to say he wanted to return to his faith.

Montoire took no joy in this striking conversion. Avidly he plunged into the report. He made thousands of notes, not satisfied with getting the general meaning out of the text, but eager to arrive at the exact definition of each term. The commentaries of his learned friend were not enough.

Such was his burning desire to bring light into his mind, to extricate himself from the fog, that he purchased a collection of medical books and specialized works on ophthalmology. He imagined, without daring to admit it, that he could succeed on his own, where the authorities had failed to find a rational, scientific explanation of the phenomenon. He spent his nights studying these treatises in feverish anxiety. But the further he progressed in this study, the more his reason had to recognize Jean Courtal's cure as impossible.

Tonight he could not escape the obvious conclusion that forced itself upon his common sense. He summed it up aloud. "There is no doubt," he said. "It is a miracle."

He closed his lips and began his prayers, straining to find words of praise in keeping with the degree of grace which had been granted to him. Soon he was unable to continue his prayer. In spite of himself, he was still trying to find a natural explanation. He felt his reason wandering about in a tangle of figures and statistical laws. He tried to remember the ridiculously small percentage which a scientist had calculated to express the probability of accidental synthesis of the most elementary of cells. His head whirled when he thought of the billions of differentiated cells comprising the organs of sight. He finally realized the foolishness of this last hope. It was the least sensible hypothesis he had formed. Every branch of science supported the miracle. In the pulpit he had mentioned the so-called conflict between doctrine and reason. Here, reason offered the strongest evidence.

He rubbed his hand across his forehead, which was bathed in sweat, and completed a painful prayer of thanks.

As he was preparing for bed, without the peace of soul he sought, he received a message summoning him to the bishop in the morning.

He had hardly entered the bishop's house when he noticed a change in the attitude of the prelate's staff. On each previous visit he had felt their suspicion—amounting almost to hostility—strangely contrasted to the blind faith of the people, and which disturbed him equally. Today the first vicar rushed up to him eagerly, with a mixed attitude of cordiality and respect.

"I think that his excellency has some wonderful news for you," he said. "He will want to tell you personally, but, believe me, I, too, am overjoyed."

He was interrupted by the bishop calling for Father Montoire. The prelate stood at the priest's approach, and stopped him when he was about to kneel. Admiration and quizzical curiosity were mingled in the bishop's gaze. For some moments he was silent.

Finally he spoke, with a strange hint of deference, "I have marvelous news for you. I know it will overwhelm you with joy, and I am happy to be the first to share it with you. I have received a long note from Rome on the question of the cure of Jean Courtal. The marvel has been examined, analyzed by the most learned experts of the church. All the facts have been carefully weighed, as well as the observations of the physicians. The conclusion of the Holy Father is that there are in this cure all the characteristics of a divine miracle. It is not yet officially proclaimed—you know how prudent the Church must be in such matters—but from the tone of the letter and the instructions it contains, it is probable that it will be soon. The letter also directs me to inform you that his holiness has his eyes on you. So let us rejoice. The Lord has granted you a tremendous favor. It was earned by more than ordinary virtues. The glory it confers on you reflects on all of us ministers of God."

"Excellency," stammered the priest, bowing his head.

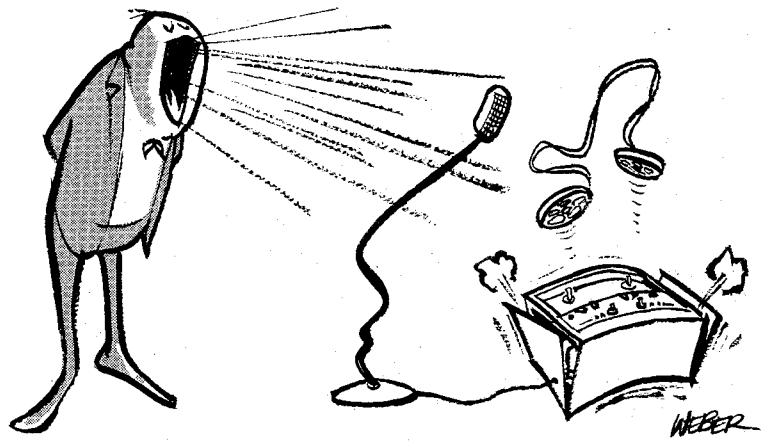
Far from experiencing any sense of joy and pride, he felt crushed, as if this startling confirmation from his supreme spiritual authority had dealt him a final blow.

"Excellency, I must accuse myself. At the moment when I called upon His holy name, I did not admit the possibility of His intervention. I had no faith!"

The bishop looked at him a long while, expressing neither surprise nor indignation. Then he spoke in a tone of paternal authority, "His designs are impenetrable. I've been aware of your attitude. I shall be as frank as you. I did not believe for one instant in the miracle when you told me about it. I didn't believe in it until the holy father's decision. I, too, have sinned through lack of faith. And to open my heart wider to you, if I had been in your place, I think I would have had the same doubts. God has chosen this occasion to teach a lesson to both of us, to show us our lowliness, and the value of simple faith in a humble servant. Let us together give thanks for His mercy and for the revelation which has opened our eyes—ours, too, blind as we were!"

Father Montoire was silent for a moment; then he threw himself, weeping, at the feet of the bishop.

"But I, I am not yet convinced, excellency! I still doubt! After having seen with my eyes, after having touched with my hands, I still didn't really believe in His presence! When science gave me irrefutable proofs, I distrusted science! I studied alone. I wanted to find a fallacy in the reasoning. I found none. I doubted my own judgment. I denied spiritual power. And today, excellency, what devil is in me? What kind of creature am I? What kind of priest, more contemptible than the most contemptible atheist? Today, when the highest vindication is granted me, when this miracle is confirmed by the vicar of Christ, enforced by common sense, by reason, by faith, by obedience—a miracle which I evoked, which I have lived through, I, minister of God, unworthy, miserable man—I cannot believe it!" THE END



The Perfect Squelch

Joe had brought his tape recorder to the office to record some get-well greetings for a fellow worker who was in the hospital. During the morning coffee break, he lined up a few of the ailing worker's close friends and started them "talking" brief, cheerful messages into the machine's microphone.

Almost immediately, Sam, a new and very noisy worker, pushed his way into the group. "Here, let me get in on this," he said, taking the microphone. Then, while the others stood in embarrassed silence, Sam mixed questionable jokes with some all-male night-club patter and gave very poor imitations of a well-known comedian. Finally he began what he obviously thought was a humorous criticism of the tape recorder.

"For my type of speaking," he chortled, "the appropriate tape is magnetic. That's what I ——"

"For your large mouth," Joe interrupted, retrieving the microphone, "the appropriate tape is adhesive."

Shannon Fife

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What's for Breakfast?

(Continued from Page 23)

"Tell that to the oysters," Ella said. "Maybe they'll grow up to be worthy of me."

New Orleanians, of course, appreciate and are proud of the fact that the French-Creole cooking of such outstanding restaurants as Antoine's, Galatoire's, Arnaud's, Commander's Palace and Brennan's has made the Delta City a gourmet's Valhalla and lures lovers of fine food from all over the world. However, the warm affection and strong proprietary feeling which the natives have for these establishments have little to do with their value as municipal advertisements and tourist attractions; the local response is personal rather than economic. New Orleans is a city of restaurant *aficionados* who have their own high and rigid criteria in judging food. When a restaurant consistently meets local standards, the townspeople, in an almost literal sense, adopt the place. Sometimes, as in the case of Brennan's, this close relationship is expressed in unusual ways.

Brennan's is, I suppose, one of the few restaurants in history to have all of its portable parts triumphantly paraded through the streets on the shoulders of its patrons. This somewhat curious but completely spontaneous expression of esteem was made several years ago when Brennan's was about to vacate its original quarters on Bourbon Street and move to its present location at 417 Royal Street.

"We'd planned to move at night, right after the last of the dinner crowd had gone," Ella Brennan Martin recalls. "All of us were feeling kind of low because, in addition to all the work we had to do, rain was coming down in an absolute deluge.

"Suddenly people started drifting in from all over town to give us a hand. There were over a hundred of them, all customers. We hadn't asked them, of course. They just came and pitched in.

"Everyone started packing dishes and pots and pans and silverware and napkins. The place wasn't very large and, with all of those people milling around, it was kind of chaotic, but somehow things got done. The professional movers were going quietly nuts, I guess, but they got into the spirit of the thing after a while.

"When we were all set to move out, somebody turned up with a Dixieland band blowing its head off. Every customer picked up something to carry, a procession was formed behind the band, and off we went in the pounding rain to the new spot. Fortunately it was only a block and a half away. I wouldn't say it's the most efficient way to move," she says thoughtfully, "but it had its moments."

The fact that Brennan's, in a comparatively few years, was able to gain this standing in a city of highly sophisticated palates is an interesting example of the power of affronted Irish honor over classic French-Creole cooking.

Owen E. Brennan, founder of the establishment, was one of the least likely of New Orleans' citizens to open a restaurant devoted to *haute cuisine*. He had, at various times, sold candy bars from door to door, operated a drugstore—although he was not a pharmacist—run a gas station and been a liquor salesman, among numerous other activities, none of them even remotely connected with the restaurant business.

Owen, however, did demonstrate that he had considerable talents as a host when he bought the historic Old Absinthe House in 1943. This bar, which was built about 200 years ago and, according to legend, was the place where Andrew Jackson and Jean Lafitte planned the defense of New Orleans in the War of 1812, had been moribund for many years, but under Owen's loose-limbed conviviality, it flourished mightily.

To be fair to Owen, when he decided to open a restaurant in 1946, just across Bourbon Street from his bar, his ambition was appropriately modest. He had in mind a glorified hamburger stand to which he could dispatch such Absinthe House customers as felt the need for simple, quickly obtainable food.

This humble ambition, however, grew to astonishing proportions one evening a few weeks later when Owen was discussing the project with his friend, "Count" Arnaud Cazenave, the late owner of the famous Arnaud's restaurant.

Toward the end of the conversation, the Count made some lighthearted comment to the effect that Owen would merely be in the food business, but that he, Cazenave, would continue to work at a gastronomic art form. He also stated that the Irish, although a nation of poets, were probably incapable of any culinary accomplishment more complex than boiling potatoes.

Outraged by this jocular insult, Owen bellowed, "I'll show you that an Irishman, this Irishman, can run the best French restaurant in New Orleans."

Owen's first task was to capture a chef who was thoroughly familiar with the subtleties of Creole cooking, and he was fortunately able to bag Paul Blange, who is still the restaurant's head chef. A native of The Hague, Blange had received thorough training on the Continent, had cooked for over a decade on some of the world's best ocean liners and had spent some twenty years as chef in several of New Orleans' leading restaurants.

Because the Brennans have a tribal bond which would have abashed the Medicis, Owen turned to his family for part of the financing and for recruits to staff the front of the restaurant. Sister Ella was brought in to become the food expert, sister Adelaide took over the bookkeeping, and Owen's father, Owen Patrick, became night manager. All of them were as innocent as Owen of restaurant experience. Today there are so many Brennans connected with the enterprise that anyone going through the lengthy process of meeting the clan for the first time has the mistaken feeling that they outnumber the customers.

Ella had just graduated from high school when she took over the job. Her qualifications consisted of little more than a healthy adolescent's enthusiasm for eating. During her early days with the restaurant, she ate her way through every dish which was served, and read cookbooks as avidly as most of her contemporaries did movie magazines. When she had completed this primary course, she made a tour of many of the best restaurants in the country, asked questions, made notes and returned home erupting with ideas for improving Brennan's. She was soon promoted to manager.

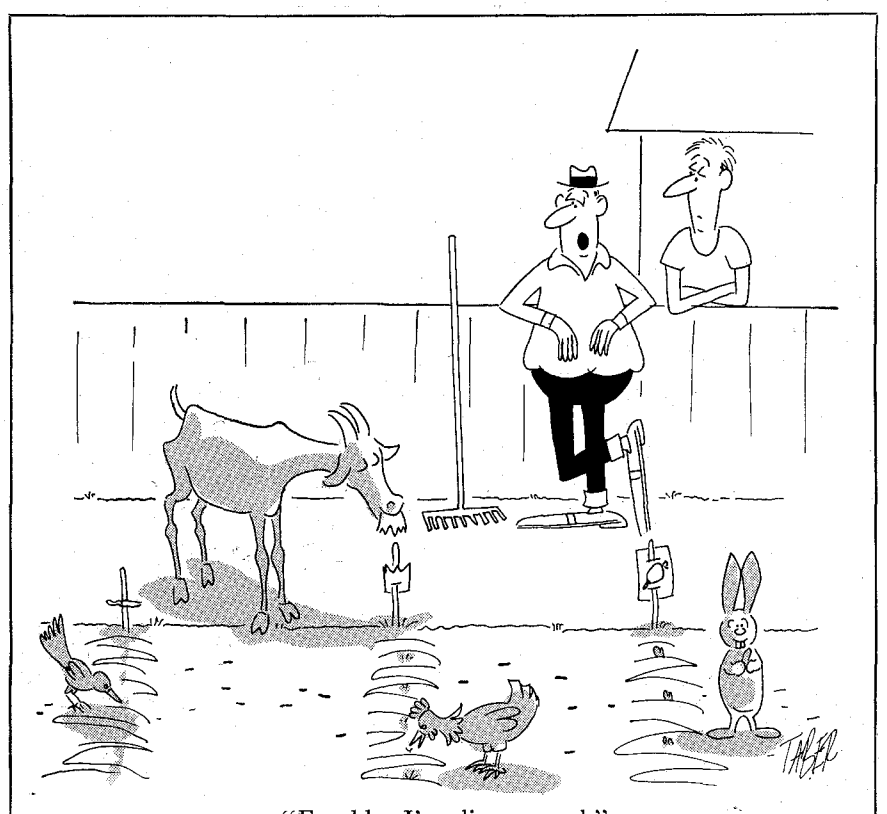
Ella, an attractive, relaxed, amiable woman, now in her early thirties, is well suited to her job in New Orleans, where the natives regard a favorite restaurant in about the same way the Viennese do a coffeehouse—a combination second home, private club and convenient spot to conduct a considerable amount of business.

Brennan's local patrons soon began behaving as though they were major stockholders rather than customers. For example, many of them developed the cozy habit of entering the restaurant through the kitchen door rather than through the main entrance, thus enabling them to make a leisurely examination of the offerings of the day and to discuss selections with chef Paul Blange.

"Sometimes the kitchen seemed to have more customers than the dining room," Ella says, "all of them sniffing the sauces, talking with the staff and arguing among themselves whether the sole Marguéry or the duckling with wild-cherry sauce was the better bet for the day.

"Actually, it was kind of convenient to have them around when we got busy. Often I'd come back to the kitchen and find two or three customers stirring things on the stove, another one holding a tray for a waiter who had forgotten some item or other, and a couple of other people slicing bread and filling water glasses.

"For a number of reasons, most of them having to do with space, the custom stopped when we moved to the new place. Kind of sad in a way. The staff said they felt lonesome for quite a while."



"Frankly, I'm discouraged."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

New Orleanians, of course, have no monopoly on the restaurant. Brennan's has its full quota of patronage from visitors, many of them celebrities. Gene Kelly, Pat O'Brien, Eva Gabor, Elliott Roosevelt, John and Milton Eisenhower, Robert Ruark, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Leopold Stokowski, Isaac Stern, Johnny Ray and dozens of other well-known figures have been at Brennan's, and most of them stop in whenever they are anywhere near New Orleans.

Ella happens to be especially fond of actors, and she takes considerable pains to make certain that they feel welcome and are comfortable. For those who want to be undisturbed, Ella sets up an impenetrable guard against fans and autograph seekers. For those Thespians who like attention, she approximates as closely as possible a Hollywood opening.

There was an occasion not long ago when a famous actress entered Brennan's and Ella was especially enthusiastic. As she led the star to a table, Ella spoke glowingly of the actress' work in Medea and Macbeth on stage and of her outstanding performances in such movies as Rebecca and Laura.

The actress gave a chill, professional smile as she sat down. "The next time I see Judith Anderson, I'll tell her how much you admire her," she said. "My name, incidentally, is Agnes Moorehead."

Ella, a woman of usually flawless memory, still flinches when she tells the story. "We didn't have to turn on the air conditioner for a week after that episode," she says.

One of the first of the well-known, out-of-town supporters of Brennan's was Lucius Beebe, a good friend of Owen via the Absinthe House. As a matter of fact, Beebe made a major contribution to the scope of the restaurant.

About two years after the establishment had been opened, Beebe made one of his periodic trips to New Orleans. In honor of the event, Owen met him at the station with a horse-drawn carriage and Papa Celestin's band to conduct the gourmet to his hotel in proper style.

Later that day, Beebe came to the restaurant and found Owen staring morosely at a copy of Frances Parkinson Keyes' recently published novel, Dinner at Antoine's.

"Why couldn't it have been us?" Owen demanded with annoyance. "Why couldn't it have been Dinner at Brennan's?"

Beebe, never a man to let friendship warp his critical judgment, shook his head. "No euphony," he said firmly. Suddenly his eyes lit up. "Breakfast at Brennan's!" he said. "Now, that's perfect." He then pointed out that the possibilities of the morning meal had been more or less forgotten in this country and that, if Owen wanted to do something which would attract attention to the new restaurant, a revival of the elaborate nineteenth-century breakfast would be the perfect device. Owen was enthusiastic about the idea.

Brennan's had been serving only luncheon and dinner until that time, so all hands had to set out on a widespread search for breakfast recipes. Beebe supplied some. Chef Blange developed others. Ella and Adelaide Brennan went through a sizable library of cookbooks. The kitchen doubled as an experimental laboratory, and dozens of dishes were tried and rejected for every one found acceptable. Gradually the menu took form.

Breakfast at Brennan's was an immediate success. Few of the other leading restaurants have ever served a morning meal, so Brennan's has had the field almost to itself. Natives and tourists alike

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were pleased with a breakfast that was on a qualitative and quantitative par with the two other meals of the day. As a matter of fact, the breakfast dishes became so popular that they are now served from the nine-A.M. opening until the midnight closing.

Although I was well and happily acquainted with Brennan's luncheons and dinners, I hadn't done any extensive exploring of the breakfast menu until my most recent trip to New Orleans, when I decided to see how the more fortunate of our forefathers fared in the morning. If Brennan's research has been accurate, they did very well indeed.

On my first morning in town, I had what the management describes—with probable exaggeration—as "a typical New Orleans breakfast." The meal began with grilled grapefruit flavored with kirschwasser, a cherry liqueur. Next came eggs Hussarde, a combination of poached eggs with hollandaise, and grilled ham and tomato on rusk with *marchand-de-vin* sauce. The latter sauce, made of mushrooms, ham, consommé, shallots, onions and red wine, is as perfectly suited to the homely ham and tomato as cheddar cheese to apple pie. Hot French bread and marmalade rounded out this course. The meal ended with bananas Foster—the fruit is gently cooked in butter, brown sugar and cinnamon and then set aflame with banana liqueur and rum—and a huge cup of *café au lait*.

Emboldened by my ability to move after that meal, I went back the next day and ordered the "traditional Brennan breakfast". Fresh Creole cream cheese, a fine delicately flavored dish which responds equally well to rich cream or salt and pepper, got things under way. Eggs Benedict were next, and then came a perfectly grilled steak with béarnaise sauce. Again there was hot French bread and marmalade. For the finale, a waiter wheeled up a service table and prepared crepes Suzette and then *café Brulot*.

By now, the dire pretrip warnings I had received from my wife and the man who lets out the seams in my clothing had been completely forgotten and, during the days which followed, I had, at various breakfasts, snails broiled in garlic butter; broiled pompano garnished with chopped onions, garlic, parsley and chives; and, as a gesture to the South, calf's liver and bacon with hominy grits. Grits, however, are not for this Yankee. Even when prepared by Brennan's, they still tasted like shredded telephone book to me.

My respect for the hen, though, increased enormously. Eggs Sardou (poached eggs in an artichoke bottom and served with creamed spinach and hollandaise sauce) and eggs à la Turk (shirred eggs with chicken livers, mushrooms and a red-wine sauce) brightened two rainy mornings considerably. And I still remember a couple of omelets with mistyed pleasure. The first was made with fresh Louisiana strawberries and set flame with brandy, and the other with snails and vegetables and topped with a red-wine sauce.

Such fare has made breakfast parties at Brennan's a popular social activity in New Orleans. It also seems probable that the natives like the breakfast idea because it gives them more time than usual to spend in a favorite restaurant.

One group of six, including an acquaintance of mine, came into Brennan's about eleven o'clock one morning just as I was finishing my own breakfast. When I returned at nine that evening, the same assemblage was still at the same table, talking animatedly over their dinner demi-tasse.

"Have you been here all this time?" I asked the man I knew.

"Sure," he said with some surprise at my question. "This didn't happen to be a very busy day for most of us."

The present quarters of Brennan's are highly conducive to these marathon sessions. The building itself was erected in the early part of the last century and, when the Brennans renovated the structure, they preserved the architectural flavor of the old French Quarter.

What was formerly the carriage drive is now the entrance to the restaurant. This passageway leads to the main dining room on the right and, straight ahead, to a completely walled-in courtyard set off with a splashing fountain, magnolia, palm and banana trees, shrubbery and vividly colored flowers. There are tables and chairs in the yard, where guests may sit and have drinks while awaiting space in the dining rooms. Radiant heaters mounted along the wall and on the second-floor porch of the L-shaped building keep the courtyard comfortable even on chill days and evenings.

On the first floor of the restaurant are two large connecting rooms with soft green carpets and cream-colored walls. Enormous windows permit a view of the patio from every table. On the second floor there are five attractive dining rooms of varying sizes which can, when necessary, be used for private parties. Meals are also served on the porch overlooking the courtyard. Dining capacity for the entire establishment is 300 guests.

> When the doctor gives you a diet to follow, and you do—that's middle age.
>
> DAVE CROWN

Although there is a large and competent staff to handle the affairs of the restaurant, there are always several Brennans wandering about to make the guests feel welcome and to see that everything is moving smoothly. Since Owen's death, in 1955, the enterprise has been operated by a family council which functions with an astonishing absence of friction.

Ella Brennan Martin is manager and does most of the buying. Her older sister, Adelaide, is assistant manager and bookkeeper. A younger sister, Dorothy Brennan Bridgeman, and Lynn Brennan, the wife of brother Dick, handle reservations and greet the patrons at the door. Father Owen Patrick Brennan is in charge of physical properties and doubles as still another host. Brother John, who was formerly with the restaurant, now operates a packaging plant for fresh vegetables and salads—Brennan's is one of his best customers—and sits on the governing board. To complete this somewhat bewildering genealogical study, brother Dick and Owen E.'s son, Owen, Jr.,—men in their twenties who recently completed their Army service—are taking over management of the Old Absinthe House, which will soon have a steak-and-chop house added to its present facilities. Both young men received their restaurant training at Brennan's.

In addition to all the Brennans, the restaurant has a staff of nearly 200, including fourteen cooks, who are needed to maintain two shifts.

When breakfast became part of Brennan's activities, chef Paul Blange could not, of course, supervise the kitchen for the entire day, and a morning chef was added. That job is now filled by Jimmy Smith, a man of thirty from the bayou country, who came to New Orleans some thirteen years ago to learn to cook. He was with Antoine's for nine years; a few months after he quit his job there, in 1954, he went to work for Brennan's.

Jimmy arrives at the Brennan kitchen at four A.M. and immediately begins to make the sauces and soups for the day. He is commander of the pots and pans until two in the afternoon. An hour later, Blange arrives and takes over until the restaurant closes.

Jimmy is especially proud of the breakfasts he serves and, like most serious cooks, he is something of a missionary on the subject of good food. Therefore, when I asked him for some recipes, he treated me as a welcome convert, not as a spy.

If you've ever had the desire to start the day in the manner of a nineteenth-century tycoon, here are a few suggestions.

GRILLED GRAPEFRUIT WITH KIRSCHWASSER

Remove the core from half a grapefruit. Loosen meat from skin and sprinkle top very heavily with sugar. Sprinkle that with kirschwasser (be generous) and put the grapefruit under broiler until it starts to brown. Garnish with maraschino cherry and serve.

EGGS À LA TURK

Sauté ½ bunch of finely chopped shallots and one pound of chicken livers together. Blend in one tablespoon of flour and one cup chicken stock. Add 8 oz. of burgundy wine and ½ pound fresh mushrooms. Let boil 5 minutes. Put 2 tablespoons of sauce in each casserole; break two eggs in each and bake. Cover eggs with remainder of sauce and serve. Serves two.

EGGS HUSSARDE

On a base of Holland rusk, place a slice of grilled ham and top with marchand-de-vin sauce. Next place a slice of grilled fresh tomato and top it with a soft-cooked poached egg. Crown with rich golden hollandaise sauce.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

Beat 4 egg yolks, adding juice of one lemon. Cook in double boiler and add 1 lb. melted butter. Use very low fire. Cook sauce until thick. Add salt to taste. Use a wooden spoon for stirring. Do not allow water in pot to boil.

MARCHAND-DE-VIN SAUCE

Combine 4 oz. each of chopped mushrooms, ham and consommé. Add ½ bunch of shallots chopped fine and one onion also chopped fine. Thicken with a little flour and add 4 oz. of red wine. Cook for ½ hour or so, after seasoning to taste.

I had breakfast at Brennan's on the day I was leaving New Orleans. "You've made a major change in my life," I told Ella. "For years I've gone on the assumption that anything sturdier than orange juice, toast and coffee in the morning would probably cause some irreparable harm to my metabolism. Now I can hardly wait to get home and have my wife start using these recipes of yours."

"I know what you mean," Ella said. "Most of the people who come in here for the first time are appalled when a waiter suggests starting breakfast with onion soup or Creole cream cheese and following it with pompano, a steak or one of our fancy egg dishes. But once they get over their preconceptions and find that breakfast can be as exciting and have as much variety as any other meal, they're on our side.

"About your wife, though," she added with some hesitancy, "I wouldn't suggest that you try to get her to peel an artichoke or make some complicated sauce the very *first* morning you're home. Give her time to get used to the idea."

I'm following this advice. Meanwhile, orange juice, toast and coffee make a quite satisfactory breakfast. THE END

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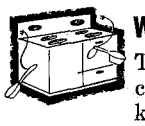
FOR YOUR HOME



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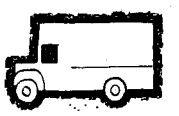

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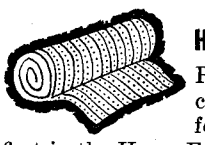

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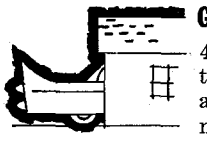

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The Susceptible Blonde (Continued from Page 20)

"Yes'm. I aim to take me a swim in that pretty pool at the motel first."

"You look out for that sun-tan lifeguard." Aunt Sudy tried to smile, but you could see her back was killing her.

The lifeguard lay sound asleep in the fading afternoon sunshine beside the pool. Feeling half naked in the skimpy white bathing suit Aunt Sudy had bought, Minna dived in too quick and belly-flopped. The water sloshed over the side, spraying the lifeguard's face. He rolled over and shook his head, drowsily watching her swim the length of the pool and back. Minna pretended not to notice him, but she was aware of the long bronze body, the tawny crew-cut, the steady blue eyes. *When he stands up, I'll bet he's most as tall as pa,* she thought. After a while she pulled herself up on the far side of the pool where she shucked off her bathing cap, releasing a bright mop of yellow hair. The lifeguard stood up, wide awake.

A pale little man with a black mustache dropped down beside her and smiled. "You got a match?"

Minna blinked. "Not in my bathing suit."

He laughed out loud. "I haven't got a cigarette either." He bragged on her swimming and she told him about the creek that ran through the pasture at home. She told him about Aunt Sue Della's back, too, and how disappointing the parade was and how Florida wasn't much fun by yourself.

"I know that feeling." He patted her hand. "You have dinner with me."

"Well, now, that's real friendly of you." She could tell the lifeguard was listening. Big pitchers had big ears, she thought.

"We'll have a drink at my place first," the man said.

"I am thirsty." Minna could feel the steady blue gaze following her as she walked down the path with Mr. Underwood to Number Twelve.

He had a teensy kitchen, hardly room enough to swing a cat. Minna sat down, spreading a towel first because her bathing suit was still wet, while he fixed a drink in a little old glass—not enough to wet your whistle. It had an olive in it and tasted like fly spray. They chatted for a spell. She really didn't care for a third drink, but they were small and Mr. Underwood being so neighborly and all she didn't want to be rude. She was beginning to feel better, now that she had a friend.

Someone knocked. Minna opened the door.

"Hi." The wide bronze shoulders were gleaming wet. "You forgot your cap." He leaned in the doorway so close she could count the freckles on his chest. "Aren't you going to ask me in?"

He certainly was pushy. Minna lowered her lashes, fingering the cap. "This isn't my house."

"What are you doing here?"

"I was invited."

"I'll bet."

She started to shut the door on him, but one big bare foot seemed to be in the way. Mr. Underwood came in from the kitchen with two fresh drinks. He frowned. "What do you want?"

The blue eyes turned to steel. "Just checking."

"I could have you fired for this."

"Go ahead." The steel glinted. "My dad owns the place."

Mr. Underwood turned red in the face. "We're going out to dinner."

"At the Devonshire," Minna added.

The lifeguard's glance traveled over her body. "In your bathing suit?"

Back in Number Three, Minna changed into her full skirt and sleeveless blouse and put her folding money in the top of her camisole. *The nerve of him,* she fumed. Her thoughts buzzed and darted like bottle flies. *Butting in like that—picking on a nice little man like Mr. Underwood—if pa was here he'd have given him what for.* Suddenly she was homesick. And hungry. She looked longingly at her new high heels, but since she was already a head taller than Mr. Underwood it didn't seem fitten; she slipped into her flats and went out.

Aunt Sue Della would have been plumb surprised to see the big pink car he had—especially to hear you could rent one like that. Mr. Underwood held Minna's hand all the time he was driving, but she knew it was all right because he was old and he wasn't sun-tanned at all. There was a red plush carpet rolled right out into the street at the Devonshire. Their table wasn't quite ready, so they sat in a dim little room at the side and drank some more fly spray while they waited.

"Your hair is the color of ripe wheat," Mr. Underwood said, squeezing her hand under the table.

"That's a real nice thing you said there, Mr. Underwood."

"You call me Tom."

A man was playing the piano in there—he knew all the pieces by heart—mostly sad songs, it seemed to Minna. She could have cried when she thought about poor Aunt Sudy laying flat on her back missing all this good clean fun with Mr. Underwood.

A chair scraped and she looked up, surprised. Even with his clothes on, she recognized the sun tan. His teeth flashed white as he dropped into the chair.

"Hi."

You had to admit he had a nice smile. Mr. Underwood gave him a dirty look. "Does your dad own this one too?"

"I just dropped by."

"Still checking?"

He grinned. "You're self-conscious. I'm on my way to work."

Minna's eyes widened. "You swim nights?"

"No; another job."

"Two jobs? Night and day? No wonder you fall asleep beside the pool."

"Dad keeps telling me work builds character."

Minna stared at him. She really hadn't thought of him as having any character at all. "You'll ruin your health," she cautioned.

He gave her a long look. "Let's say I'll live to be a rich old man."

Their table was ready then. Once more Minna felt the steady blue gaze on her back as she walked away with Mr. Underwood.

They had a good hot dinner—sea food, it was—with some white wine on the side—and afterward the waiter brought a thick green drink that was sweet and tasted about like chewing gum. Not near as strong as pa's corn liquor, of course.

After dinner they drove around the city for a spell and looked at the night lights. Minna told Mr. Underwood about seeing Sunken Gardens and Webb's City and the cattle farm where they had those queer cows with the bony humps on the backs of their necks. He explained how they were trying to cross-breed imported cattle with local stock to develop a cow that could stand the climate. He was a right interesting man to talk to, but she had to keep moving his hand off her knee.

He asked her if she would like to go to a night club—a place where there was a stage show.

"I don't mind," Minna said.

The Deuces Wild Café turned out to be a real flashy place with a lot of bright neon lights on the outside. The inside was dark as a silo. Minna coughed in the smoke as a greasy-looking man with jet hair met them in the hall and whispered with Mr. Underwood, who slipped something into the man's hand, and then they were led to a table right down front. Minna peered around half expecting to see the lifeguard again. The greasy man whisked a reserved sign off the table, spread a fresh white cloth (you could tell it was a nice place) and held Minna's chair for her. A cymbal crashed and she nearly fell to the floor as a blinding beam of light flashed across her face and onto the empty stage. She gasped as a plump woman, naked as a jaybird under a flimsy coat of mosquito netting, squirmed into the light. You could see—well—everything, and it was plain there wouldn't be any room for money in her camisole. Minna blushed. This was going to embarrass Mr. Underwood. He stared at the woman rotating on the stage, his eyes bugged out till you could have raked 'em off with a stick.

Minna averted her glance, squinting around the shadowy room. The other half appeared to be getting liquored up some. It was all right, maybe, because these girls mostly were out with their fathers. The young men sat up high at the side in a kind of balcony where they whistled and clapped and hollered and hung over the rail with flushed faces and bright eyes ogling the woman in the spotlight. Her fan club, no doubt.

"This babe is somebody's grandmother," Mr. Underwood said.

"Then they ought to show some respect!"

He laughed fit to kill. "Blondie, you are the most!"

"Most what?"

He suggested they go upstairs and try their luck. There was a crowd hovering around a long green table under a bright overhead light in a big room up there. Mr. Underwood pressed the dice into Minna's palm. "You shoot 'em, Blondie."

She didn't like to be called Blondie. "How?"

"Just throw 'em down."

Minna couldn't see where there was much to that, but when she threw 'em down the crowd gasped and took on like she had dropped a foal.

"Throw 'em again!" Mr. Underwood crowed. Minna threw 'em. She threw 'em and threw 'em. Again and again. It was right monotonous. "Seven straight passes!" Mr. Underwood scooped up a batch of greenbacks and threw them in the air, letting them rain down around her shoulders. He didn't appear to know that money you get like that never does you any good. He hugged her and laughed and tried to stuff some money into the front of her blouse (which was right bold if you stopped to think about it) but everything got pretty confusing along about then. The crowd pressed forward and somebody screamed and Minna heard a shrill police whistle and blue-coated men poured in both doors and Mr. Underwood's pale face turned as green as the cover on the table.

"It's a raid," he croaked.

Minna didn't intend to get herself arrested. She grabbed Mr. Underwood by the coattail and pulled him over to the window. "Come on!" She went over the sill (thank goodness for the full skirt) and slid down the drainpipe to the ground

"Except that Monique makes her living in motion pictures, I suppose we could be the young couple next door on any American Main Street."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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catching Mr. Underwood on her shoulders as he came down on top of her. They ducked through the parking lot to the pink car and she shoved him into the seat ahead of her. "I'll drive." She roared through the gate and away as the sirens began to scream.

Whew! Minna began to breathe easier after they crossed the bridge. They were spinning along the highway toward the motel when the big man with the mask on his face raised up out of the back seat.

"Just keep drivin'," he growled, pressing something hard against the back of Minna's neck. "I'll tell you where to turn."

Minna's heart lurched. She looked sideways at Mr. Underwood. He didn't move a muscle. Minna could have kicked him. He just sat there batting his eyes like a frog in a hailstorm.

"Get your money up," the man ordered him. "And keep drivin'." Minna stepped on the gas. "Not too fast, Blondie."

She slowed down, but her mind went racing. That rod in the back of her neck—could be a pipe—or maybe a shotgun—no, it was too close for a shotgun. The palms of her hands were wet. She gripped the wheel, swerved the car into a side road and stood up on the brakes. The man sprawled forward, the pipe fell on the front seat, Minna grabbed it and hit him on the head. He went limp. So did Mr. Underwood. The other half didn't seem to have much starch in their spines.

She leaned on the steering wheel, breathing hard. Now what? She didn't rightly know what to do. She gazed at the two prone men. It was enough to make a girl sweat. *I suppose it's my bounden duty to turn that thief in,* she thought. She remembered the police station by the motel.

The bronze young man sitting behind the front desk looked up at Minna. His blue eyes widened. "Hi."

"You!"

"Me. Boy drudge."

So this was his night job. Now she was in real trouble, Minna thought. "You a policeman?"

"I'm a clerk. Part time. Where's lover boy?"

"Who?"

"Mr. Underwood."

She'd have to tell him, she thought, and he'd throw her right smack in jail. Aunt Sue Della would have a fit. Minna gritted her teeth. She'd just have to throw herself on his mercy. She wished she hadn't shut the door on his foot this afternoon. She braced herself against the desk and took a deep breath. Then she poured out the whole cotton-pickin' story.

He looked dazed. "You mean they're both out there in the car?"

"Yes, sir."

"Right now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Unconscious?"

"I reckon."

He jumped like he was shot. He opened the drawer, grabbed a gun, yelled for two officers from the next room and bolted outside, wrenching open the car door. There was a big ruckus out there and pretty soon they all came straggling back—Mr. Underwood, paler than ever, his hands over his head—the two uniformed officers carrying the thief between them like a sack of feed.

You had to admit it was right efficient for a part-time policeman—a clerk, in fact—and a lifeguard, mostly. He disposed of the thief and Mr. Underwood and then he turned to Minna. He stared at her until she began to squirm like a bug on a pin. She managed a timid smile.

"Am I arrested?"

"Don't bat your eyelashes at me. Going out with a married man. I ought to spank you."

"I didn't know he was married."

"It figures."

"I didn't know it was a gambling place."

"You could tell it wasn't table tennis." He reached over and pulled a greenback out of the top of her blouse. "You always carry your money in your shirt?"

"No, I carry it ——" Minna reddened. She really couldn't tell him that. "Mr. Underwood put it there." His eyebrows went clear off his face. Minna bit her lip. Everything she said sounded wrong. She never knew a man who made her so nervous. "You think I'm a liar."

"I hope you are." He handed the money back.

"You think I'm just a dumbbell."

"Honey, back home you're probably a ball of fire. Here, the ground rules are different."

"I know. The parades are late and the lifeguards turn out to be policemen and the married men ask you out to dinner and the women don't wear enough clothes to flag a handcar!" Her chin quivered. He didn't need to sit there grinning like a possum. She didn't see anything funny. After all she had been through—risking arrest—trying to do her bounden duty—Minna's lip trembled. "I want to go home."

"Good." He tucked her arm under his. "I'll walk you to the motel."

He said good night in front of Number Three. "Lock your door from the inside," he cautioned.

"Pooh. I'm not afraid."

He shook his forefinger in her face. "You slip that bolt or I swear I'll lie right here on your doorstep like a hound dog all night."

"Well, don't get mad!"

"Somebody's got to look after you!"

You had to admit he did a right good job, once he made up his mind. He came around in the morning and took her to breakfast. He insisted on going with her to the hospital to visit Aunt Sue Della. When Aunt Sudy saw them walk in together, she was so shocked she sat straight up in bed and unkinked her back. Psychosomatic, the doctor said. Which meant—like pa always said—"Sudy's got a strong back and a weak mind."

For a fellow with two jobs it was plumb surprising how much time he found to spend guiding them around St. Petersburg.

"He's right good company," Aunt Sudy said.

"He grows on you," Minna admitted.

When it came time to head the battered blue coupé for home he helped Minna load the suitcases into the car. He stowed the shells, the coconuts, the cypress knees, the hand-painted satin cushions, the two pink plaster flamingos. The trunk wouldn't quite shut, so he tied it with a rope. He marked a road map for them, pointing out a short cut, and he gave them a bushel basket of oranges—compliments of the motel. He even bought a big rubber doughnut for Aunt Sudy to sit on. She tried to pay him, but he wouldn't hear of it.

"I'm lending it to you," he insisted.

Aunt Sudy bounced comfortably. "I'll mail it back."

"No, I'll pick it up."

Minna swiveled to meet his glance. She blushed. He was looking at her like a—well, like a hound dog—all happy and sad and yearning to be petted. She lowered her lashes. "When?"

"Next month," he said. "I get my vacation then. I'm coming up to Kentucky to swim in that creek that runs through the pasture."

Hurricane Rescue (Continued from Page 29)

Jim Louderbock, copilot, second in command, was listening to him as if all this were a third-grade movie he had to sit through twice. Steb had decided Jim's trouble was that he pictured himself in a more dashing role than copilot of an SA-sixteen. Louderbock came from a well-to-do St. Louis family, and back at Eglin A.F.B. in Florida he and his wife puttered around in a five-thousand-dollar sports car. He generally referred to the Albatross as "the shrimp boat" or "Slobbering Albert." He laughed at the motto of Air Rescue Service, "That others may live." He always changed it to "That others may live it up!" A veteran could joke about his aircraft and gripe about the Air Force. Generally it had only a clean, rough sound to it, but when a pouting man, like Louderbock, talked that way it stuck under Steb's skin like a splinter.

Charley Osborne was different and yet the same. A college quarterback from Dallas, he had come to Steb's crew directly from Navigator School, graduating in the lowest twenty per cent of his class. An Air Rescue navigator had to be quick with figures, and Steb had worked Osborne harder than any other member of the crew. The second lieutenant didn't take the riding well, either. It was nothing he said that bothered Steb. It was the silent hostility and the deliberately slow answer. At least Osborne and Louderbock accepted each other. At the bar in the officers' club they were usually together and, whenever Steb approached, any conversation between them would carefully die.

On the other hand, how could he expect them to understand him? He was an entirely different man. His only income was his salary. The only job he'd ever had was driving twin-engine aircraft for the Air Force. His only hobby was living with his wife and rearing two children. If, like him, these two youngster officers had ever dived a screaming B-twenty-six into the gorges of Korean mountains to blast out a bridge, they'd have had a little more in common with him. As it was, they had only their experiences in the Albatross to share, and his lieutenants were obviously unimpressed with both Steb and the aircraft. But Steb didn't let this bother him too much. From his own life he knew that men learned important things only in slow, hard hours of living.

His radio operator, Airman First Class Dominic Pezzantini, had grown up in dark back streets and vacant lots of the Bronx. He was bright enough, but his insolence was rare and he handled it expertly. Once he had tried to let his hair grow in a ducktailed pattern. Steb had had the event marked with both discipline and a flattop haircut. When he had found out, however, that Pezzantini carried a switchblade knife, he had dressed him down harder than he had dressed down any other man in his life, and yet he could not shake the arrogance out of the boy's eyes. To Pezzantini everybody was "chicken" but Pezzantini.

The flight mechanic was the only experienced man among them, and his experience had been limited to the flight line up until he had been assigned to Steb's crew. Emile Zabo was a third-generation Syrian-American with the rank of staff sergeant. Zabo had a fairly authentic military style to everything he did, but it was impossible to tell what he was thinking. His intent black eyes never gave a clue, and his impassive face removed him carefully and completely from the group. He always saluted Steb first thing in the morning and when the day's flight was done. When he spoke, it was always "Yes, sir," or "No, sir." He reported on the conditions of the aircraft briefly and intelligently, but he couldn't be jogged, pushed or led into a casual remark. What kind of man was behind the strong face and the black eyes, Steb couldn't guess.

He watched them now, gathered around him, and wondered what he could expect from each.

"An airline pilot picked up a distress signal just an hour ago," he told them, "at approximately twenty-three north, sixty-four west. That's some three hundred twenty-five miles northeast of here. The pilot described it as the starburst of a Very pistol. If he saw that, you can bet there's somebody out there. I know it's a good three hundred miles southeast of our first search area, but it could be the crew we're looking for—it must be."

"Sir?" Pezzantini had his hand up. "How'd they get down here? By bus?"

With a veteran crew that question would have been asked lightly, someone would have tried to top it and everyone would have laughed. This question, however, was snide and it was followed by only silence.

"It's probably just the way the colonel figured it," Steb said, carefully ignoring the sour situation. "The C-one-twenty-four was at thirteen thousand feet, on celestial navigation, with eighteen tons of cargo. They must have started down fast, and the navigator figured their position too fast. He must have made an error of at least three degrees, maybe five. Five days of drifting with the wind, current and main swell puts them right where that signal came from."

He paused and there was only more silence.

"Do I have to tell you," he asked them, "that there's no shipping in that area to make a pickup for us? It's been warned out of there because of the hurricane." They were not only quiet now. They were motionless, too, a green crew counting their chances seriously for the first time. "Hurricane Esther is due in that area in twenty-four hours," Steb went on, "but it has gale winds extending a hundred forty miles in the northern semicircle. I figure we have until noon tomorrow to search, locate, pick up and get out." He let them steep in their own thoughts for a minute.

"Major Kronkite will carry extra observers. We will fly light in case a pickup attempt is possible. Colonel Dolan will fly in Major Kronkite's aircraft. If we locate any survivors out there, we'll need all the brains we can get together."

"Brains?" Pezzantini asked, and laughed.

"Shut up!" Zabo told him.

Anger uncoiled in Steb with a snap, but he said nothing. He stared the boy down and let it go at that for the moment. This was no time for disciplinary action.

"We'll need some sharp navigating, Charley!" His voice had an edge to it now, and even Pezzantini retreated. "Pezzantini, you will handle all radio transmissions to Ramey. And I want

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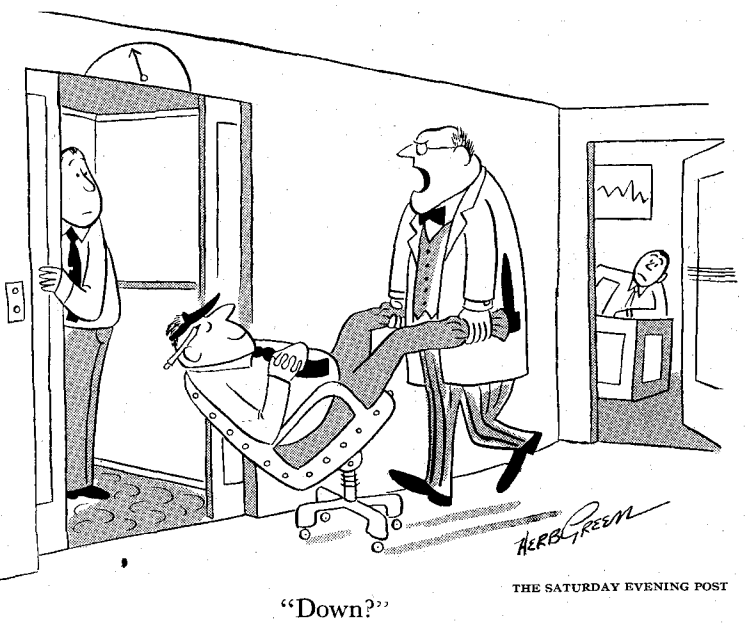

"Down?"

it done exactly right! Are there any questions?"

There were none. His tone of voice had ended any further discussion. He looked at his watch and back at his crew. "We plan to be over the search area shortly after sunrise, which is at o-six-seventeen. Take-off time is o-three-hundred. That gives you twenty-nine minutes to check your equipment. Get with it!"

The sun rose out of a red-hot horizon, and distant clouds towered above the eastern rim of the ocean like a curtain of flame. Below them the sea spread like wall-to-wall carpeting. The carpet, carmine-red in the east, faded westward to gray-pink; faded to gray and finally to blue-black in the west.

"Pilot to navigator," Steb called over the interphone.

"Navigator."

"Position?"

"Twenty-one-thirty north. Sixty-four-fifty west."

"Roger."

Steb flipped his radio transmission switch to UHF and called Kronky. He gave Kronky his position and waited while the major checked with his navigator.

"Check," Kronky came back. "Begin search."

"Roger. Out." Steb switched back to interphone. "Pilot to crew."

They acknowledged his call, each in his own fashion.

"Copilot." That was Louderbock directly across the aisle from him, sounding sleepy.

"Navigator." Osborne came in again and he sounded annoyed at the double interruption. He was in the rear compartment, behind the bulkhead, but Steb didn't have to see him to know how busy he was.

"Flight mechanic." Sergeant Zabo, in the rear compartment with Osborne, was apparently on the ball.

"Radio operator." Pezzantini, in the cockpit with the pilots, directly behind Louderbock, sounded bored.

"We are going to descend to search altitude, eight hundred feet," he told them. "We will be searching in the expanding-square pattern we used day before yesterday. Major Kronkite will be flying a wide creeping-line search above us. Don't stare at the sea. Keep eyes and head moving. Look twice at every bucket of water out there. Get sharp and stay sharp! Let's go!"

He put the Albatross into a wide downward circle, and the sea appeared to rise slowly to meet them. When his altimeter read two thousand feet, the ocean no longer looked like a carpet. From there Steb could see the lines of great swells marching east to west. With early-morning light slanting across their crests, they became one exquisite, endlessly moving pattern.

"Pilot to navigator."

"Navigator."

"Position."

There was a long delay, and when Osborne's voice came to him again it sounded angry and harassed. "Position," he said, "twenty-three north; sixty-four west."

Steb leveled off at eight hundred feet with a heading of due north.

"Look alive!" he called to his crew. "This is just about the position from where that signal was fired last night."

The sea was no longer an orderly procession of swells. From eight hundred feet it was churning green water decorated with lacy gray suds. Hills of water smashed one another into formlessness and reformed to crowd, crush, jostle and be destroyed again while the rising wind whipped and speckled the frantic sea with welts of white foam. Somewhere in that madness there was a raft, and on that raft there was at least one man still strong enough to fire a Very pistol.

He began his search with as tight a circle as the airplane would fly. As he came around full circle, he widened and squared his pattern of flight, and each time he went around the square it was a slightly longer trip. He had to be sure they scanned every acre of the sea that changed so violently every second and yet did not seem to change at all, and he knew, too, how the endless sight of that sea could hypnotize men already tired.

One by one the minutes added to an hour. Then one by one they began to chip another hour out of the future, and Steb fought lethargy and sleepiness for himself and for the crew. He called them often, whenever he could think of an excuse, but it all added up to what it was, just sound, and it irritated the green airmen.

"Pilot to crew!"

He listened carefully to each acknowledgment, testing the tone and the words of each man for alertness.

"Imagine this," he told them. "You're looking out of the second-story window in a hotel. You're trying to find a doughnut someone has dropped in the street below. That's what this raft is going to look like."

Sometimes the sea flashed with sunlight, and often it was grayed by the shadow of a high cloud racing southward to the hurricane—like a great dog insanely eager to join in a fight with a million other dogs.

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They were on a westerly heading when Pezzantini blasted at him over the interphone. "Radio operator to pilot! A flash of light! Three-o'clock position!" he screamed. "It coulda been a signal mirror!"

Steb wheeled the aircraft into a ninety-degree turn. He didn't really expect much. They'd been on a dozen wild-goose chases in the last five days, and Pezzantini could get excited about nothing. They had droned along about three minutes when Pezzantini began yelling into the interphone again.

"Radio operator to pilot! Smoke at one o'clock!"

Over his shoulder Steb saw the kid from the Bronx lurching against his seat harness and pointing over one side of Louderbock's head.

For what seemed like too long a time Steb couldn't see anything but a writhing mass of ocean—and then he saw it. A good mile ahead of him, against the green-speckled white sea he saw a thread of orange smoke boiling up at a forty-five-degree angle from somewhere deep in the swells. It was a twisting diagonal hairline, and he was surprised that Pezzantini could have seen it at all.

At the end of that little smoke trail, still hidden by the swells, there had to be a man strong enough to light a smoke flare and hold it aloft; a man praying it wouldn't burn out before it was seen. With a faint signal like that, Steb could lose the raft even when he found it.

"Pilot to flight mechanic!"

"Flight mechanic."

"Stand by to drop smoke bomb!"

The trace of smoke ahead was more obvious now, and once Steb saw the flash of greenish-yellow water on the side of a swell. That was sea-dye marker, and in this weather it, too, would dissipate.

He signaled Louderbock for fifteen degrees of flaps, and to add power he increased the r.p.m. of his propellers. The flaps dragged and the Albatross slowed abruptly.

"Flight mechanic to pilot."

"Pilot."

"Ready with smoke bomb."

"Prepare to drop it."

"Yes, sir."

The raft soaring up to the crest of a swell came into view as if it had been produced by a magician, and Steb bore down on it. As he passed over, a little to one side and already turning, he had a glimpse of water-soaked bodies lying in the wet canvas doughnut. They were waving frantically, and one of them was still holding aloft the half-burned smoke flare.

"Drop it!"

"Smoke bomb away, sir."

When he came out of his turn the raft was gone as if it had been palmed by the sea. The sight of that raft was what they had hoped for and searched for, hours and hours, days and days, and yet suddenly it was as if they had not seen it at all. There was only the familiar desolation of the roistering sea beneath him. He looked for the new sign of smoke, and it came just as he expected it to, billowing heavily in a thick, white column beyond him to the left.

"We've sighted the raft!" he yelled over the radio at Kronky. "Crew aboard!"

"How many aboard?"

"Coming around for the second look. Stand by."

Louderbock watched the instruments and controls while Steb made his report.

"I see seven aboard," he began, studying the bearded faces that looked up at him from the leaping, tilting, dancing raft. "Two of them are holding another man down. The man is apparently delirious. A fourth man is lying on his back, not moving. Maybe he's had it, but I can't tell. A fifth man is holding him in place. That fifth man is shouting at us. He doesn't look so good. Sixth man is holding the smoke flare. He may be in pretty fair shape. Seventh man is on his knees, waving us off."

Just as Steb reported on him, the man on his knees was flipped backward across the entire diameter of the raft, and Steb saw him crash down on top of the delirious man.

"It's rough down there," he added.

"We're coming," Kronky told him. "Give us a signal to home in on and start your sea evaluation immediately."

"Roger."

Flying an orbit around the smoke bomb, Steb circled up to two thousand feet. Once more the great swell made a pattern of flowing lines across the sea, and he rechecked its direction. It was almost due west. He wrote down the bearing on his plastic knee pad and began his study of the smoke bomb.

He could see it rise and fall as the primary swell passed under it, and from his altitude this movement was clearly distinct from the bobbing movements the smaller swell and the surface chop gave to it. How many times did the major swell pass under the bomb in one minute? He counted them against the second hand on his watch. The answer was a little over four crests to the minute. That gave him an interval of fifteen. To get the velocity of the major swell he multiplied that by three. For the first time in his searching there was the sudden ugly taste of fear in his mouth. It was like ice-cold saliva mixing with acid, and it trickled down his throat and leaked into his body.

"Primary swell," he told his copilot, "running at forty-five knots."

The younger pilot jerked his head around and stared at Steb, his own uncertainty and fear much too obvious.

Steb paid no attention to him. He went back to working on his formula. Square the interval and multiply by five.

"The distance between crests is one thousand one hundred twenty-five feet," he said, and wrote it down.

"That sea is running too fast, isn't it?" Louderbock wanted to know. "We can't sit down in that!"

"We don't know yet."

"Hang your clothes on the hickory limb," Major Kronkite cut in, "but don't go near that water, dad. It's bad."

"You could be right," Steb answered.

"Could be? I am!" Kronky went on. "Hold your orbit position. We're going in low for a close-up on the raft."

"I see you below. Get a good look."

Steb watched the lazy circle the other Albatross drew beneath him, and it made a target of the raft. He could see the haggard, gaunt men already so terribly beaten by the impersonal sea. They were men holding onto life only because it was difficult for a living brain actually to understand death. Those men had wives and children who couldn't believe in death either; wives waiting for word and in their hearts believing in miraculous rescue; children asking dreadful questions with their eyes and not really understanding at all.

"We'll take the orbit position now," Kronky said finally. His voice was subdued and frayed by what he had seen; and, as he spoke, his airplane began to climb in a wide spiral while Steb circled out and down over the water again.

He dropped to two hundred feet, from where he could make a careful study of that secondary-swell system. It was a low, nasty swell from the southeast born of the coming hurricane. It cut across the northeast wind and elbowed its way among the great easterly swells. He figured the wind at twenty knots by the three-foot chop it raised.

Now that he knew the size, direction and speed of the primary and secondary swell systems, and the direction and velocity of the wind, he wanted to know the exact height of the waves, and for this he dropped down to within ten feet of top water. Here, where the ponderous hills of water were racing directly beneath him, where their backs, scabrous with foam, nearly touched the hull of the Albatross, the sea reached for him with billions of fingers of spray.

He couldn't make the main swells any smaller than they were. He tried to think of them as being only eight feet high, but they weren't and he had to admit it. They were ten feet high, with occasional swells running to twelve feet, and the secondary swells cutting across them were half as big.

To touch down at seventy knots, heading into even a ten-foot swell doing forty-five knots, was instant murder. To touch in with the main swell and be flipped by a cross swell was only a slower way to end it.

His only hope of setting the aircraft down in that water lay in the confusion of the sea itself. With the wind and chop attacking the flanks of both the main and secondary swells, and with those very swell systems fighting each other, there were sometimes spots of water which had no direction. Here and there a water area rose, crowded from the sea and spread suddenly flat as if the forces that heaved it skyward were for a moment exhausted. As quickly as it formed, an area of flat water would break down, dissolving back into swell, chop and spray, each movement again taking part in the war of wind and water; and only while it lasted could such a flat-water area serve as a touchdown platform for the aircraft.

"How's it look to you, dad?" Kronky was asking for his score sheet, and Steb read off his figures and bearings. The picture of the green, swollen, wind-haunted sea was all there. "We figure it even worse than you do," Kronky told him. "Now get this. The colonel and I agree on this." His words were slow and heavy. He was a man saying what he hated to say. "Drop them food, Steb, and light the prayer candles."

"Is that an order?"

"Of course not! It's your decision!" Kronky yelled. "What are you—crazy?"

Some muscle in Steb's brain kept jabbing at him. It was an eager little muscle, and it kept showing him pictures of Jean smiling at the nursing baby. There were other pictures too; of that small edition of himself, only six years old and already trying with all his might to be a man. These were the pictures he had to get out of his mind. He didn't want to think of his family, his crew, not even about the men in the raft. There was only the formula to think of. Was the aircraft plus the pilot equal to the sea?

"Kronky," he said slowly, "I figure I can get into it without extensive damage." He paused, thinking his way through the

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

The newspaper editor assigned Bill, his ace photographer, to cover a juicy murder trial in Judge Bean's court. He explained that, although the judge was dead set against photography because flash bulbs disturbed his court, Bill probably could get away with it by using a new ultra-fast lens that required no flash. Bill tried. Judge Bean's bailiff promptly hurled him out of court. So his editor went into Federal court on constitutional grounds.

"Judge Bean's rule against all kinds of news photography is a violation of freedom of the press, as guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States," the editor argued. "This is particularly true in Bill's case, because his picture-taking wouldn't have disturbed the courtroom in any way."

"Even freedom of the press is not unlimited," Judge Bean replied. "A judge has a right to maintain dignity in his courtroom. He can't have photographers running wild around it. Accordingly, my rule is a reasonable one and it should stand."

If you were the judge, would you permit courtroom photography?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The court agreed with Judge Bean. It added: " . . . the fact that some photographers and some newspapers possess improved photographic equipment which is apt to create less disturbance than the cameras used by other photographers and newspapers does not give them any superior rights."

Based upon a 1957 U. S. District Court decision.

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rest of it, and the major waited. "Once in, I think I'll be able to make the pickup. I ought to be able to get out with a north take-off, along the crest of a primary, with the secondary behind me."

"Stand by," Kronky said.

While he waited, Steb looked at the two men across the aisle. Louderbock's face was white and rigid under the bill of his baseball cap, but it was Pezzantini's face that surprised him most. He didn't look like a punk any more. He was only a kid with an open mouth and with the round white eyes of fear. He was a boy to feel sorry for, a youngster to be protected. Steb wanted to say, "Nice spotting, kid. If you hadn't seen them we might never have seen them." But he remembered the ducktail hairdo and the switchblade episodes. Let the boy prove himself. Besides, Pezzantini was only one of them. Steb couldn't see the two men in the rear compartment, but he worried about them sharply, anxiously. When he clobbered in, God help every one of them!

"Steb!" Kronky called in. "Here it is. We both think you've gone ape, but it's your opinion that counts. One thing. If you change your mind in time, don't be afraid to abort!" He hesitated, his voice shaking with tension. "The old man says good luck."

"Here's my approach." Steb was staring at the water, fighting his own nerves so hard that his voice was much too casual. "When I get down in there I don't want to make any turns. If I do I'll pop a float and flip. I want to splash south of the raft. I'll make my approach from south to north. Get it?"

"Got it."

"Good. Out."

Steb took off his sunglasses and stowed them deeply in his pocket. He turned the fuel-transfer switches to drop-tank position, and the transfer pumps began pushing what fuel was left in the drop tanks into the main fuel tanks.

"Pilot to crew." They acknowledged in tight, solemn voices. "What a hell of a way to make a living, huh?" he began, but there was no laughter, no answer. "None of you has ever made a rough-water pickup. We're going to attempt one now. Remember, our entry into the water is going to be like a major automobile accident. Anything becomes a projectile. A cigarette lighter becomes a bullet. Check now that everything is secure!" He checked his own side of the cockpit as he said it. "You've had plenty of training and you know your jobs. When we hit the water you may think you've been killed. Even if you think you are dead continue with your duties. I will give the warning to brace for impact. That is all." He paused and heard only ringing silence.

"Kronky?"

"Yeah, Steb."

"Drop tanks are empty. I'm ready to get rid of them and make my first attempt. We'll touch in at twenty-six thousand, five hundred pounds."

"Check, dad."

They were coming up over the raft again and, now that he had decided to make a try, the sight of the exhausted men did not depress him as badly as it had at first. That one man was back on his knees still waving them off. He wasn't begging to be rescued. He wasn't asking for anything. He was just an officer doing his job. If slow death was a part of the package—O.K., he'd bought it.

"That character doesn't think we can make it either," Louderbock said. "Maybe we shouldn't ——" He was going to say, "Maybe we shouldn't go in," but he had the grace to stop in spite of himself.

"I'd like to meet that guy," Steb said. "He's got real guts. Stand by to jettison drop tanks."

"Roger!"

Steb turned the Albatross up and away from the downwind side of the raft and pushed the drop-tank switch to RELEASE position. The squib bolts on the tanks fired, and he saw the tank on his side fall away.

"Right drop tank away," Louderbock said in a choked voice.

On the downwind leg Steb began worrying about the flaps. "When we hit, what's the first thing you do?"

"Flaps up."

"And get 'em up fast! If we bust those flaps we won't get out. It's up to you."

He'd told Louderbock that a hundred times in training, only now it didn't seem as if he'd made it important enough. He was turning into his approach, however, and there wasn't time for any more training. There was only the formula to work on. At what second did the aircraft plus the pilot equal the sea?

He turned upwind and came down to an altitude of five feet above the crests, where the spray was like rain. With full flaps, low-pitched propellers and high r.p.m. he was "hanging it on the props," his air speed cut to seventy knots.

"Pilot to crew," he said. "Here we go. First run."

Now he had to find a flat-water area that would form directly in front of him just as he came to it. He expected to search for it patiently, making run after run—five, six, seven, maybe eight runs. He certainly did not expect to find one immediately, but he did.

Just ahead of him the backwash of a master wave slammed into a secondary wave. He saw the tower of water rise as the waves fought for dominance, and just as he came to the edge of it the water flattened below him.

"Impact!" he shouted.

His right hand yanked the overhead throttles back to neutral. The Albatross stalled like a shot bird and dropped into the sea with the crash of metallic-toned thunder. His earphones and baseball cap were stripped off his head. He was instantly full of pain and confusion. He saw the green water over the top of the cockpit, and the senses of his body told him he was broken and drowning.

Even in that hysterical second, however, disciplined thoughts were driving him to action. He must stop the roll-out of the aircraft before it collided with a forty-five-knot swell! His hand jammed the throttles through the DETENT position and whipped them back into full reverse. He could hear the scream of his engines as they kicked back against the wind, and he felt the lurching stop of all forward motion. Then he felt something else—the sea!

The Albatross was dropping away and, as the sea water poured off the top of his canopy, he found he was looking up at a great swell surging toward him on his starboard bow. He pulled the left throttle to neutral, and the right engine, still roaring, backed the starboard wing, and the plane turned to face the violently rising mountain of water.

As the aircraft soared up the swell, he equaled his engines for forward taxi, and with elevators and rudder he began his balancing act. Careening up and down the major swells, bucking and banging in the minor swells, and teetering in the chop, the Albatross was swimming in the wind-maddened sea and he was her brain, her only hope of survival.

He felt hands putting his radio headset back on his head, and he took one quick look. It was Louderbock already unbuckled from his seat harness, his face a mask of horror. Yet when he spoke through his interphone his voice was even.

"I got flaps up the second we hit!"

Steb was astounded at the boy's ability to talk and act so calmly through his own terror. He saw him crawl forward to inspect the bow compartment. A sudden tilt of the aircraft smashed Louderbock against the pedestal, but he got methodically back onto his knees and went on with his job.

"Pilot to flight mechanic! Check the bilges!"

"Flight mechanic to pilot." Zabo sounded like a man stunned. "Bilges are—fore and aft bilges—all bilges are dry!"

"Are you all right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Navigator to pilot," Osborne cut in. His voice was shaky but businesslike. "There's a bad wrinkle in the right flap."

"Pilot to navigator and flight mechanic. We'll give you fifteen degrees of flaps. Check 'em carefully!"

Steb was one hundred per cent busy. His feet were swinging the rudder back and forth as if he were riding a runaway sled. He kept his right hand on the throttles to trim his engines to the wind, and his left hand on the control column to keep the aircraft horizontal to the water surface. Without taking his eyes off the sea he called for flaps.

"How soon do we cut the cake?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Flight mechanic to pilot. Left flap undamaged."

"Navigator to pilot. Right flap badly wrinkled, but it went up once and it slid out. It ought to work."

"Roger. Flaps up!"

One quick look at Pezzantini showed him a boy who looked as if he'd been hit over the head with a bat. Yet even in that quick look he saw his face come alive.

"Kronky!" Steb said. "Ready for raft approach."

"Great heavens, dad," Kronky's voice crackled in awe over the radio, "are you still there?"

"Lead me to it!"

"The raft's about a mile ahead of you at your two-o'clock position. Take this heading—zero-four-one."

Steb advanced his throttles and they began taxiing into the wind, soaring, dropping, corkscrewing, flipping and rolling.

"Pilot to navigator and flight mechanic. Prepare for pickup. Remember, these men may not be able to help themselves."

"Flight mechanic to pilot. Rescue platform in place. Ready for pickup."

"Steb." That was Kronky calling, and from now until they sighted the raft he'd be doing all the talking. "You are now one quarter mile south of the raft. Take a bearing due north. Warning. Wind is increasing in velocity."

Steb took his new bearing.

"Your rate of closure is too fast," Kronky told him. "Take it easy. The raft has a high rate of drift." Steb slacked off the power.

"Still slower!"

Steb chopped the power back until the propellers were almost idling.

"That's better." There was a pause. "The raft is drifting to your one-o'clock position."

Steb put her over five degrees to the starboard.

"Steady as you go! The raft is fifty yards ahead of you."

Only fifty yards ahead and all Steb could see was the tossing green water.

"Forty yards!" Still there was only the sea.

"Thirty yards!"

The Albatross angled up a great swell and, just as Steb put her nose down to go over the crest, he saw the raft below him. It was almost too close. Gaunt, bearded faces stared at him over the round canvas gunwale, mouths open, eyes incredulous.

"Raft dead ahead!" he called, and began turning into the wind, slowly, carefully. His turning put the raft almost off the tip of the left wing. "Raft at ten o'clock!"

"Flight mechanic to pilot. I see the raft at nine o'clock! Now at eight-thirty!"

Steb kept his eyes on the ocean ahead of him and listened to Zabo calling the raft's position.

"Eight o'clock." A long part of a second dragged by.

"It's in the seven-o'clock position." Steb kept the aircraft turning slowly windward.

"Six-thirty!" Zabo's voice sounded now as if he did this every day. "Steady!... Six-o'clock position.... Hold her!" Steb held her directly into the wind, but it was like holding a bucking horse on a compass heading.

"Let her drift back!"

Steb eased off what power he had and waited, utterly dependent now on Zabo's nerve and brains.

"I've got a line aboard!"

He could only count the pitching, back-breaking seconds now, and he tried not to do that. He had to concentrate on the waves and the wind, anticipate the strike of each (*Continued on Page 76*)

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(*Continued from Page 74*) swell and steady the plane as best he could.

He knew that in the compartment behind him Sergeant Zabo, made fast by a long nylon strap, was hauling the water-soaked men out of the raft with the help of only Lieutenant Osborne. After six days of sitting in that raft, those men would not be able to stand or walk. Maybe the best of them still had strength in their arms, but not much. He could hear Zabo's heavy breathing over the interphone, and the occasional words he heard from the two men were little indications of their agony.

"Grab him, lieutenant! . . .Pull!"

"I got him, Zabo!"

"Under the arms! Get him under the arms! . . . Get hold of yourself, kid! You're home now!"

There were grunts and muffled explosions of cursing, but nothing mean, just two men working their hearts out.

"Better strap him down, lieutenant!"

"I'm going after the captain now!"

"Hold on like hell, sir!"

When Osborne finally called Steb, it was hard to understand him through his heavy breathing. "Navigator to pilot! Five men—secured—in seats. . . . Two in litters. All alive. Pickup complete."

"Pilot to flight mechanic. Position jato bottles. Prepare for take-off."

This was just to make it hard. Four bottles of solid propellant, each weighing one hundred forty pounds, now had to be installed on the outsides of the doors of the rear compartment, two to each side. When the doors were closed and bolted, Steb could fire these jato bottles just before take-off, and the additional power from their jet streams would be Steb's only chance of getting back into the air. But to lift a hundred-forty-pound bottle and fit it exactly into a tight steel holster while the aircraft rocked, soared and dropped drunkenly among the waves was no job for the timid or the weak.

"Flight mechanic to pilot. We gotta have help—quick!"

"Pilot to radio operator. Lend a hand aft."

Out of the corner of his eye he saw Pezzantini unbuckle and scramble out. When Pezzantini came back, he touched Steb on the shoulder to let him know he was back and buckling in. It was just a quick touch, but Steb saw the skinned knuckles red with beads of blood.

"Flight mechanic to pilot! Jato installed. Doors secure."

"Pilot to crew. Keep your teeth clenched on the take-off. You can break 'em if you don't. Brief passengers."

After a moment Zabo was back on the horn. "Passengers are briefed. Ready for take-off, sir."

Steb told Kronky all about it. "Pickup completed. Seven survivors alive. Jato installed. Ready for crosswind take-off."

"Look out for that wind," Kronky said, and his voice was tight and small. "Don't weathercock into it before you're out. Keep your windward engine well advanced!" Now he was telling Steb how to fly!

"Yes, mother," Steb said.

He was going to take off now almost due north at the rate of seventy knots along the spine of a major swell which was racing west at forty-five knots, and the wind would be on his starboard quarter. Louderbock gave him fifteen degrees of flaps for additional lift, and with his propellers in low pitch he advanced his throttles. He got his keel on a crest and the Albatross began to pick up speed, slamming along over the three-foot chop and shaking as if she were trying to strip the flesh from their bones. It wasn't easy to read jiggling instruments with jiggling eyeballs, but Louderbock concentrated on the Air Speed Indicator while Steb watched the water ahead.

"Thirty-five knots!" Louderbock yelled through his teeth. . . . "Forty! . . . Forty-five! . . . Fifty!"

Ahead of him Steb saw a knoll of water grow to a tower, and that ended the run. Hit that pile of water at fifty knots and they'd all buy a farm. He chopped back on the throttles. The power died. The Albatross mushed deep into the water and the swell rolled out from under her.

On the next try, just as they came close to planing speed, a growing ledge of water tossed them into the air. Prematurely airborne they banged back into the sea, and with its headlong speed the plane began porpoising dangerously. Again Steb cut the power.

On the third try the sweat was running down into Steb's eyes, down over his chest, over his stomach and legs to soak into his flight suit. Despair which he could not afford was a stubborn seed sprouting to send a sucking plant up through his trembling, bruised flesh. He fought his fear, his despair, the sea and his fatigue with the only weapon he had—his rattling brain. He was a professional fighter who should have been in the hospital, but was still in the ring.

On the fourth try he heard Louderbock yelling, "Forty-five knots!" The split second of decision was just ahead of him. "Fifty-eight knots! . . . Fifty-nine! . . . Sixty."

It was like driving a high-powered automobile along the crest of a rocky hill at full speed. He mashed down on the jato button under his thumb. The jato bottles fired, and it was as if an unseen hand had given them a mighty lift. There was the sudden surge of power, one last smashing blow from the waves, and he pulled the Albatross free of the sea.

Even when they were still in the rain of spray they felt the miraculous smoothness of wings cushioned by air, and the only sound was the fierce droning of the little engines which had done already so much work. Even before he could look down upon the sea, his sickness began to ebb from his body.

He took a big breath and looked over at his copilot. He did not realize until that minute that blood was seeping down out of Louderbock's hair into his left eye. It oozed over his cheek and dripped off his chin. It reminded Steb of when the boy had been thrown against the pedestal.

"Kronky, we're out," he said, but his voice had cracked and it made him furious with himself. Fourteen years in the service and he had lump in his throat like a schoolboy!

"A smashing show, dad," Kronky said quietly; "simply smashing!"

"Louderbock will follow you by visual contact back to Ramey," Steb said. "All hands are needed aft for first aid."

"Roger. We'll keep an eye on you. Follow us."

Steb picked his baseball cap off the floor of the cockpit, unbuckled and stood up, feeling the tension run out of tight muscles. He wiped the blood off of Louderbock's face with his handkerchief.

Louderbock nodded his thanks, and when he looked up at Steb there was a totally new expression on his face. There was no superiority there now. There was only embarrassment and shame for old hostilities.

"I've just understood something, Steb," he said over the interphone, where all the crew could hear. "I haven't been worth my weight in flypaper! If you can stand having me around I'm going to really work for you!"

Steb hit Louderbock a heavy, friendly cuff on the shoulder and looked at Pezzantini. The arrogance and the secretiveness had been beaten out of this face too. Instead there was idolatry. Steb knew he was no longer just "a square" in this kid's life. The boy looked at him as if he were half-god. That wasn't good, either, but it would wear off in time. At least, from here on, the kid could grow up.

"Pilot to crew."

Their acknowledgments were greatly different from what they had been. Positions were called with snap and precision.

"Copilot!" . . .

"Navigator!" . . .

"Flight mechanic!" . . .

"Radio operator!"

They weren't green any more. A bad hour had made them veterans, and he could hear crew pride in their voices.

"I want you to know," he told them, "you're going to be a top crew—as good as any I've ever had. Thanks for a job well done." He paused. "Navigator and flight mechanic. How are the survivors?"

He heard Osborne laugh. "The man who kept waving us off is Captain Jenkins, aircraft commander. He says he wants to take flying lessons from you, sir."

Steb took off his earphones and started aft with Pezzantini. It wasn't only a question of first aid now. He wanted to meet that captain—the man with real guts.

I Wanted to be Somebody (Continued from Page 30)

North Carolina. Incidentally, I wasn't the first Negro ever to play in the National Indoors. Dr. Reginald Weir of New York had beaten me to that distinction by a couple of years.

Once again I lasted until the quarter-finals. Then Nancy Chaffee, the pretty California girl who later married Ralph Kiner, the ballplayer, put me out of the tournament. But I was glad I had lasted until the round of eight.

In both the United States Lawn Tennis Association tournaments I played in that winter—my first experiences as the only Negro in an otherwise all-white draw—I was made to feel right at home by the other girls. It wasn't just that they were polite; they were genuinely friendly, and believe me, like any colored girl, I'm an expert at telling the difference. The whole experience gave me a lot of hope and confidence.

Somewhat to my surprise, I finished up my high-school course in three years and was graduated, in June, 1949, tenth in my class, if you please. I was happy about it. I was twenty-one years old and I felt it was time I set out on my own.

My last month in Wilmington, North Carolina, I wrote letters to a number of Negro colleges, asking what chance I might have of getting a scholarship. Even before I got my high-school diploma, Florida A. and M. at Tallahassee said I was welcome to a scholarship and that I should come down as soon as I could and spend the summer playing tennis. Two days after graduation, I said good-by to Dr. Hubert Eaton, who had taken me into his home in Wilmington and put me through high school. I'm afraid the Eatons were a little bit hurt about the speed with which I left, but I was eager to get started on my own.

Life at Florida A. and M. wasn't exactly like the campus life I had always seen portrayed in the movies, but it wasn't bad either. The scholarship paid for my room in the girls' dormitory, my books and my tuition. A job as assistant to the head of the women's physical-education department paid me forty dollars a month, enough to keep me in spending money.

I took a more serious view of college life than some of the other students did; I had four or five years on them. I was almost twenty-two years old when I first stuck my head in the door at A. and M., and I was twenty-five when I graduated. I always thought of myself as a sort of aunt to the other kids.

I got a kind of a head start at A. and M. by taking some summer courses in 1949, before my freshman year officially began. Naturally, I took time out to travel to a few A.T.A. tournaments, including the national championships, where I won the women's singles for the third year in a row. But otherwise I stayed close to the campus until, early in 1950, I was invited to play again in the National Indoors. This time I went all the way to the finals before Nancy Chaffee knocked me out for the second straight year. When I got back to school, you would have thought for sure I had won the tournament instead of losing it. The whole school marching band was out to play the Alma Mater when I stepped off the train. Obviously, they all felt that what I had done was important not just to me but to all Negroes.

I have never regarded myself as a crusader. Naturally, I'm always glad when something I do turns out to be helpful to all Negroes—or, for that matter, to all Americans, or maybe only to all tennis players. But I don't consciously beat the drums for any special cause, not even the cause of the Negro in the United States, because I feel that our best chance to advance is to prove ourselves as individuals. That way you are accepted voluntarily, because people appreciate you, not because you have been shoved down their throats.

Of course, acceptance doesn't always come easily. Back in 1950 I had the notion that, having done so well in the indoors, I would be invited to play in the summer grass-court tournaments, the big ones. But the U.S.L.T.A. acted as though I weren't there. The newspapers sensed that if nobody allowed me to play on grass all summer, I almost certainly wouldn't be permitted to play at Forest Hills in September. They began to ask, if I weren't given a chance to play, how could I ever prove myself? The trouble was, nobody at Seabright, East Hampton, Newport, or in the offices of the U.S.L.T.A. seemed to be listening.

Then a powerful champion struck a blow in my behalf. Alice Marble, one of the greatest women tennis players the country has ever produced, wrote an editorial in the July, 1950, issue of American Lawn Tennis magazine. It kicked up a storm from one end of the tennis world to the other. After comment on the attitude of the U.S.L.T.A. committee, she concluded:

If there is anything left in the name of sportsmanship, it's more than time to display what it means to us. If Althea Gibson represents a challenge to the present crop of women players, it's only fair that they should

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meet that challenge on the courts, where tennis is played.

All of a sudden, the dam broke. The Orange Lawn Tennis Club in South Orange, New Jersey, one of the major clubs on the eastern circuit, accepted my entry for the Eastern Grass Court Championships. It looked as though the color line was broken. All I had to do was make a reasonably good showing and I would be sure to be accepted at Forest Hills.

I was something less than a sensation, but I beat Virginia Rice Johnson in the first round before Helen Pastall Perez put me out in the second. Next, I played in the National Clay Court Championships at Chicago and got to the quarter-finals. After that, Harold Lebair of the U.S.L.T.A. passed the word to Bertram Baker of the A.T.A. that if I applied for entrance into the Nationals I would be accepted.

Once I knew that I was going to play at Forest Hills, I began to worry about playing in a place I had never seen. Somebody who knew Sarah Palfrey Cooke suggested that I ask her to take me out there for practice. Sarah was wonderful. She called Ralph Gatcomb, who was president of the West Side Tennis Club that year. Sarah herself wasn't a member of the club, but Mr. Gatcomb said they would be happy to have us both and was glad Sarah had suggested it. So, I kind of got the feel of the place, and it was a big help. For that matter, just playing with Sarah was a big help.

During the Nationals I stayed with a friend, Mrs. Rhoda Smith, at her house on 154th Street in Harlem. To get to Forest Hills, Rhoda and I walked to the Sixth Avenue subway station, me carrying my bag and two tennis rackets. We took a D train to 59th Street, then changed to an F train, the express to Forest Hills, and got off at 71st Street and Continental Avenue. It was only a short walk, about three blocks, to the entrance of the West Side Tennis Club. I couldn't help but think that it had taken me a long time to make the trip.

A registration table had been set up on the front lawn, and I stopped there to pick up my player's credentials. After the business was transacted, I walked into the clubhouse and downstairs to the ladies' dressing room. I was glad I'd already been there with Sarah and knew my way around. I would have hated it if I'd had to ask directions.

My first-round match, with Barbara Knapp, of England, was an easy one. My second-round opponent was Louise Brough, the Wimbledon champion and former champion of the United States. Louise was one of the big guns of women's tennis, and I could hardly ask for a better opportunity to show what I could do.

Louise won the first set, 6–1. I was very nervous. A heckler in the stands kept shouting, "Knock her out of there! Knock her out of there!" and that didn't help me any. But in the second set I got hot. I took it, 6–3, and I began to feel more comfortable. I built up a 7–6 lead in the third set and was feeling real good about my chances when the courts were struck by a thunderstorm so violent they had to suspend play until the next day.

The delay was the worst thing that could have happened to me. It gave me a whole evening—and the next morning too—to think about the match. By the time I got through reading the morning newspapers, I was a nervous wreck.

We had a big gallery the next day. It looked as though there were more newspapermen and cameramen around the court than spectators. Louise served well, rushed to the net behind it, and got to 40–love in a hurry. I won the next two points on a clean return of service and a passing shot that left Louise flat-footed at the net. But she caught my next service return for a beautiful half-volley and put it away for the game.

The next game was the best. I got into trouble right away. I gave Louise a setup off my forehand, double-faulted, won a point on an error, then hit a volley way out of the court. I was down, 15–40. But I was determined not to give up without a fight. I picked up one point on a service ace and another on a kill shot at the net. Another volley gave me the advantage in the game. But then Louise passed me at the net with a hard cross-court forehand, and we were all even again.

We played exactly eighteen points before we settled the game, but in the end it was Louise who won. Now I was losing, 8–7. Louise ran up a 40–15 lead in a hurry, on her own service, and it was match point. I saved it once with a lob that Louise hit out, but on her second try she made it. I hit a hard back-hand that just went out, and Louise had won, 6–1, 3–6, 9–7. Believe me, it was a long ride back to Harlem on the subway that afternoon.

Before I went back to college, I had lunch one day with Bertram Baker of the A.T.A. and Hollis Dann of the U.S.L.T.A. to talk about the possibilities of my playing at Wimbledon in the summer of 1951. The U.S.L.T.A. had no objections, but they weren't about to pay my way either. However, they did suggest through Mr. Dann that if I was serious about going I ought to get a little more instructions. They said they would arrange for me to go out to Hamtramck, Michigan, to work out with Jean Hoxie, one of the best-known tennis teachers in the country.

As soon as I finished my final exams at A. and M. that May, I flew out to Detroit. Bill Matney, a reporter for one of the Negro newspapers in Detroit, met me at the airport and took me to the Gotham Hotel, where the manager told me with a big smile that Joe Louis had left word with him that I was to use his personal suite. So, I had nothing but the best, at no charge. I was glad I had a chance to tell Joe how much I appreciated it before I left for England. He bought me breakfast one morning and told me he would have a round-trip airplane ticket to London left for me at Idlewild Airport in New York. What a guy!

I don't know how much I improved my tennis while I was in Detroit, but the Negro people there were wonderful to me. They even put on a benefit show and raised $770 for me to use on the trip to England. Bill Matney used it to buy me a round-trip ticket to London and gave me the leftover cash. I didn't say anything about the ticket Joe had promised me, because I was afraid maybe the champ would forget. But I should have known better. When I got to Idlewild, the ticket from Joe was there. So I cashed in the one from Bill Matney and asked Bertram Baker to keep the money for me until I got back. I was flush.

Unfortunately, a pocketful of money wasn't enough to win for me at Wimbledon. All I got was more experience. Then it was back to another disappointing season in the United States, and a pattern had been set that was to last for a long time. I didn't advance as fast as a lot of people thought I should. Maybe it was because I didn't get enough opportunities to play against topflight people. Whatever it was, the years 1951, '52 and '53 were mostly disappointing for me. Aside from the education I absorbed at Florida A. and M., the only good things that happened to me were two wonderful friendships, one with a whole family and the other with a man who has been my coach and closest adviser ever since.

When the people who run the Eastern Grass Court Championships at South Orange invited me to play in their tournament for the second time, in 1951, I needed a place to stay that would be reasonably close to the club. Someone suggested that maybe Rosemary Darben, a good A.T.A. player I'd known for several years, might fix it for me to stay at her home in Montclair, New Jersey, the week of the tournament.

Rosemary and I got along wonderfully well together, and she asked me to stay on for a while. It was all right with me. There wasn't enough room for me in my family's apartment in Harlem. Anyway, I liked being in the country. Before I knew it, I had moved in, bag and baggage. I was like the Man Who Came to Dinner; the Darbens didn't get rid of me until seven years later.

Getting together with Sydney Llewellyn, a Harlem tennis teacher who made ends meet by driving a taxicab, also has meant a lot to me. I spent hours on the court with him, practicing my serve and my net game. The A.T.A. seemed to have lost interest in me, and I can't say I blamed them much. I kept on winning their tournament every year, but I was no bargain in U.S.L.T.A. competition. I was ranked No. 9 nationally in 1952 and moved up to No. 7 in 1953. But I fell down to No. 12 in 1954, and you can't call that progress.

That was the year I graduated from Florida A. and M. and, through the good graces of our athletic director, Jake Gaither, got a job in the physical-education department of Lincoln University at Jefferson City, Missouri. I taught there for two years, in '54 and '55, and it was quite an experience. For one thing, I had a wingding of a time with a wonderful man while I was there. He was a captain in the Army, in charge of the ROTC unit on the campus. On account of him, I almost gave up tennis for good.

I was discouraged anyway, and tired of never having any money. My pay at Lincoln was only $2800 my first year, $3000 the second year. I had a little apartment that cost me $48.50 a month, and a secondhand car that I was paying for on time, and it didn't look like I'd ever be able to put anything by. When my captain friend began selling me the Women's Army Corps, I listened carefully. After all, if a WAC had a college education and could become an officer, she could make enough money to live nicely, send something home to the family and save something too. It might mean I could stay with the captain for a long time, and that interested me a lot.

Being in love, and being loved by somebody, was something brand-new to me. Except for the kid stuff with the trumpet player in Wilmington, I'd had almost no experience with boys. And this would have been different, anyway, because my captain was no boy; he was forty-one years old. I was twenty-six myself, but I knew less about this subject than the average high-school girl.

If the man had been closer to my own age, I might have given up tournament tennis altogether. But two things worked against it. There was the captain's feeling that he was too old for me, and I wondered about giving up on something I'd put so many years and so much sweat into. In the end, we decided to be satisfied with being friends.

When the 1955 school year ended, I went back to Harlem and told Syd Llewellyn about the WAC application. He almost had a fit. He said I was throwing away a chance at the best tennis career any woman had had since Helen Wills.

"I don't see it," I said. "If I were any good, I'd be the champ by now. And I'm sick of having people support me, taking up collections for me and buying me clothes and airplane tickets. I want to take care of myself for a change. In the Army I can do it."

I meant it too. Even when I got ready to play at Forest Hills again, my mind wasn't on the tennis. I was sick of it. I think the only thing I really felt bad about was Syd. There he was, pushing that taxicab through New York traffic all day, dreaming about the time when he would be able to set himself up in business as a tennis pro.

If I quit, I wasn't just quitting on myself, I was quitting on him too. He would make it on his own, anyway, but I could have been a good advertisement for him.

As sure as I'm alive today, I would have been a 2nd lieutenant by Christmas, 1955, if it hadn't been for a conversation I had at Forest Hills with Renville McMann, who was the president of the West Side Tennis Club that year and a big man in the U.S.L.T.A. Mr. McMann asked me how I would like to make a tour of Southeast Asia on a team sponsored by the State Department.

I said, "Are you kidding?" I couldn't figure out what the State Department might want with me. I wasn't exactly the ambassador type.

But Mr. McMann said, "I mean it. The State Department is thinking of sending a team of American tennis players on a good-will tour of Southeast Asia. And they specifically said they would like you to be on the team."

I said yes right away. He said he would let me know the details in a short time, but that it looked as though Ham Richardson and Bob Perry would be going, along with me and some other girl. They hadn't decided yet who the other girl would be.

The first I knew about who had been picked was when I was in Mexico City playing in the Pan-American, and Karol Fageros saw me in the Chapultepec Club. She said she was going to make the tour with me, and wasn't it great? I couldn't have been any happier. Karol is not only one of the prettiest girls I've ever met, but

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she's also one of the nicest. I gave up the whole idea of going into the WAC.

I had a great time with Karol, who's a pale blonde and as pretty as a movie star. She was real fun. When we made our first stop in Asia, at Rangoon, in Burma, I had to do my hair; and for a colored girl who has hair like mine, that's a real problem when you're away from home. I'd brought most of the things I needed—a pressing comb, a curling iron, a can of hair grease and an old soup can with the top cut off so I could make a fire in it and heat the iron.

Next morning, I went into the bathroom and washed my hair and dried it. Karol was sitting at the desk writing when I walked back into the room, and she took one look at me and jumped on the bed and started rolling around and laughing. I didn't blame her a bit; I was a sight. When I first wash my hair and dry it, it absolutely stands up straight.

I put some mentholated spirits in the can and struck a match to it and got a pretty good fire going. Then, while I held the pressing iron over the can to heat it, I put a lot of the grease on my hair, and when everything was ready, I began to press it.

Karol like to died. "What are you doing?" she hollered. I think for a while there she was actually scared. "Aren't you afraid you'll burn yourself?" she kept saying.

I guess I got a little bit sensitive about it because I picked up all my stuff and went into the bathroom. Karol kept peeking in and laughing. She wasn't being mean, mind you, she was my friend; but she'd never seen anything like it before and it positively fractured her.

When I finally got through, Karol touched my hair and said, "Gosh, you've got really *fine* hair." And I said, "That's because I've pressed it." Karol couldn't believe it. "My goodness," she said, "it looks pretty."

We were getting to know each other a whole lot better.

I've never been exactly sure why I was selected to make the tour. It happened soon after the murder of Emmett Till in Mississippi, and world opinion of the racial situation in the United States was at a low ebb. So I suppose that was the main reason why I, a colored girl, was invited to help represent our country in Southeast Asia. I certainly wasn't picked because I was a champion; at the time, I was champion of nothing and unlikely to be.

Before we left home, the State Department people had warned me that I probably would be asked a lot of questions about the Negro's life in the United States. They said it was up to me to say what I thought was right, and all they asked was that I remember that I was representing my country. It was surprising that I didn't encounter more sharp questions than I did. To those who did inquire I always said, well, we've got a problem, as all countries and all states and all individuals have, but it's a problem that certainly can be solved and that I firmly believe will be solved.

The tour ended at Colombo, Ceylon, about January 12, 1956, and I headed straight for Stockholm to play in a tournament. Karol left Ceylon with me on the same plane, but when we stopped at Düsseldorf, in Germany, she said good-by, and we both cried.

My travels were far from over. I played in Cologne, in Germany; in Lyons, in France; and in Cairo and Alexandria, in Egypt. Perhaps it was because I had been away from home too many months, but from the time I left Alexandria I was painfully lonesome. No matter how hard I tried to think of myself as just another person, I was constantly being confronted with proof that I was a special sort of person—a Negro with a certain amount of international significance. It was very hard to live with.

Sure, I had a good time. I played my matches, went to parties and talked to crowds of people; but after that there was nothing more. It was a strain, always trying to say and do the right thing. *Once these people get to know me*, I thought, *they will see that I'm no different from anybody else; only my skin is different.* But it wasn't easy to figure out a way to get them to know me.

One thing I know for sure, though, is that I've never done anything more completely satisfying for me than that tour for the State Department. I think Ham, Bob, Karol and I have a right to feel that we did a good job for the United States.

"... A message from your next of kin."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

If I thought that winning sixteen out of eighteen tournaments from Rangoon to London would make me a cinch to win at Wimbledon, the tournament that tennis players always refer to as the world championship, I was mistaken. The London bookmakers had made me one of the favorites to win, that summer of 1956. They weren't thinking of the matches I had lost to Angela Mortimer of England at Cairo and Alexandria. I thought of them, but I felt that they were merely unavoidable relapses; I preferred to think of the French championship at Paris. In that one I got back a little of my own from Angela. I became the first Negro ever to win the championship of France; in fact, the first Negro ever to win any of the world's major singles tennis championships.

If I were to make any excuse at all for the way I failed at Wimbledon, and I would rather not, I would have to say that maybe I was a little overtennised, after having played so many tournaments in a row. Whether I was trying too hard, or simply wasn't ready for Wimbledon yet, I lost in the quarter-finals to Shirley Fry.

After she beat me, Shirley went all the way. In the final, it took her exactly fifty-two minutes to defeat Angela Buxton, 6–3, 6–1. After trying for it for years, Shirley had finally won the championship, and it was generous of her to say, as she did after it was over, "I should not have won. Althea played so wonderfully in the last set that the pressure was on me, and I never really got a chance to play well. But she got scared. If she had crowded me at the net like I expected her to, she would have won. But she hung back—through nerves, I guess."

In the interests of total objectivity, I would like to quote from a newspaper article written by Scottie Hall in the Sunday Graphic at the end of Wimbledon week:

> This is an attempt at a salute to Miss Althea Gibson, the colored girl from Harlem who served an ace for her race with her serenity and graciousness in unexpected, puzzling defeat. And that noise you hear is a boo from me. . . .
>
> I accuse the Wimbledon crowd of showing bias against Miss Gibson. I say it was this bias that helped to rob Miss Gibson of a quarter-final-round victory over fellow American Shirley Fry. . . .

Some thirty reporters interviewed Miss Gibson after her defeat. I was one of them. She joined us, calm, uncomplaining. I was as spineless as the next fellow. I couldn't forget that color, like cancer, isn't talked about. So I merely said, "You'd like to come back next year?" And she said, "If I'm asked."

But I couldn't blame outside pressures for my failure at Forest Hills in September. Even though Shirley had repeated her Wimbledon victory over me in the National Clay Court Championship at Chicago, I had high hopes that I would be able to get in a good lick in the Nationals. I started off well enough, going all the way through the semifinals without losing a set. Unhappily for me, I didn't have it against Shirley in the final. Her base-line game outsteadied me. I kept rushing the net, as I always do, and Shirley calmly let me play my way into error after error. She beat me, 6–3, 6–4. They were the only two sets I lost in the whole tournament, but they were the ones that counted.

After Forest Hills, I accepted an invitation from Perry T. Jones, who is now the captain of the United States Davis Cup team, to play in the thirtieth annual Pacific Southwest Championships at the Los Angeles Tennis Club. The tournament, which attracts a great many Hollywood celebrities, was a lot of fun for an old movie fan like me, especially because I won it by beating Nancy Chaffee Kiner in the final.

I had a couple of weeks at home, in New York, devoted largely to a frantic effort to catch up on my mail, and then I headed for Mexico City and the Pan-American. I beat Darlene Hard in the final of that one, and promptly headed back to New York. But not for long. The Australian Lawn Tennis Association had invited Shirley Fry and me to play in all their major tournaments. It turned out to be a memorable trip for both of us, but especially for Shirley.

We played in the four biggest Australian tournaments, the Victoria and the national championships, both at Melbourne; the New South Wales, at Sydney; and the South Australian championships at Adelaide. Shirley beat me in the finals of the Australian nationals and the Victoria; I won the New South Wales and the South Australian.

I don't know why I wasn't more consistent against Shirley. When I lost, it was because I made all the errors and she played a steady, waiting game, the game for which she is famous. When I was on my game, I didn't have much trouble with her.

The biggest adventure of our Australian trip was Shirley's romance. She got a telephone call from an American who introduced himself as Karl Ervin and said that she probably didn't remember him, but that they had met back home. He was working in Sydney and he wanted to take her out to dinner. Shirley accepted, but she said doubtfully after she had hung up, "I'll bet he's some old guy. I'll probably be sorry." But later that night, when she barged in from the date and found me still awake, she said, "You know, he's not old at all! He's nice."

I think Karl proposed before the week was out. By the time we got to Perth, which was where our tour was supposed to end, Shirley had made up her mind to stay in Australia, and be married to Karl in a month. The only thing I was sorry about was that I wasn't going to be able to stay for the wedding. I had a commitment to go to Colombo, in Ceylon, to defend the Asian championship which I had won at Calcutta the year before.

In Ceylon, I won the championship again by beating Pat Ward of England in the final. I didn't have much trouble running through the first set at love. And then, I'm ashamed to admit, I started coasting—and losing. Pat had me down, 5–0, before I pulled myself together, won a game on my own service by coming up with three aces, and then won four more games in a row to even it up at 5–5. After that, we each held service until the twenty-third game, when I broke through. Maybe I couldn't win at Wimbledon or Forest Hills, but I sure could in Asia.

After that a travel-weary Althea got aboard another airplane, took off her shoes and stretched her long legs out into the aisle. It was a long trip back to New York, U.S.A., and I had plenty of time to reflect on what the year had brought. I was the champion of Asia and the champion of France and the champion of Italy, among other places; Shirley Fry was the champion of Wimbledon, of the United States and of Australia, and in every one of those tournaments I had been her pigeon.

There was no getting away from it, Shirley had won the big ones and I had won the little ones. It had been very much her year. All the way back to New York, between cat naps, I thought about how I would make 1957 Althea Gibson's year.

Editors' Note—This is the second of three articles. The third will appear next week.

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The Constellation, Cygnus, the Swan. It is also called the Northern Cross. Painted for the De Beers Collection by Leona Wood.

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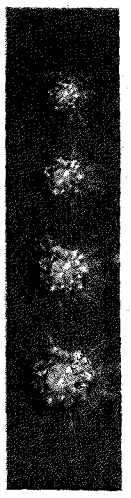

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Keeping Posted

The Magic Voice

Pete Martin deplores eating a meal with someone before interviewing him or her; a dining table is no place to park a tape recorder, and during the conversation promising topics for the interview pop up and get lost, strayed or forgotten. But Maurice Chevalier (page 26) insisted on starting off with lunch—"He was as serene and unhurried as if he had a built-in tranquilizer pill." Chevalier spoke lovingly of a special American food he was going to order. Then he talked right through the meal on the possibility of his organizing a corporation to make this food more widely available to French people in neighborhood stores, and as rich in butterfat as it is in America. His topic: ice cream.

Some people choke up in front of a tape recorder—but not Chevalier. Two years ago he had the accompaniments for all his songs taped, and now, all alone with his audiences, he just sings with the background music of his recorder, a true one-man show. When Martin's interview tapes were being transcribed in Philadelphia, he saw a female member of the Post staff, who was passing his door, stop as if transfixed. She had recognized That Voice. She is just old enough to have been a romantic young lass when Chevalier was the devastating lover of his earlier years. But the voice didn't seem to do much to young secretaries around the office. Alas!

War, Peace and Literature

Pierre Boulle.

Carroll Jones, right: illustrator poses for illustration.

Pierre Boulle (page 16), whose eight books include the famed Bridge on the River Kwai, certainly didn't start out like a writer. Born in Avignon, France, he became an electrical engineer and in 1936 got an engineering job on a rubber plantation in British Malaya. When World War II began, in 1939, Boulle was mobilized for service, but in 1941 he enlisted with the Free French and was a member of a hazardous mission into Indochina, where he was captured, not by the Japanese, as might be expected from his River Kwai story, but by the Vichy French. Returning eventually to his planter's job, he got fed up with it in 1948 and decided to become a writer, "contrary to all good sense." A bachelor, he now shares an apartment in Paris with his sister. He says he has the distinction of being a writer who has never written anything about his life as a prisoner.

Carroll N. Jones, Jr., before painting the Boulle story illustration, took photographs of posed models, including one of himself enacting the priest in the scene to show a model how to stand. Suggestion from the Post art department: "You make a fine-looking priest—why not a self-portrait?" So that's Jones in the photo (and in the illustration) with models Nola Ruppert and Mike Hangley. Jones, who lives with Mrs. J.; Carroll III, 13, and Jocelyn, 10, in New Providence, N.J., enlisted as an engineer in World War II, but wound up a Medical Corps captain at Walter Reed Hospital, where he and Dr. Donald Slocum collaborated on an illustrated book, An Atlas of Amputations. Jones' father is an artist, his late uncle was a well-known landscape painter, and his brother is a fine-arts teacher.

Norman Rockwell at the Knothole

Norman Rockwell wanted to make a late change on this week's cover painting, so Leonard Wexler, of the Post art department, took it to Stockbridge, Mass., and while the artist went about his work, Wexler snapped that picture of him. Rockwell's painting was done on a gesso panel, a manufactured surface, and at his right you see his model, a little old board with a knothole in it. Wexler claims, "The painting looked more like wood than the wood did."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Aku-Aku: The Secret of Easter Island"

Explorer Thor Heyerdahl, famous author of Kon-Tiki, relates a new adventure and solves an ancient mystery.

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